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THE PART OF CÆSAR

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

STANDING before his mirror, Horace Wetherbee adjusted his cap. It was of yellow cloth, shaped like a well-stuffed pie, and in front of it, at a rakish angle, was cocked a long black feather.

"I have quite a mediæval face," Horace thought.

Indeed the yellow cap set off effectively the young man's dark color, low, broad forehead, and brown eyes. He laughed, and then, because the costume was becoming, he took a second and more complacent survey. His white tunic, which reached a little way below his hips, bore a triangular breast-piece of black velvet; and round his neck was a collar of brass studded with blue stones. It satisfied him to observe that his yellow tights fitted his legs snugly—that there were no wrinkles.

In the hall outside his dressing-room, the elevator boy knocked and called, "Carriage for you, Mr. Wetherbee."

It was an unusually warm night for late October, and the sleeves of the tunic were voluminous; Horace decided that an overcoat would be both unnecessary and damaging. So, just as he was, he emerged from his bachelor quarters, and astonished the elevator boy.

In the cab, according to arrangement, he found his friend Walter Maxwell, also without an overcoat. Walter's costume was similar to his own except that the tunic was much longer and permitted no display of yellow tights. Walter was tall and very thin.

"Well," said Walter immediately, as they drove off, "when you telephoned me that you would go I was perfectly amazed. What possesses you to exhibit yourself six nights before election day as a German innkeeper of the Meistersinger period? Is it simply pride in your legs?"

"That," said Horace, "is the sort of jealous suspicion that would naturally suggest itself to one who chooses a tunic reaching to his heels. No, Walter; my motive in attending Barclay's costume dinner and after it your silly Artists' Festival is purely political. I succeeded yesterday in impressing Barclay with my devotion to the cause of free art. I impressed him also with the fact that Norton is a stand-patter of the most arid type, who would protect you artist fellows against the competition of Rembrandt and Velasquez with all the patriotic ardor of his soul. Consequently, Barclay, who, as you probably know, is the original monomaniac on the subject of free art, may perhaps—if I am pleasantly assiduous to-night—be humored into making a much needed contribution to my Congressional campaign fund."

"I should think, however," said Walter, "that at this particular stage in the campaign, with the fight so hot, you couldn't afford to take a night off——"

"I'm not taking a night off. I shall sit through the dinner and then accompany you people to the hall—for Barclay has some silly idea about making a grand entrance with all his party. Then I shall dash home, change my clothes, and start

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out in the automobile. I have to speak at the Moriarty Club in Ward 18, the Democratic Club in 24, and the West Brentford Citizens' Association."

"You would save time if you didn't change your clothes," suggested Walter—a frivolous speech to which Horace did not deign to respond.

"Deuce of a neighborhood," observed Walter some moments later; he peered out at the mean houses which they were passing. "Looks as if it might be one of your strongholds."

"It's not—though it ought to be," admitted Horace. "It may cost me the election."

"How so?"

"It's always been a strong Democratic ward, and Tim Mullane, the boss, used to be a good friend of mine. But last year in the State Senate I didn't heed his wishes quite as much as he expected; he became angry and rather insulting, and we quarrelled. He tried to prevent me from being nominated; and though he's keeping pretty quiet, I haven't much doubt that he's working now to elect Norton. I may gain enough in the other wards to offset the defection here. But I don't know."

"It is a neighborhood that I should think would not be much influenced by any plank for free art," said Walter. "I really don't see how Barclay can continue to inhabit his ancestral estate—shut off from the world by such slums."

The cab had been rolling along the car track; the driver swung his horse out abruptly to turn into a side street, there was a sharp explosive crash, and at once the body of the cab dropped with a jolt. Walter and Horace were thrown sideways and burst through the door. They picked themselves up unhurt, but the cab was wrecked; the wheel that had cramped in the car track had entirely collapsed, and the door was torn from its hinges. From the cabman who had descended and was viewing the ruin proceeded a plaintive murmur of oaths. No other cab was in sight.

"If you walk down two blocks to Third Street, I guess you'll find one," said the driver in response to Horace's agitated inquiry. He was too engrossed in his own misfortune to be sympathetic with another's. "What a disgusting situation!" Horace exclaimed, as they started towards Third Street. "You, a private citizen, in that long night-gown effect—it doesn't so much matter—but for a public man like myself to be patrolling a doubtful district in yellow tights—it's ruin politically—ruin."

"I have quite a mediæval face," Horace thought. —Page 641.

Walter laughed unfeelingly. "Not with such legs, Horace—not with such legs."

Fortunately the shabby little street was dark and almost deserted; a man driving a dump cart passed them and jeered in a dialect they did not understand; a woman whom they met stood aside and gaped at them and turned to gaze with a puzzled grin; and then three small boys emerged from the shadow of a wall and came springing across the street. "Look-a-there, look-a-there!" one of them cried, pointing; and they all stopped and stared as Horace and Walter approached. Then one of the three broke away and started off at a run, shouting "John-nie! Sam-mie! Su-sie! Come quick! Come quick!"

The other two boys trotted along in the gutter beside the brilliant apparitions. "You're play actors, ain't you, Mister?" said one, with respect.

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He emerged from his bachelor quarters and astonished the elevator boy.—Page 641.

"Why, of course! What else could we be?" replied Horace. "I don't suppose you could get a cab for us?" he continued. "You see we're dressed for the stage and not for the street—our cab broke down; and if you could get another for us it would be worth a quarter."

From an alley issued an impetuous, eager band of little figures, urged on by the boy who had run up the street calling out his comrades. "See 'em! See 'em!" he cried; and they came crowding up, boys and girls of thirteen and less, staring and giggling and whispering.

"Don't shove 'em! Don't shove 'em!" commanded the imperious small boy who had assumed that they were play actors. He pushed an over-curious comrade into the gutter. "You all act like you'd never been to a theatre; they always dress like that."

"How about that cab?" Horace repeated.

"I'll get it for you," said the masterful small boy. "I'll get one from Tony Laffan's livery stable. Say, that's our house over across the street; if I get you the cab, would you mind goin' in and showin' yourselves to my brother? He's crippled and he never seen an actor."

"Why, of course we will," said Horace heartily. "We'll go in there and show ourselves to him, and we'll wait there till you bring the cab."

"That's great. Say, mister, come along." They crossed the street, and then at the door of a small two-story brick house the boy turned and hesitated. The other children crowded nearer. "Do you s'pose you could act some of a play for my brother?" he asked. "He can't never see one acted—and if you only would—! Say, he reads plays, and he's awful bright; he writes 'em, too. If you could just do a piece of a play for him—while I'm gettin' the cab—gee, but he'd like it."

"All right, sir; we'll do it," said Horace promptly. Walter glanced at Horace in some surprise.

"Say, mister—say, Dan—can we come in and see it?" A little girl in a red worsted cap made the timorous appeal, and it was seconded by eager mutterings.

"Yes, of course—if Dan says there's room." Horace looked inquiringly at the host.

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He was too engrossed with his own misfortune to be sympathetic with another.—Page 642.

"You can come in if you'll be still and not get in my brother Mike's way," said Dan. "Because Mike can't move about none to see—so you mustn't get in his way—and you must keep still. If you'll promise I'll let you in. Promise?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the children, and Dan turned to open the door.

"You're sure you can get a cab?" asked Walter.

Dan looked back over his shoulder. "Tony Laffan wouldn't dast not to send one if I ast for it," he replied importantly.

The two German innkeepers marvelled but did not question. The parlor into which they were ushered was a stuffy little room, cluttered with green and red plush chairs, with low easels bearing enlarged, highly colored photographs in heavy silver frames, and with a variety of rugs, laid at all angles and exhibiting flowery patterns of many raw hues. On the walls were pictures in confusion, a heedless medley of photographs and colored prints. A huge-bodied lamp, with fishes coursing about its blue sphere, was surmounted by an equally huge glass globe, whereon bright plumaged birds disported.

"I'll go up and tell my brother and get the room ready," said Dan. "There's nobody else in. I'll be only a minute. You kids can come up with me."

So the children all went shuffling upstairs.

"To dress for an Artists' Festival," murmured Walter, "and find oneself in such surroundings!"

"It's better than the street, isn't it?" said Horace sharply. "See here, we've got to put up some kind of a stunt for this hospitality. What can you do?"

Walter admitted entire incompetence.

"I once knew Mark Antony's funeral oration," said Horace. "I can pretty nearly remember it all now, I think. I used to practice oratory with it." His eyes fell on a small bookcase over which was draped a yellow lambrequin with tassels. "I don't suppose they have Shakespeare here—" he stepped quickly to the shelves. "Well, upon my word! Shakespeare—Dickens—Pilgrim's Progress—now what do you think of that! They have 'Ben Hur,' too, of course—but just the same, literary development seems ahead of æsthetic. Now let's see."

He took down one of the volumes of Shakespeare and became absorbed in it. Walter moved quietly about the room, inspecting, touching, scrutinizing, and now and then murmuring gently, in almost a

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tone of respect, "*Affreux! Oh, incroyable! Quelle horreur!*"

"I've got it," Horace said after a moment. "I remember it all. Pity there's not a part in it for you—so that we could have a little dialogue and action. But see here. Can't you take the part of the fourth Citizen—just to interject at the cues—for instance, after I say, 'And I must pause till it comes back to me,' you say, 'Now mark him; he begins again to speak.' We want to give the kids as good a show as we can."

"All right," said Walter, and he looked over Horace's shoulder and studied his part.

Dan came bounding down the stairs and stood in the doorway—an eager-eyed, excited, confident, red-haired little boy.

"Mike's all ready," he announced. "He's awful pleased. Say, can't you make it last so's I'll see some of it when I come back? Make it a good long one, won't you, please?"

"We'll try to make it last," said Horace. "But you cut and run for that cab now—and get back as quick as you can."

"Sure I will," and the boy turned and fled.

"Got it all?" asked Horace.

"Yes. The fourth Citizen was a loud, obstreperous, anarchistic cuss; you'll hear from him."

"Come on then," said Horace. "I'll be stage manager."

Up the stairs they went and into the room where the children were waiting. Horace entered first, and swept off his yellow hat with its black feather, and made a courtly bow. Then he went up to the bed, on which, propped among pillows, lay a pale, sick-looking little boy with red hair like Dan's, and with eager blue eyes. He smiled at the two strangers. Horace took the small hand lying listless on the counterpane.

"You've never seen any play acting before?"

"No, sir." The boy looked at Horace earnestly and said, "I've never seen any play actors dressed up before. What are you in those clothes?"

"Innkeepers of Nuremberg. We lived several centuries ago. I'm awfully sorry that we can't act the part for you, but you see—well, there isn't any Nuremberg scene that passes just between us two. So we'll have to give you something else, and you'll just have to pretend that these costumes are right."

"You see we are dressed for the stage and not for the street."—Page 643.

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"I don't mind pretending," said the boy. "I do it a good deal. It must be fine to wear clothes like that every night."

"My friend here likes it," said Horace. "I don't care much for it myself. They're not really so comfortable as ordinary street clothes. No buttons. And you have no idea how useful and convenient buttons are until you try to get along without them. You've never seen any play acting before, you say?"

"No, sir. But I've read some plays. I'd like to write plays—plays like Shakespeare's."

"So should I," said Horace. "Fond as he isn't really a star actor. But he and I are great friends and go round together a good deal. If he isn't much of an actor, he's a first-rate fellow."

While this confidence proceeded, Walter stood enviously looking on—envious and uncomfortable. He was never so ill at ease as in the presence of children; and he found nothing to say to these unkempt little creatures who gazed at him so unblinkingly, so silently. He derived a new respect for the graces of the politician as he saw Horace winning the audience and felt himself so incompetent; the refined disdainfulness of the artist disappeared—as it so often did with Walter—in a human humility of soul. He waited, awkward and silent, to be assigned to his part.

Horace took the small hand.—Page 645.

I am of the stage, I believe I would give up acting if I could write plays like Shakespeare's. You read Shakespeare?"

"Oh, yes. And dad reads them to me. I like the tragedies."

"Do you! Now what should you say to our doing a bit out of Julius Cæsar?"

"Oh, would you!"

The boy looked at him so gratefully that Horace felt ashamed.

"It's a long time since I've done it, and I may even forget some of the lines—we actors have short memories—but I hope not."

"Were you Cæsar?"

"No—my part is Mark Antony."

"Oh. Was he Cæsar?"

"No." Walter being designated, spoke for himself, and Horace hastened to add in an undertone for the small boy's private ear, "He only plays unimportant parts;

"How many of you children know the story of Julius Cæsar?" asked Horace, turning to the group.

They all looked blank.

"You're the only one, I guess," said Horace to the sick boy. "Well now, listen. Julius Cæsar was a great Roman warrior who had made himself so powerful that certain other Romans feared he was going to take possession of the State. And as they didn't want this to happen, they plotted together to kill him. Some of the conspirators, especially one named Brutus, were friends of Cæsar's and went into the plot reluctantly, and just because they thought it was the only patriotic thing to do. One day in the Senate House they fell on Cæsar and stabbed him to death. The

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Drawn by George Wright.

The children pressed forward in unconscious intentness.—Page 648.

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people were a good deal excited, and Brutus went out to calm the crowd. He was quite an orator, and he had the crowd pretty well satisfied, when along came Mark Antony, who was Cæsar's dearest friend. Now Cæsar lay just there in that corner—covered with a cloak—no, that won't do; we'll pretend that Mike here in bed is Cæsar. And off here in this corner of the room, there's a speaker's stand, from which Brutus made his speech. You fellows off at that side of the room, you and Mr. Maxwell, are the crowd that are hanging round talking it over. Then on comes Mark Antony—I'm Antony, remember—on he comes like this, and stops for a moment to look at Cæsar, his dead friend. Then on to the speaker's stand—you've got to imagine that—and then—

'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.'"

Solemnly he began, and soon Walter as well as the children was listening with admiration. In the inappropriate costume there was dignity; and Horace had the orotund voice befitting Antony. It was more than a bit of declamation well remembered; he had the art of the actor, the movement and expressiveness; and when after making his appeal,

'Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me,'

he stood with arms folded and downcast head, no one stirred; the children looked on, rapt and subdued. Then, after a moment, Walter threw up his hand and turned:

He took a forward step, with anger and determination in his look.

"'Now mark him,'" he warned them, "'he begins again to speak.'"

Antony was producing from his sleeve Cæsar's will—a rolled up sheet of paper with which he had provided himself downstairs—when Dan slipped in at the door. The audience, hushed, intent, gave Dan hardly a glance; he stood quietly where he had entered.

At the proper time Walter clamored for the reading of the will. Antony's reluctance was overcome.

'Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?'

"'Come down!'" cried Walter.

Slowly Antony advanced across the room and stood by the boy's bedside. The children pressed forward in unconscious intentness. Mike looked up with eager, excited eyes; his thin face was flushed.

'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle.'

And at that moment, as Antony held up a corner of the counterpane and turned to display it, the door opened and admitted a short, heavy man, with a red face and a big chin. He stopped with a subdued exclamation; then his eyes fell on Horace, his eyes sharpened, and he took a forward step, with anger and determination in his look. But Dan grasped his arm and cried, "Sh, daddy, sh! They're play actors doin' a play for Mike, and it's great. Sh—sh! Don't butt in."

The man hesitated, for a moment uncertain, glancing from the boy on the bed to the man in yellow who stood by; and

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"They asked us if we were play actors."—Page 650.

meanwhile Horace gazed calmly at his enemy, Tim Mullane. And then, before Mullane had spoken, Horace turned swiftly to the children and continued,

'I remember
The first time Cæsar ever put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed——'

and as each time he gathered up a fold of the counterpane the children leaned forward believingly, and Mike, lying beneath it, was flushed with excitement and pride.

'Look you here;
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.'

And Antony laid his hand gently on the boy's red hair.

"'O traitors, villains!'" cried Walter, passionately, flinging up his arms as he turned and appealed to the children.

But Antony put out his hand.

'Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.'

He turned, as if unconsciously, and addressed the man who stood by the door scowling.

'They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not——'

and so on to the end of the speech—appealingly, yet with a dignity and fervor which broke at last into the sudden incendiary, passionate outburst.

And then he looked down and said quietly to the sick boy, "And that's the place to stop."

"Oh," sighed the boy. "I wish you could do the whole play!"

Horace laughed. "Ah, but that takes a big company. And a lot of room. And there are only two of us here to-night."

"Yes," said the boy faintly. He closed his eyes. "Yes," he repeated—and it was as if he was dropping off to sleep. Horace watched him with a pitying sympathy; but Tim Mullane stepped up to the bed and seated himself upon it and put his hand on the boy's forehead anxiously. The boy opened his eyes.

"Daddy," he said, "I've seen a play actor—wasn't it fine? Mark Antony—I wish you could have heard it all, Daddy. And—and *I* was Julius Cæsar!"

There was a wistful elation in the voice; the father showed for one moment a faint, unhappy smile before he stooped to murmur in the boy's ear and so hid his face.

"Come here, boys and girls," said Horace. "I want to say good-by to you all."

Silently and with awe they gathered round him; he shook hands with each one, with a word for each, while Walter stood by and wished he had the politician's art—or—he phrased it to himself interrogatively—or was it perhaps the politician's heart? And last of all Horace stepped over to the

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bed and touched the boy's hair. The father moved and made room for him.

"Good-by, my boy," said Horace. "Now you keep on; you keep on making up plays—and see that you make them just as good as Shakespeare's.—Good-by."

The small fingers tightened on his hand. Then he straightened up, looked into Tim Mullane's eyes, and said, "Good-by, sir." And followed by Walter he went from the room.

Dan pattered behind them down the stairs. "Tony Laffan sent the carriage right round," he said. "It was great, mister—wish I'd heard it all."

"Dan!" The boy's father spoke sharply from the top of the stairs. "Come back. I want to speak to the gentlemen a moment—alone."

So, while Dan retreated and Tim Mullane descended, Horace and Walter waited below in the narrow hall. Mullane came down and stood with his back to the door. In the flickering dim gaslight, his face, which had looked smooth and hard upstairs, seemed shadowed and lined.

"Senator," he said, "how did it happen?"

"We were on our way to a costume party," Horace answered. "Our cab broke down, and turned us out into the street. The children gathered—they asked us if we were play actors—and it seemed the simplest thing to say yes. Then your boy Dan told us about his crippled brother and asked if we couldn't entertain him while he got us a cab. Well—we tried to see the thing through—put up the best stunt we could. But I confess—when I found how matters stood—how serious a thing it was to the little lad—I was sorry to be deceiving him."

"No need to be." Mullane spoke brusquely. "Got any children of your own?"

"No. Bachelor."

"You'd ought to have. You'd make a good daddy." He hesitated; then in a constrained voice he added, "The poor little fellow can never leave that bed. I thank ye."

He opened the door for them and, as they passed out, silently shook hands with each. Then he followed down the steps to the carriage.

"Where to, Senator?" he asked.

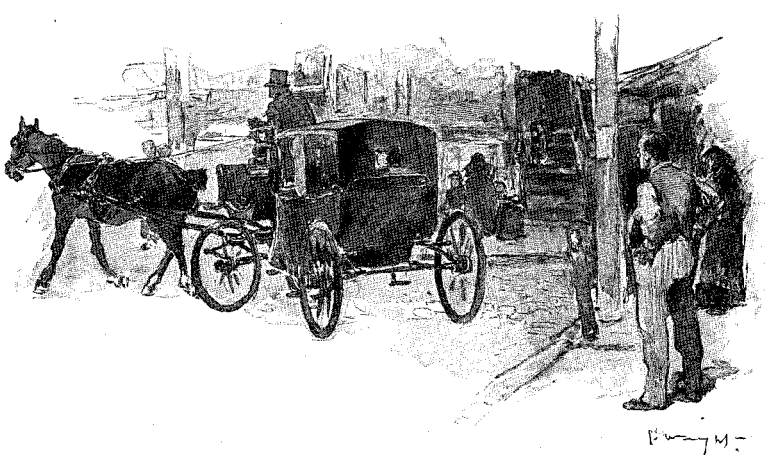
Horace gave the address; Mullane repeated it to the driver. "They want to get there quick, too," he warned the man in the imperious voice that Dan had caught. And then, before closing the carriage door, he put his head inside and said:

"Senator—my coat is off and my sleeves are rolled up. Don't worry about this ward."

He closed the door; the carriage drove away.

"After all," said Walter, "it's not always the arguments that convince, is it?"

"No," said Horace. "Once in a while it's the emotions—thank God."



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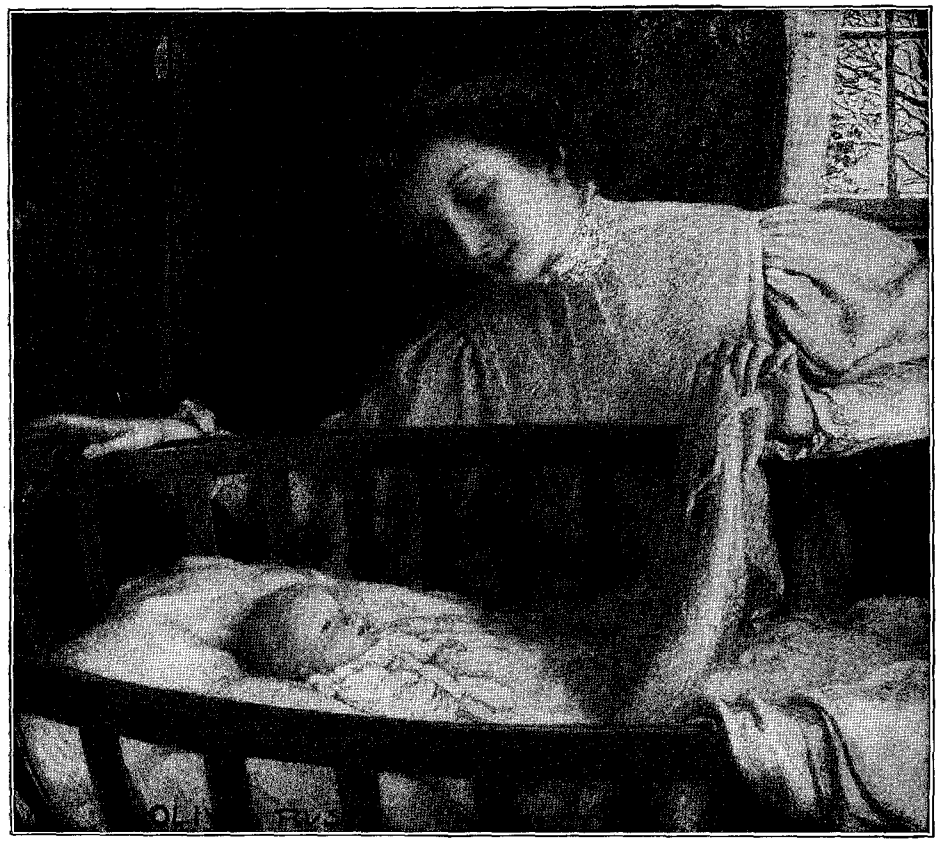

A CHRISTMAS CHILD

By Isabel E. Mackay

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVE RUSH

SHE came to me at Christmas time and made me mother, and it seemed
There was a Christ indeed and He had given me the joy I'd dreamed.

She nestled to me, and I kept her near and warm, surprised to find
The arms that held my babe so close were opened wider to her kind.

I hid her safe within my heart. "My heart," I said, "is all for you,"
But lo! She left the door ajar and all the world came flocking through.

She needed me. I learned to know the royal joy that service brings,
She was so helpless that I grew to love all little helpless things.

She trusted me, and I who ne'er had trusted, save in self, grew cold
With panic lest this precious life should know no stronger, surer hold.

She lay and smiled and in her eyes I watched my narrow world grow broad,
Within her tiny, crumpled hand I touched the mighty hand of God.

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OUR LITTLE VILLAGE

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

WE were landscape painting in Normandy. Arriving at Bricqueville-les-Salines, a picturesque little village on the French coast between Granville and Coutances, we were enchanted with the atmosphere. It is a charming spot, whose beach, unlike that of a fashionable watering-place, is desolate and inviting. The inhabitants, half fishermen and half peasants, are real Normans, living by their fishing and the products of their tiny gardens. The surrounding country and beautiful skies delighted us, so we set about finding quarters to remain a month or so.

A road-house, the only hotel in the place, offering but the most primitive means of accommodation, was out of the question for so long a stay. No other lodgings seeming available, we thought we should have to abandon our project, when passing before a neat little thatch-roofed cottage, the following sign attracted our attention:

A VENDRE.
S'adresser à Maître Lefranc,
Notaire à Brehal.

(For sale, apply to Maître Lefranc, notary at Brehal.)

We went to Brehal, with the intention of renting the place. When we arrived at the notary's we found him in his shirt-sleeves, his head covered with a velvet cap, trimming the rose-bushes in his front yard.

This short, stout, red-faced and bewhiskered old man received us as he would a couple of long-lost friends, ordered refreshments, showed us around the garden, and would not listen to any business matters until he was comfortably seated in a spacious arm-chair. Then, leaning back and rubbing his hands—"You say you would like to rent the house?"

"Yes."

"I am afraid that will be impossible. I have a commission to sell, nothing else."

Our faces fell, and once again I saw our lovely air-castle fading in the distance.

"Why don't you buy?"

"Because we only want it for three months."

"But I assure you it is a bargain at the price."

"How much?" said I, not in the least interested.

"Five hundred francs." (One hundred dollars.)

Our laughter surprised the amiable gentleman, and half an hour later we left Brehal with the deed of sale in our pocket, much to the bewilderment of the good notary, who was evidently not accustomed to making sales, à l'Americaine.

A fortnight later, having ransacked the shops in Granville and all the antiquarians in Coutances, we moved in and began our lives as an integral part of the population.

Our house, such as belongs to the ordinary peasant, comprises two good-sized, white-washed, granite-paved rooms. A great Dutch door and three very small windows let in the only light (the peasants prefer living in darkness to paying window tax). There are two rough stone fireplaces, so large that by bending over and looking upward one can see numerous swallows' nests, plastered against the chimney's sooty sides, and over all a little corner of blue sky. Such is our interior. To be sure there was a little shed attached to the back of the cottage, which we turned into a kitchen, but then we are not *du pays*.

Our little front yard is separated from the street by a rail fence, and our back garden contains, besides a dozen or more fine apple-trees, three or four rose-beds and a well; all this for one hundred dollars.

To serve us we have the quaintest and most amusing old woman imaginable. She is called Felicity, and the name seems written on her face, for the tiny gray eyes, large mouth, and even the wrinkles that furrow her old visage, making it sculptured and modelled like a Japanese Netsuke, betray her humor and her habit of smiling.

Felicity is an admirable cook, and for

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Felicity is an admirable cook.

miles around rejoices in the reputation. It is she who organizes all the wedding feasts of the entire region; it is she who knows all the legends, all the stories, all the songs, as well as all the gossip of the surrounding country. She is inexhaustible, and I never tire of questioning and listening to her curious Norman *patois*, often very difficult for me to understand.

English seems to amuse her greatly, for when she hears it spoken she will drop her work and hasten to listen to the conversation. One day I entered the kitchen singing "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"; and though I never found anything particularly humorous in that old ballad, it produced a most comical effect upon Felicity. Not that she understood in the least what the song was about, but as she explained to me later on, when she had gained control of her features, she never before heard such a lot of funny sounds.

Felicity brews all the *remèdes de bonne femme* (wise-women's remedies), and her competence in this branch is so well known that she is called in to administer to almost every ill person in the neighborhood. She has soothing potions, herb teas, salves, and prayers for every malady under the sun.

Returning from a fishing party one afternoon, I was preparing to nurse my sunburned face and neck with cold cream. Felicity, who had seen my plight, begged me to try comething that would cure me in a *clin d'œil*. Accordingly she applied to my burning skin mulberry leaves soaked in vinegar. I began shrieking with pain, but evidently accustomed to the dolorous cries

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of her patients, she stood there smiling and saying, "The more it burns you the sooner you will be cured."

When her preparations prove unsuccessful or when there is question of broken limbs, the *rebouteux* (bone-setter) of Lingreville is sent for in hot haste. He is a huge, burly, middle-aged peasant, with enormous hands and piercing eyes. To cure his patients of sunstroke he produces a magic mirror which is supposed to call forth the sunbeam gone astray in their heads. Once I saw him treat an old woman who complained of a violent backache by splitting a spring chicken in half and placing it on the spot in question. Other times I have seen him seize an ill person by the wrists, look him straight in the eyes, while murmuring some unintelligible words. Then "If your blood is stronger than mine you will be cured," says he. If the patient dies his blood was weaker; that's all.

"And the doctor," I can hear you say, "where is he all this time?"

There is one, to be sure, but he lives in a distant town and is called in very rarely, and then only at the last moment; for the peasants are such parsimonious people that they think twice before spending the two francs (forty cents) demanded for his services. The *rebouteux* and Felicity's remedies are traditional, and seem to appeal more to their imaginations.

Sometimes, the physician having prescribed a certain medicine, his patient is cured before the bottle is quite finished. With great care the dregs are corked up and put on the corner of the chimney-piece. Then when someone else in the village falls ill the general cry is, "Go and ask old mother so-and-so, she has a bottle." Old mother so-and-so obligingly lends her bottle, and a person suffering from liver complaint drinks, without flinching, the potion given to cure rheumatism. But, in spite of their queer ways of doctoring, the inhabitants of Bricqueville rejoice in remarkable health, and it is pleasant to see the fine robust, sunburned men and women grouped together at Sunday mass.

Our little village is composed of two hamlets, known as the lower and the upper. The *hameau-bas*, where we live, contains the elements of life: the road-house, the blacksmith's, and the grocery shop. The former is the halt of the semi-weekly stage-coach, and all the outside news is brought there and given forth to the eager listeners, who knowing the hour of the coach's arrival, go to the *auberge* to drink a *petit verre* with the driver, and listen to his chatter. The smithy's is another rendezvous of gossip for those who have a moment to spare from their fishing and gardening. The grocery shop is something like those of our little New England country towns. It contains everything from salt to dress goods, and is, at the same time, the post-office and apothecary shop.

The upper hamlet, built on a hill which interrupts our inland view, glories in the church, the school, and the lamp-post. Yes, a real lamp-post, with a three-pronged jet. It is the chief ornament of the *hameau-du-haut*, and peasants from neighboring villages make the trip just to see it, returning home jealous and humiliated.

It was Felicity who told me, how, in 1889 the mayor of Bricqueville went to the Paris exposition, and while there bought a chance in a *tombola*. His number, purchased in the name of his village, happened to win a lamp-post, which arrived one day and was unpacked by the *garde champêtre*, the mayor and the school-master, in the presence of the admiring population.

The question of where it should be put up arose immediately. The people of the lower hamlet claimed it, their intention being to place it at the entrance to the beach, in the hope that it might attract strangers, who, delighted, would return every year and thus start a fashionable watering-place. The upper hamlet demanded it be erected in the cemetery surrounding the church, in place of a crucifix, which they were not rich enough to purchase.

Heated discussions took place at the inn, and for several months no decision was reached. The people from above defied their brothers from below, and the affair might have taken a serious turn, had not the mayor settled matters by deciding that the lamp-post should be placed in the little square in front of the church, the rectory, and the school; that is to say, right in the middle of the *grande route*.

At length it was planted, a side-walk built around it, and, with great pomp and ceremony, unveiled the day of the village *fête*. The neighboring villagers grew pale with envy, and were obliged to admit that if

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The blacksmith's.

the cathedral at Coutances was the first, the casino at Granville the second, surely the lamp-post at Bricqueville was the third wonder of the country. Even the road-house honored the occasion by changing its old name of *Au rendez-vous des Pecheurs* to *Au rendez-vous des enfants du Bec du Gaz.*

Placed thus on the highway, the lamp-post was lost to view to no one, and the whole population, even the peasants of the *bas-hameau*, agreed that the mayor's idea was certainly one of a genius.

Not a cart, not a horseman, not an automobile passed by without remarking the fantastic object set up thus in the heart of a lost country. Gas itself being a thing unheard of in the entire region, of course it was impossible to light the post, and cyclists and vehicles of all descriptions travelling after dark often came into collision with it. The number of accidents soon became so alarming that the Inspector of Public Highways was warned, and for some time there was talk of removing the marvel. It was then that the mayor, whose genius failed to inspire him with a second idea, was obliged to order that the lamp-post be lighted, not by its three useless jets, but by a little oil lantern that the *garde champêtre* places at its base every evening.

Nothing seems to trouble the tranquillity of our little village. The slightest incidents are made pretexts for long-drawn-out conversations, and years after the lamp-post shall have disappeared the old people will tell its story. Perhaps it will develop into a charming legend, which will come down to our great-great-grandchildren.

Our arrival in Bricqueville caused any amount of comment. How two young strangers could come and bury themselves there for the simple pleasure of making pictures was a thing that quite escaped the peasants. Some of them looked upon us most hostilely, but once again Felicity saved the day, and now we are regarded as two somewhat foolish but inoffensive beings to whom the peasant women never fail to bring their young poultry, their best butter, their finest fish.

Our tramps in the country round about have led us to many an interesting place. One day, while searching for a subject to put on canvas, our road led us to the top of a hill, at whose base we discovered a little old chapel, hardly visible behind the tall

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trees that surrounded it. The guardian, an old peasant woman, offered her services as guide, and taking a bunch of rusty keys from under her apron, led us toward a small iron grill.

Within a delightful freshness and coolness reigned. It was in May, and the odor of honeysuckle and "roses de Marie" pervaded the air, while sunbeams, shining through the ancient stained-glass windows, danced joyfully on the stone walls, lighted up the flower-laden altar, and gilded the

know that the sea near here is very treacherous. Nowhere along the coast is navigation more dangerous, the channel less friendly. In years gone by the villages for miles around were inhabited by bands of pirates, who lived on the spoils of shipwrecks. Woe be to the unfortunate mariners who ventured along these shores and knew not that the huge fires built on the rocks were only traps to catch their cargoes. Their ignorance cost them dear, and the cruel villains rejoiced the more.

Norman peasants.

rows of old wooden *prie-dieu*. There was so much charm, so much perfume, so much joy in the welcome given by the tiny chapel, that it seemed as if the smile of Our Lady had been shut in and still remained between the four walls, to aid man by putting hope and happiness in his heart.

As we strolled leisurely about, our guide in her queer Norman accent, recited the charming legend attached to this quaint little place of worship.

"*Ma petite dame,*" said she, "you must

A holy man came into the country, resolved to better its spiritual condition, and, by force of fasting and prayers, convert the dangerous hordes. He lived in a squalid cabin built of straw and dried mud, roots and shell-fish being his only nourishment. He prayed and prayed unceasingly, and with resolute courage, though conditions did not seem to change.

The men laughed at the queer old man who refused to share their booty, who never drank fermented wines, and who told such

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The postman.

strange stories. They considered him a poor, simple-minded creature, and were much amused at his fervent manner of wishing to save them from perils they did not fear. The women fled from him, fearing he might bewitch them, and the children to whom he wished to teach the catechism played innumerable pranks upon their defenceless benefactor.

One night during a terrible storm a great Spanish caravel was stranded on the coast, but contrary to their custom, the waves did not wash the *débris* to the shore. One or two planks, a couple of barrels, and an enormous statue of the Virgin were the only things that reached the beach.

The statue was magnificent, standing more than twenty feet in height, the *chef-d'œuvre* of an artist who had lovingly sculptured, gilded, ornamented and caressed his work.

The tribe of vandals, furious at their defeat, fell upon the statue and wished to carry it off. Instruments of all descriptions were brought to aid them, and pulling, hauling, yelling, sweating, their muscles distended, their jaws set, the whole population, men, women, and children, tried to move the heavy mass. Their efforts were vain. Ten times, twenty times, they recommenced, inventing new means, using their strength and their instruments. At length, enraged and furious, they armed themselves with axes, picks, saws and knives, resolved to flay in pieces the *Bonne Dame* who looked at them so tenderly. Not one among them was moved to pity by her beautiful eyes, her white hands, her long yellow hair, or her gold-embroidered robe. They beat, they hacked, they sawed, they filed with rage in their hearts. But, strange to say, their

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knives broke, their files and saws became smooth, while the sacred image remained unharmed, unscarred.

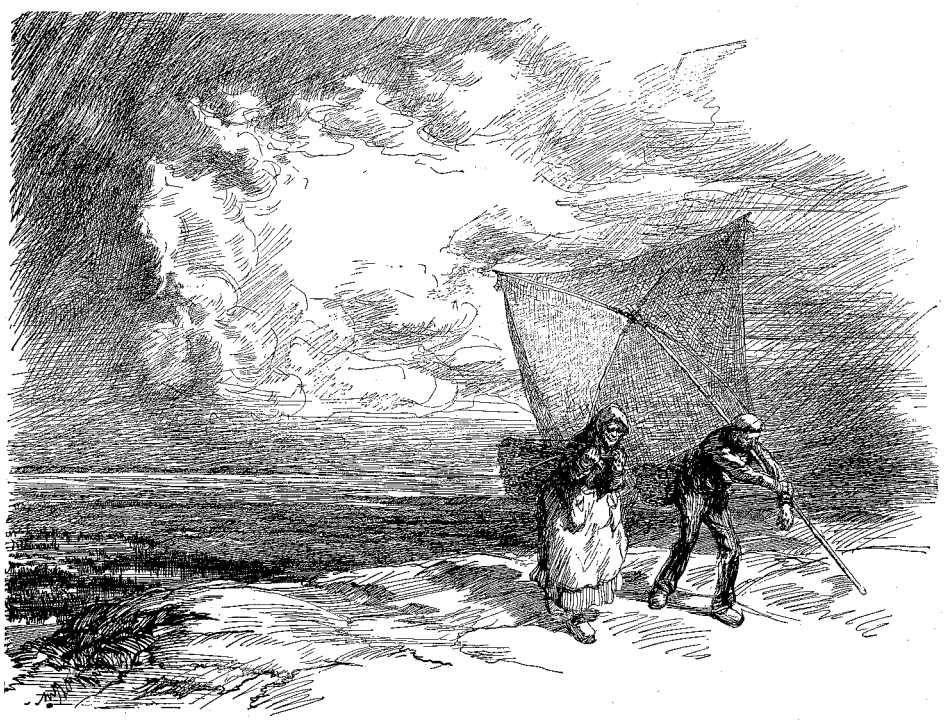
Presently Gaud, the bare-footed hermit, was seen returning from his fishing, his great sack on his back, and a worn and tired look on his face. As soon as he caught sight of the statue his expression changed. He became suddenly very animated, and dropping his load, he rushed into the midst of the iconoclasts. His anger was magnificent and indescribable. "Stop, ye miserables," cried he, with such a commanding voice that it imposed instant silence. Then, pushing forward, he fell at the feet of the statue. "O Holy Virgin Mother, I've done my best; have pity on them!" he wept.

And then those present saw a marvellous sight. The smile on the statue's face became more and more marked. Her visage beamed with happiness, and stooping, she took Gaud by the hand and began to walk, followed by the spell-bound people.

At the foot of the hill she stopped. Slowly and gently she looked each person in the eyes, and then, with her hands full of roses, whose odor still persists around the chapel, she vanished, as by magic, into the azure blue of heaven.

When the stupefied beholders turned toward Gaud he was on his knees, the aureole of a saint encircling his head. As one person they knelt in prayer, and when they had received St. Gaud's blessing they rose, put themselves under the protection of "Our Lady" and erected a little chapel on the spot where she had converted them.

In our little village the great event of the day is the arrival of the postman, the tie that binds us to the outer world; the great event of the year is the assembly or village *fête*. This year the fine June weather helped to make it a great success.



Norman fisher-folk.

In the morning the whole village, dressed in their best clothes, attended high mass at ten o'clock. The mayor, the *maréchal*, the road-mender, and the inn-keeper sat in the vestrymen's pew, imposing and solemn. All the other men sat on one side and the women on the other, the former wearing their stiff blue blouses, the latter their starched white *coiffes* (bonnets).

The curate had seized this occasion to

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Drawn by Charles Huard.

The village *fête*.

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bring forward a new precentor, and everybody was duly curious and excited. The parish at Bricqueville is very proud of having the best singers in the vicinity, and when there is need of a new voice the task of finding a tenor or bass is not the easiest in the world. This time, though, the applicants for the vacancy had been many, and the people were much pleased when a retired railroad employee was chosen. High mass was a triumph for him. Never before in the little church had the responses been sung in such a manner. His voice resounded wonderfully, and his way of singing the "Amens" won him the admiration of all the Bricquevillians.

At two o'clock the church was again crowded to hear the *Te Deum*. In the meantime, the precentor had had his health drunk in more than one cottage, and his head was a trifle heavy when he entered the chapel for vespers. The heat, the perfume of the flowers, the incense, the singsong voice of the curate, rather added to this feeling, so much so, that during the sermon he could no longer control himself. He fell asleep.

When the time came for him to strike up the *Te Deum* an obliging neighbor pulled him by the sleeve. The poor fellow, surprised and bewildered, having completely forgotten that he was in a place of worship, jumped up and began shouting:

"Folligny! Vingt-cinq minutes d'arret de buffet. Les voyageurs pour Coutances en voiture." (Folligny! Twenty-five minutes stop for lunch. All aboard for Coutances.)

After vespers the crowd went toward the beach to see the games and races. Although the course, the bookmakers, and the jockeys were lacking, they were hardly missed, and I am sure these races were far more picturesque than those on a celebrated track. The peasants simply unharnessed their nags that had brought them to town that morning, put a bridle and a blanket on them, mounted, and got in line for the start. The prizes—eight francs for the winner, five for the second, and two for the third—were hotly contested, and the excited families and friends formed one of the most amusing groups imaginable.

There had been question of organizing a regatta, but as no boats appeared to take part, it was "called off" and everybody devoted his attention to the games. There were sack and *sabot* races, scissors throwing, and other amusements which overjoyed our fellow-villagers, whose wit was sometimes a little broad and brutal. But the continual good-humor of these Normans was the dominating characteristic, and we were obliged to admit that the face-making contest was excruciating. This was followed by a hot-soup contest. The person who could swallow a bowl of boiling soup the quickest won the prize, and the way in which some of the boys went at it showed that they had been training for some time.

Great tables had been spread under the trees, fires had been built, and slices of fresh-roasted ham and mutton, as well as bread, cheese, and seed-cakes could be bought and were eagerly devoured by the famished crowd. Light wines and cider, coffee and cognac, helped to regale them, and their spirits never lagged an instant.

The crowning glory of the day was to be a display of fireworks, bought in the city. The set pieces had been placed on the beach, and about five o'clock a small boy came shrieking into the crowd. "The tide's coming in; the tide's coming in!" cried he. There was a grand rush for the beach. The water was found to be almost at the foot of the fireworks, so at five fifteen in the afternoon the rockets and flower-pots were set off. Their effect was less startling than expected, but everyone was delighted; so that was all that was necessary.

As evening approached huge brushwood fires were built along the shore, and all joined hands and danced around them. Far into the night I could see the reflection of the light in the sea, and hear the echo of voices singing the quaint old Norman melodies.

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The Child in Fairyland

by

Sarah S. Stilwell

Verses by

Edith B. Sturgis

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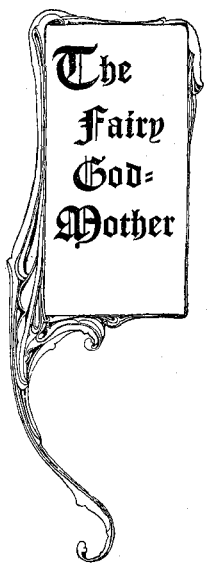

I HAD a dream the other night
When I was all in bed.
I thought a fairy came to me
With wings about her head.
She was my Fairy Godmother,
I knew her right away,
And I sat down upon her lap,
For I wanted her to stay.

She took me to a cool, cool place—
My bed was very hot—
And then she sang some songs to me;
The words I have forgot.
And then she got a shining book
And put it on her knee,
And lots and lots of fairy tales
She read to little me.

And as she read aloud to me—
Without the least surprise—
All sorts of magic fairy things
I saw with my own eyes.
I saw some knights in armor pass,
And castles tall and high,
And dragons fierce and dangerous,
With wings so they could fly.

I saw so many princesses
In silver and in gold,
And ugly beasts turned into men,
And giants big and bold!
For I was in real Fairy-land
Where I'd never been before;—
But my mother came and found me
Near the window on the floor.

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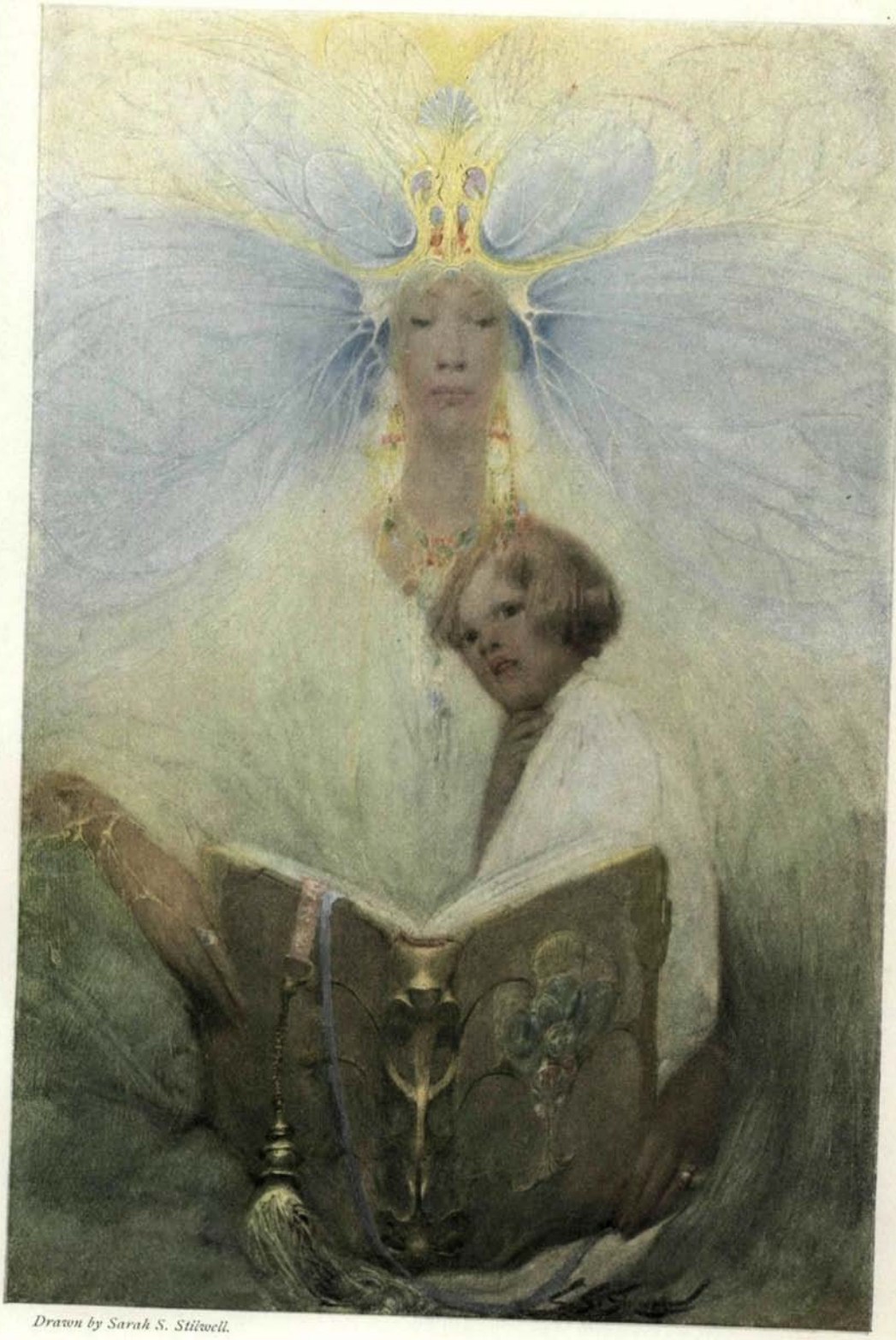

Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

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I HAVE a little playmate,
  She often comes to me.
I don't know where her home is,
  Tho' can guess where it might be!

And far out in the garden
  We have the greatest fun
When she hides among the flowers,
  She knows them every one—

Hollyhocks and lady's slipper,
  Larkspur and pansies bright,
And tulips red and yellow,—
  The kind that shut at night.

One day when we were playing,
  Before my very eyes
She touched some lovely flowers
  And they changed to butterflies!

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ONE day when I'd been naughty, I ran off far away
To the wood across the meadows, where I knew I shouldn't play.
You see I wasn't sorry—I didn't want to be—
But I hoped that they'd feel badly when they came to look
for me.

I found a shining river, and a clear and shady pool
With lots of fishes in it, and all was dark and cool.
Tall grasses grew around it, I sat upon some moss,
And then I think that really I was sorry I'd been cross.

And water-lilies grew there, I tried to reach for some
When I heard a sort of splashing, and I heard a voice say
"Come!"
And from underneath the lilies, a Water Baby came,
And another and another, and called me by my name.

They were sort of elfin-fairies, and yet as big as me,
Their hair was dark and shiny, and as wet as it could be.
At first I thought it would be fun to go with them and play,
And watch the little fishes, and make bubbles all the day.

But then I grew quite frightened, they pointed at me so,
They knew I'd been a naughty girl, and the biggest one said
"O—Oh!"
Then I wanted mother badly, to hug me close and tight,
So I got up very quickly, and ran home with all my might.

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Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

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THE WILD ROSE

By George Meredith

HIGH climbs June's wild rose,
Her bush all blooms in a swarm;
And swift from the bud she blows
In a day when the wooer is warm;
Frank to receive and give:
Her bosom is open to bee and sun;
Pride she has none,
Nor shame she knows·
Happy to live.

Unlike those of the garden nigh,
Her queenly sisters enthroned by art;
Loosening petals one by one
To the fiery pursuer's dart;
Superbly shy.
For them in some glory of hair
Or nest of the heaving mounds to lie,
Or path of the bride bestrew.
Ever are they the theme for song,
But nought of that is her share.
Hardly from wayfarers tramping along
A glance they care not to renew.

And she at a word of the claims of kin
Shrinks to the level of roads and meads:
She is only a plain princess of the weeds,
As an outcast witless of sin:
Much disregarded, save by the few
Who love her, that has not a spot of deceit,
No promise of sweet beyond sweet,
Often descending to sour.
On any fair breast she would die in an hour.
Praises she scarce could bear,
Were any wild poet to praise.
Her aim is to rise into light and air,
One of the darlings of Earth, no more.
And little it seems in the dusty ways,
Unless to the grasses nodding beneath,
The bird clapping wings to soar,
The clouds of an evetide's wreath.

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THE MASTER OF THE INN

By Robert Herrick

IT was a plain brick house, three full stories, with four broad chimneys, and overhanging eaves. The tradition was that it had been a colonial tavern—a dot among the fir-covered northern hills on the climbing post-road into Canada. The village scattered along the road was called Albany—already forgotten when the railroad sought an opening through a valley less rugged, eight miles to the west.

Rather more than thirty years ago the Doctor had arrived, one summer day, and opened all the doors and windows of the neglected old house, which he had bought from scattered heirs. He was a quiet man, the Doctor, in middle life then or nearly so; and he sank almost without remark into the world of Albany, where they raised hay and potatoes and still cut good white pine off the hills. Gradually the old brick tavern resumed the functions of life: many buildings were added to it as well as many acres of farm and forest to the Doctor's original purchase of intervale land. The new Master did not open his house to the public, yet he, too, kept a sort of Inn, where men came and stayed a long time. Although no sign now hung from the old elm tree, nevertheless an ever-widening stream of humanity mounted the winding road from White River and passed through the doors of the Inn, seeking life. . . .

That first summer the Doctor brought with him Sam, the Chinaman, whom we all came to know and love, and also a young man, who loafed much while the Doctor worked, and occasionally fished. That was John Herring—now a famous architect—and it was from his designs, made those first idle summer days, that were built all the additions to the simple old building—the two low wings in the rear for the "cells," with the Italian garden between them, the sweeping marble seat around the pool that joined the wings on the west, also the thick wall that hid the Inn, its terraced gardens and orchards from Albanian curiosity. Herring found a store of red brick in some crumbling buildings in the neighborhood, and he discovered the quarry whence came those thick slabs of purple slate. The blue-veined marble was had from a fissure in the hills, and the School made the tiles.

I think Herring never did better work than in the making over of this old tavern: he divined that secret affinity which exists between north Italy, with all its art, and our bare New England; and he dared to graft boldly one to the other, making the rear of the Inn altogether Italian with its portico, its dainty colonnades, the garden and the fountain and the pool. From all this one looked down on the waving grass of the Intervale, which fell away gently to the turbulent White River, then rose again to the wooded hills that folded one upon another, with ever deepening blue, always upwards and beyond.

Not all this building at once, to be sure, as the millionaire builds; but a gradual growth over a couple of decades; and all built lovingly by the "Brothers," stone on stone, brick and beam and tile—many a hand taking part in it that came weak to the task and left it sturdy. There was also the terraced arrangement of gardens and orchards on either side of the Inn, reaching to the farm buildings on one side and to the village on the other. For a time Herring respected the quaint old tavern with its pine wainscot; then he made a stately two-storied hall out of one half where we dined in bad weather, and a lovely study for the Doctor from the rest. The doors north and south always stood open in the summer, giving the rare passer-by a glimpse of that radiant blue heaven among the hills, with a silver flash of the river in the middle distance, and a little square of peaceful garden close at hand. . . . The tough northern grasses rustled in the breeze that always played about Albany; the scent of spruce drawn by the hot sun—that strong resinous breath of the north—was borne from the woods.

Thus it started, that household of men in the old Inn at the far end of Albany village among the northern hills, with the Doctor

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and Sam and Herring, who had been flung aside after his first skirmish with life and was picked up in pure pity by the Doctor, as a bit of the broken waste in our modern world, and carried off with him out of the city. The young architect returning in due time to the fight—singing—naturally venerated the Doctor as a father; and when a dear friend stumbled and fell in the *via dura* of this life, he whispered to him word of the Inn and its Master—of the life up there among the hills where Man is little and God looks down on his earth. . . . "Oh, you'll understand when you put your eyes on Abraham some morning! The Doctor? He cures both body and soul." And this one having heeded passed along the word in turn to others in need—"to the right sort, who would understand." Thus the custom grew like a faith, and a sort of brotherhood was formed, of those who had found more than health at the Inn, who had found themselves. The Doctor, ever busy about his farms and his woods, his building and above all his School, soon had a dozen or more patients or guests, as you might call them, on his hands and he set them to work speedily. There was little medicine to be had in the Inn: the sick labored as they could and thus grew strong. . . .

And so as one was added to another, they began to call themselves in joke "Brothers," and the Doctor, "Father." The older "brothers" would return from all parts of the land, for a few days or a few weeks, to grasp the Doctor's hand, to have a dip in the pool, to try the little brooks in the hills. Young men, and middle-aged, and even the old, they came from the cities where the heat of living had scorched them, where they had faltered and doubted the goodness of life. In some way word of the Master had reached them, with this compelling advice—"Go! And tell him I sent you." So from the clinic or the lecture-room, from the office and the mill—wherever men labor with tightening nerves—the needy one started on his long journey. Towards evening he was set down before the plain red face of the Inn. And as the Stranger entered the cool hall, a voice was sure to greet him from within somewhere, the deep voice of a hearty man, and presently the Master appeared to give his hand to the newcomer, resting the other hand on his guest's shoulder perhaps, with a yearning affection that ran before knowledge.

"So you've come, my boy," he said. "Herring [or some one] wrote me to look for you."

And after a few more words of greeting, the Doctor beckoned to Sam, and gave the guest over to his hands. Thereupon the Chinaman slippered through tiled passageways to the court, where the Stranger, caught by the beauty and peace so strangely hidden, lingered a while. The little space within the wings was filled with flowers as far as the brown water of the pool and the marble bench. In the centre of the court was a fountain from which the water dropped and ran away among the flower beds to the pool. A great maple tree shaded this place, flecking the water below. The sun shot long rays beneath its branches, and over all there was an odor of blossoming flowers and the murmur of bees.

"Bath!" Sam explained, grinning towards the pool.

With the trickle of the fountain in his ears the Stranger looked out across the yellowing fields of the Intervale to the noble sky-line of the Stowe hills. Those little mountains of the north! Mere hills to all who know the giants of the earth—not mountains in the brotherhood of ice and snow and rock! But in lovely shape and color, in those lesser things that create the love of men for places, they rise towards heaven, those little hills! On a summer day like this their broad breast is a-flutter with waving tree-tops, and at evening depth on depth of blue mist gathers over them, dropping into those soft curves where the little brooks flow, rising up to the sky-line. And there the falling sun paints a band of pure saffron, as there is a hint of moonlight to come in the calm and perfect peace of evening. Ah, they are of the fellowship of mountains, those little hills of Stowe. And when in winter their flanks are jewelled with ice and snow, then they raise their heads proudly to the stars, calling across the frozen valleys to their greater brethren in the midriff of the continent—"Behold, we also are hills, in the sight of the Lord!". . .

Meantime Sam, with Oriental ease, goes slipping along the arcade until he comes to a certain oak door, where he drops your bag, and disappears, having saluted. It is

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an ample and lofty room, and on the outer side of it hangs a little balcony above the orchard, from which there is a view of the valley and the woods beyond, and somewhere the song of the thrush rises. The room itself is cool, of a gray tone, with a broad fireplace, a heavy table, and many books. Otherwise there are bed, and chairs, and dressing-table, the necessities of life austerely provided. And Peace! God, what Peace to him who has escaped from the furnace men make! It is as if he had come all the way to the end of the world, and found there a great room of peace.

Soon a bell sounds somewhere and the household assembles under the arcade. If it is fair and not cold, Sam and his servants bring out the long narrow table and place it, as Veronese places his feasters, lengthwise beneath the colonnade, and thus the evening meal is served. (The novice might feel only the harmony of it all, but later he will learn how many elements go to the making of Peace.) A fresh, coarse napkin is laid before each man, no more than enough for all those present, and the Doctor sits in the middle, serving all. There are few dishes, and for the most part such as may be got at home there in the hills. There is a pitcher of cider at one end and a pitcher of mild white wine at the other, and the men eat and drink, with jokes and talk—the laughter of the day. Afterwards, when Sam has brought pipes and tobacco, the Master leads the way to the sweeping semicircle of marble seat around the pool with the leafy tree overhead; and there they sit into the soft night, talking of all things, with the glow of pipes, until one after another slips away to sleep. For as the Doctor said, "Talk among men in common softens the muscles of the mind and quickens the heart." Yet he loved most to hear the talk of others.

Thus insensibly for the Novice there began the life of the place, opening in a gentle and persistent routine that caught him in its flow and carried him on with it. He found Tradition and Habit all about him, in the ordered, unconscious life of the Inn, to which he yielded without question. . . . Shortly after dawn there was the sound of the bell, and then the men met at the pool, where the Doctor was always first. A plunge into the brown water beneath the leaves, and afterwards to each man's room there was brought a large bowl of coffee and hot milk, with bread and eggs and fruit. What more he needed he might find in the hall.

Soon there was a tap on the newcomer's door, and a neighborly voice called out—"We all go into the fields every morning, you know. You must earn your dinner, the Doctor says, or borrow it!" So the Novice went forth to earn his first dinner with his hands. Beyond the gardens and the orchards were the barns and sheds, and a vista of level acres of hay and potatoes and rye, the bearing acres of the farm, and beyond these the woods on the hills. "There's nearly three thousand acres, fields and woods," the neighbor explained. "Oh, there's plenty to do all times!" Meantime the Doctor strides on ahead through the wet grass, his eyes roaming here and there, inquiring the state of his land. And watching him the Novice believes that there is always much to be done when the Doctor leads.

If it is July and hay time—all the Intervale grass land is mowed by hand—there is a sweat-breaking task; or it may be the potatoes; or later in the season the apples—a pleasant pungent job, filling the baskets and pouring them into the fat-bellied barrels. But whatever the work may be the Doctor keeps the Stranger in his mind, and as the sun climbs high over the Randalph hills, he taps the new one on the shoulder—"Better stop here to-day, my boy. You'll find a good tree over there for a nap. . . ."

Under that particular tree in the tall timothy, there is the coolest spot, and the Novice drowses, thinking of those wonderful mowers in Tolstoy's *Anna*, as he gazes at the marching files eating their way through the meadow until his eyelids fall and he sleeps, the ripple of waving timothy in his ears. At noon the bell sounds again from the Inn and the men come striding homeward wiping the sweat from their faces. They gather at the swimming pool and still panting strip off their wet garments, then plunge one after another, like happy boys. From bath to room, and a few minutes for fresh clothes, and all troop into the hall, which is dark and cool. The old brick walls of the tavern never held a gayer lot of guests.

From this point in the day each one is his own master; there is no common toil. The farmer and his men take up the care

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of the farm, and the Master usually goes down to the School, in company with some of the men. But each one has his own way of spending the hours till sunset—some fishing or shooting, according to the season; others in tennis or games with the boys of the School; and some reading or loafing—until the shadows begin to fall across the pool into the court and Sam brings out the long table for dinner.

The seasons shading imperceptibly into one another vary the course of the day. Early in September the men begin to sit long about the hall-fire of an evening, and when the snow packs hard on the hills there is wood-work to be done, and in early spring it is the carpenter shop. So the form alters, but the substance remains—work and play and rest. . . .

To each one a time will come when the Doctor speaks to him alone. At some hour the Novice will find himself with those large eyes resting on his face, searchingly. It may be in the study after the others have scattered at night, or at the pool where he loved to sit beneath the great tree and hear his "confessions" as the men called these talks. At such times, when the man came to remember it afterward, the Doctor asked few questions, said little, but listened. He had the confessing ear! And by chance his hand would rest on the man's arm or shoulder. For he said—"Touch speaks: soul flows through flesh into soul."

Thus he sat and confessed his patients one after another, and his dark eyes seemed familiar with all man's woes, as if he had listened always. And men said to him what they had never before let pass their lips to man or woman, what they themselves scarce looked at in the gloom of their souls. Unawares it slipped from them, the reason within the reason for their ill, the ultimate cause of sorrow. From the moment they had revealed to him this hidden thing—had slipped the leash on their tongues—it was no longer to be feared. "Trouble evaporates, being properly aired," said the Doctor. And already in the troubled one's mind the sense of the confused snarl of life began to lessen and veils began to descend between him and it. . . . "For you must learn to forget," counselled the Doctor, "forget day by day until the recording soul beneath your mind is clean. Therefore—work, forget, be new!". . .

A self-important young man, much concerned with himself, once asked the Master:

"Doctor, what is your method?"

And we all heard him say in reply—

"The potatoes need hilling, and then you'll feel like having a dip in the pool."

The young man, it seems, wrote back to his physician in the city—"This Doctor cannot understand my case: he tells me to dig potatoes and bathe in a swimming pool. That is all! All!" But the city physician, who was an old member of the Brotherhood telegraphed back—"Dig and swim, you fool!" Sam took the message at the telephone while we were dining in the hall, and repeated it faithfully to the young man within the hearing of all. A laugh rose that was hard in dying, and I think the Doctor's lips wreathed in smile. . . . In the old days they say the Doctor gave medicine like other doctors. That was when he spent part of the year in the city and had an office there and believed in drugs. But as he gave up going to the city, the stock of drugs in the cabinet at the end of the study became exhausted, and was never renewed. All who needed medicine were sent to an old Brother, who had settled down the valley at Stowe. "He knows more about drugs than I do," the Doctor said. "At least he can give you the stuff with confidence." Few of the inmates of the inn ever went to Stowe, though Dr. Williams was an excellent physician. And it was from about this time that we began to drop the title of doctor, calling him instead the Master, and the younger men sometimes Father. He seemed to like these new terms, as denoting affection and respect for his authority.

By the time that we had called him Master, the Inn had come to its maturity. Altogether it could hold eighteen guests, and if more came, as in midsummer or autumn, they lived in tents in the orchard or in the hill camps. The Master was still adding to the forest land—fish and game preserve the village people called it; for the Master was a hunter and a fisherman. But up among those curving hills when he looked out through the waving trees, measuring by eye a fir or a pine, he would say, nodding his head, "Boys, behold my heirs—from generation to generation!"

He was now fifty and had ceased to go to the city altogether. There were ripe men

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in the city hospitals that still remembered him as a young man in the medical school; but he had dropped out they said—why? He might have answered that he had spoken his word to the world through men—and spoken widely. For there was no break in the stream of life that flowed upwards to the old Inn. The "cells" were always full winter and summer. Now there were coming children of the older Brothers and these having learned the ways of the place from their fathers were already house-broken, as we said. They knew that no door was locked about the Inn, but that if they returned after ten it behooved them to come in by the pool and make no noise; they knew that when the first ice formed on the pool, then they were not expected to take the morning plunge. They knew that there was an old custom that no one ever forgot, and that was to put money in the house-box behind the hall door on leaving, at least a dollar a day for the time spent and as much more as one cared to give. For, as every one knew, all beyond the daily expense went to maintain the School on the road below the village. So the books of the Inn were easy to keep—there was never a word about money in the place—but I know that many a large sum was found in this box, and the School never wanted money.

That I might tell more of what took place in the Inn and what the Master said and the sort of men one found there, and the talks we all had summer evenings beside the pool and winter nights in the hall. Winter was the best of all the year, the greatest beauty and the greatest joy, from the first fall of the snow to the yellow brook water and the floating ice in White River. Then the broad velvety shadows lay on the hills between the stiff spruces; then came rosy mornings out of darkness when you knew that some good thing was waiting in the world. After you had drunk your bowl of coffee, you got your axe and followed the procession of choppers who were carefully foresting the Doctor's woods. In the spring, after the little brooks had begun to run down the slopes, there was road making and mending; for the Master kept in repair most of the roads about Albany, grinding the rock in his pit, saying that "A good road was one sure blessing."

And the dusks I shall never forget—those violet and gold moments with the light of immortal heavens behind the rampart of hills; and the nights, so still, so still like everlasting death, each star set jewel-wise in a black sky above a white earth. . . . How splendid it was to turn out of the warm hall where we had been reading and talking into the frosty court, with the thermometer at thirty below and still falling, and look down across the broad white valley, crossed by the streak of bushy alders where the dumb river flowed, up to the little frozen water courses among the hills, up above where the stars glittered. You took your way to your room in the silence, rejoicing that it was all so, that somewhere in this tumultuous world of ours there was hidden the secret of living, and that you were of the brotherhood of those who had found it!

Thus was the Inn and its Master in the year when he touched sixty and his hair and beard were more white than gray.

II

THEN there came to the Inn one day in the early part of the summer a new Stranger—a man about fifty with an ageing, worldly face. Bill, the Albany stage man, had brought him from Island Junction, and on the way had answered all his questions, discreetly, reckoning in his wisdom that his passenger was "one of those queer folks that went up to the old Doctor's place." for there was something smart and fashionable about the stranger's appearance that made Bill uncomfortable.

"There," he said as he pulled up outside the red brick house and pointed over the wall into the garden, "mos' likely you'll find the old man fussin' 'round somewheres inside there, if he hain't down to the School," and he drove off with the people's mail.

The stranger looked back and forth through the village street, which was as silent as a village street should be at four o'clock on a summer day. Then he muttered to himself, whimsically, "Mos' likely you'll find the old man fussin' 'round somewheres inside!" Well, *what next?* And he looked at the homely red brick building with the cold eye of one who has made many goings out and comings in, and to whom novelty offers little entertainment. As he looked (thinking possibly of that early train from the junction on the morrow) the hall

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door opened wide, and an oldish man with white eye-brows and dark eyes stood before the Stranger. He was dressed in a linen suit that deepened the dark tan of his face and hands. He said:

"You are Dr. Augustus Norton?"

"And you," the Stranger replied with a graceful smile, "are the Master—and this is the Inn!"

He had forgotten what Percival called the old boy—forgot everything these days—had tried to remember it all the way up—nevertheless, he had turned it off well! So the two looked at each other—one a little younger as years go, but with lined face and shaking fingers; the other solid and self-contained, with less of that ready language which comes from always jostling with one's equals. But as they stood there, each saw a Man and an Equal.

"The great surgeon of St. Jerome's," said our Master in further welcome.

"Honored by praise from your lips!" Thus the man of the city lightly turned the compliment, and extended his hand, which the Master took slowly, gazing meanwhile long at his guest.

"Pray come this way into my house," said the Master of the Inn, with more stateliness of manner than he usually had with a new Brother. But Dr. Augustus Norton had the most distinguished name of that day in his profession. He followed the Doctor into his study, with uncertain steps, and sinking into a deep chair before the smouldering ashes looked at the Master with a sad grin—"Perhaps you'll give me something—the journey, you know? . . ."

Two years before the head surgeon of St. Jerome's had come to the hospital of a morning to perform some operation—one of those affairs for which he was known from coast to coast. As he entered the officers' room that morning, with the arrogant eye of the commander-in-chief, one of his aides looked at him suspiciously, then glanced again—and the great surgeon felt his eyes upon him when he turned his back. And he knew why! Something was wrong with him. Nevertheless in glum silence he made ready to operate. But when the moment came, and he was about to take the part of God towards the piece of flesh lying in the ether sleep before him, he hesitated. Then, in the terrible recoil of Fear, he turned back.

"Macroe!" he cried to the next-in-command, "you will have to operate. I cannot—I am not well!"

There was almost panic, but Macroe was a man, too, and proceeded to do his work without a word. The great surgeon, his hands now trembling beyond disguise, went back to the officers' room, took off his white robes, and returned to his home. There he wrote his resignation to the directors of St. Jerome, and his resignation from other offices of honor and responsibility. Then he sent for a medical man, an old friend, and held out his shaking hand to him:

"The damn thing won't work," he said, pointing also to his head.

"Too much work," the doctor replied, of course.

But the great surgeon, who was a man of clear views, added impersonally, "Too much everything, I guess!"

There followed the usual prescription, making the sick man a wanderer and pariah—first to Europe, "to get rid of me," the surgeon growled; then to Georgia for golf, to Montana for elk, Roberval for salmon, etc. And each time the sick man returned with a thin coat of tan that peeled off in a few days and with those shaking hands that suggested immediately another journey to another climate. Until it happened finally that the men of St. Jerome's who had first talked of the date of his return merely raised their eyebrows at the mention of his name.

"Done for, poor old boy!" and the great surgeon read it with his lynx eyes, in the faces of the men he met at his clubs. His mouth drew together sourly and his back sloped. "Fifty-two," he muttered. "God, that is too early—something ought to pull me together." So he went on trying this and that, while his friends said he was "resting," until he had slipped from men's thoughts.

One day Percival of St. Jerome's, one of those boys he had growled at and cursed in former times, met him crawling down the avenue to his quietest club, and the old surgeon took him by the arm—he was gray in face and his neck was wasting away—and told the story of his troubles—as he would to any one these days. The young man listened respectfully. Then he spoke of the old Inn, of the Brotherhood, of the Master and what he had done for miserable

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men, who had despaired. The famous surgeon, shaking his head as one who has heard all this wonder many times and found it naught, was drinking it all in, nevertheless.

"He takes a man," said the young surgeon, "who doesn't want to live and makes him fall in love with life."

Dr. Augustus Norton sniffed.

"In love with life! That's good! If your Wonder of the Ages can make a man of fifty fall in love with anything, I must try him." He laughed a skeptical laugh, the feeble merriment of doubt.

"Ah, Doctor," cried the young man, "you must go and live with the Master. And then come back to us at St. Jerome's: for we need you!"

And the great surgeon, touched to the heart by these last words, said:

"Well, what's the name of your miracle-worker, and where is he to be found? . . . I might as well try all the cures—write a book on 'em one of these days!" . . .

So he came by the stage to the gate of the old Inn, and the Master, who had been warned by a telegram from the young doctor only that morning, stood at his door to welcome his celebrated guest.

He put him in the room of state above the study, a great square room at the southwest, overlooking the wings and the flower-scented garden in the court between, the pool, and the waving grass fields beyond, dotted with tall elms—all freshly green.

"Not a bad sort of place," murmured the weary man, "and there must be trout in those brooks up yonder. Well, it will do for a week or two, if there's fishing." . . . Then the bell sounded for dinner, which was served for the first time that season out of doors in the soft June twilight. Beneath the Colonnade the Brothers gathered, young men and middle-aged—all having bent under some burden, which they were now learning to carry easily. They stood about the hall door until the distinguished Stranger appeared, and he walked between them to the place of honor at the Master's side. Every one at the long table was named to the great surgeon, and then with the coming of the soup he was promptly forgotten while the talk of the day's work and the morrow's rose clamorously. It was a question of the old mill, which had given way. An engineer among the company described what would have to be done to get at the foundations. And a young man who sat next to the surgeon explained that the Master had reopened an old mill above in the Intervale, where he ground corn and wheat and rye with the old water-wheel, for the country people had complained when he had bought and closed the mill. It seemed to the Stranger that the peculiar coarse bread which was served was extraordinarily good, and he wondered if the ancient process had anything to do with it and he resolved to see the old mill. Then the young man said something about bass: there was a cool lake up the valley which had been stocked. The surgeon's eye gleamed. Did he know how to fish for bass! Why, before this boy—yes, he would go at five in the morning, sharp. . . . After the meal, while the blue wreaths of smoke floated across the flowers and the talk rose and fell along the corridors, the Master and his new guest were seated alone beneath the great tree. The surgeon could trace the Master's face in the still waters of the pool, at their feet, and it seemed to him like a finely cut cameo, with gentle lines about the mouth and eyes that relieved the thick nose. Nevertheless he knew by certain instinct that they were not of the same kind. The Master was very silent this night, and his guest felt some mystery, some vacuum between them, as he looked on the face in the water. It was as if the old man were holding him off at arm's length while he looked into him. But the great surgeon who was used to the amenities of city life resolved to make him speak:

"Extraordinary sort of place you have here! I don't know that I have ever seen anything just like it. And what is your System?"

"What is my System?" repeated the Master wonderingly.

"Yes! Your method of building these fellows up—electricity, diet, massage, baths—what is your line?" The pleasant smile removed the offence of the banter.

"I have no System!" the Master replied thoughtfully. "I live my life here with my fellows, and those you see here come and live with me as my friends."

"Ah, but you have ideas . . . extraordinary success . . . so many cases," the great man muttered, confused by the Master's steady gaze.

"You will understand after you have

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been here a little time. You will see and the others will help you to understand. To-morrow we work at the mill, and the next day we shall be in the gardens—but you may be too tired to join us. And we bathe here, morning and noon. But Harvey will tell you all our customs."

The celebrated surgeon of St. Jerome's wrote that night to an old friend—"And the learned doctor's prescription seems to be to dig in the garden and bathe in a great pool! A daffy sort of place—but I am going bass fishing to-morrow at five with a young man who is just the right age for a son! So to bed, but I suspect that I shall see you soon—novelties wear out quickly at my years."

Just here there entered that lovely night wind, rising far away beyond the low lakes to the south—it soughed through the room, swaying the draperies, sighing, sighing, and it blew out the candle. The sick man looked down on the court below, white in the moonlight, and his eyes roved further to the dark orchard, and the great barns and the huddled cattle.

"Quite a bit of place here!" the surgeon murmured. As he stood there looking into the misty sea which covered the Intervale, up to the great hills where floated luminous cloud banks, the chorus of an old song rose from below where the pipes gleamed in the dark about the Pool. He leaned out into the air, filled with all the wild scent of fields, and added under a sort of compulsion—"And a good place, enough!"

He went to bed to a deep sleep, and over his tired, worldly face the night wind passed gently, stripping leaf by leaf from his weary mind that heavy coating of care which he had wrapped about him in the course of many years.

Dr. Augustus Norton did not return at the end of one week, nor of two. The city saw him, indeed, no more that year. It was said that a frisky, rosy ghost of the great surgeon had slipped into St. Jerome's about Christmas—had skipped through a club or two and shaken hands about pretty generally—and disappeared. Sometimes letters came from him with some out-of-the way postmark on them, saying in a jesting tone that he was studying the methods of an extraordinary country doctor, who seemed to cure men by touch. "He lives up here among the hills in forty degrees below, and if I am not mistaken he is nearer the Secret than all of you pill slingers" (for he was writing a mere doctor of medicine!). "Anyhow I shall stay on until I know the Secret—or he turns me out; for life up here seems as good to me as ice-cream and kisses to a girl of sixteen. . . . Why should I go back mucking about with you fellows—just yet? I caught a five-pounder yesterday, and *ate* him!"

There are many stories of the great surgeon that have come to me from those days. He was much liked, especially by the younger men, after the first gloom had worn off and he began to feel the blood run once more. He had a joking way with him that made him a good table companion, and the Brothers pretending that he would become the historian of the order taught him all the traditions of the place. "But the Secret, the Secret!" he would demand jestingly. One night—it was at table and all were there—Harvey asked him—

"Has the Master confessed you?"

"'Confessed me?'" repeated the surgeon. "What's that?"

A sudden silence fell on all, because this was the one thing never spoken of, at least in public. Then the Master, who had been silent all that evening, turned the talk to other matters.

Meanwhile the "secret" escaped the great surgeon, though he sought for it daily.

"You give no drugs, Doctor," he complained. "You're a scab on the profession!"

"The drugs gave out," the Master explained, "and I neglected to order more. . . . There's always Bert Williams at Stowe, who can give you anything you might want—shall I send for him, Dr. Norton?"

There was laughter all about, and when it died down the great surgeon returned to the attack.

"Well, come, tell us now what you do believe in? Magic, the laying on of hands?—come, there are four doctors here, and we have the right to know—or we'll report you!"

"I believe," said the Master solemnly, in the midst of the banter, "I believe in Man and in God." And there followed such talk as had never been in the old hall; for the surgeon was, after his kind, a materialist and pushed the Master for definition. The

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Master believed, as I recall it, that Disease could not be cured, for the most part: but Disease could be forgotten, and the best way to forget pain was through labor. Not labor merely for oneself, but also, something for others. Hence the School, around which the Inn and the farm and all had grown. For he told us then that he had bought the Inn as a home for his boys, the waste of the city. Finding the old tavern too small for his purpose and seeing how he should need helpers, he had encouraged ailing men to come to live with him and to cure themselves by curing others. Without that School below in the valley, with its shops and school-house, there would be no Inn!

As for God—that night he would go no further, and the surgeon said rather flippantly, we all thought, that the Master had left little room for God, anyhow—he had made man so large. It was a stormy August evening, I remember, when we had been forced to dine within on account of the gusty rain that had come after a still, hot day. The valley seemed filled with murk, which was momentarily torn by fire, revealing the trembling leaves upon the trees. When we passed through the arcade to reach our rooms, the surgeon pointed out into this sea of fire and darkness, and muttered with a touch of irony—

"*He* seems to be talking for himself this evening!"

Just then a bolt shot downwards, revealing with large exaggeration the hills, the folded valleys—the descents.

"It's like standing on a thin plank in a turbulent sea!" the surgeon said wryly—"Ah, my boy, Life's like this!" and he disappeared into his room.

Nevertheless, it was that night he wrote to his friend—"I am getting nearer this Mystery, which I take to be, the inner heart of it, a mixture of the Holy Ghost and Sweat—with a good bath afterwards! But the old boy is the mixer of the Pills, mind you, and he is a Master! Very likely I shall never get hold of it all; for somehow, yet with all courtesy, he keeps me at a distance. I have never been 'confessed,' whatever that may be—an experience that comes to the youngest boy among them! Perhaps the Doctor thinks that old fellows like you and me have only dead sins to confess, which would crumble to dust if exposed. But there is a sting in very old sins, I think—for instance—oh! if you were here to-night I should be as foolish as a woman. . . ."

The storm that night struck one of the school buildings and killed a lad. In the morning the Master and the surgeon set out for the School Settlement, which was lower in the valley beyond the village. It was warm and clear at the Inn; but thick mist wreaths still lay heavily in the valley. The hills all about glittered as in October, and there was in the air that laughing peace, that breath of sweet plenty which comes the morning after a storm. The two men followed the footpath, which wound downwards across the Intervale. The sun filled the windless air, sucking up the spicy odors of the tangled path—fern and balsam, and the mother scent of earth and rain and sun. The new green rioted over the dead leaves. . . . The Master observing his guest, remarked:

"You are almost well, Doctor. I suppose you will be leaving us soon."

"Leaving?" the surgeon questioned slowly, as if a secret dread had risen at the Master's hint of departure. "Yes," he admitted, after a time, "I suppose I am what you would call well—well enough. But something still clogs within me. It may be Fear. I am afraid of myself."

Afraid? You need some test, perhaps. That will come sooner or later, we need not hurry!"

"No, we need not hurry!"

Yet he knew well enough that the Inn never sheltered drones and that many special indulgences had been granted him: he had borrowed freely from the younger Brothers—of their time and strength. He thought complacently of the large cheque which he should drop into the house-box on his departure. With it the Master would be able to build a new cottage or a small hospital for the School.

"Some of them," mused the Master, "never go back to the machine that once broke them. They stay about here and help me—buy a farm and revert! But for the most part they are keen to get back to the fight, as is right and best. Sometimes when they aren't, I shove them out of the nest!"

"And I am near the shoving point?" his companion retorted quickly. "So I must leave all your dear boys and Peace

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and Fishing and *you!* Suppose so, suppose so! . . . Doctor, you've saved my life—oh, hang it, that doesn't tell the story. But *even I* can feel what it is to live at the Inn!"

Instinctively he grasped the Master by the arm—he was an impulsive man. But the Master's arm did not respond to the clasp; indeed a slight shiver seemed to shake it, so that the surgeon's hand fell away while the Master said:

"I am glad to have been of service—to you—yes, especially to *you*. . . ."

They came into the school village, a tiny place of old white houses, very clean and trim, with a number of sweeping elms above. A mountain brook turned an old water wheel, supplying power for the workshops where the boys were trained. The great surgeon had visited the place many times in company with the Master, and though he admired the order and economy of the institution, and respected its purpose—that is, to create men out of the sweepings of society—to tell the truth it bored him a trifle. This morning they went directly to the little cottage that served as infirmary where the dead boy had been brought. He was a black-haired Italian, and his lips curved upwards pleasantly. The Master putting his hand on the dead boy's brow as he might have done in life stood looking at the face.

"I've got a case in the next room, I'd like to have your opinion on, Doctor," the young physician said in a low tone to the surgeon, and the two crossed the passage into the neighboring room. The surgeon fastened his eyes on the lad's body: here was a case, a problem with a solution. The old Master coming in from the dead stood behind the two.

"Williams," the surgeon said, "it's so—sure enough—you must operate, at once."

"I was afraid it was that," the younger man replied. "But how can I operate here!"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders—"He would never reach the city!"

"I must, you think——"

The shrewd surgeon read Fear in the young man's voice. Quick the thrill shot through his nerves, and he cried—"I will operate, *now*."

In half an hour it was over, and the Master and the surgeon were leaving the village, climbing up by the steep path under the blazing noon sun. The Master looked at the man at his side, who strode along confidently, a trifle of a swagger in his buoyant steps. The Master smiled:

"The test came, and you took it—splendidly."

"Yes," the great surgeon replied, smiling happily, "it's all there, Doctor, the old power. I believe I am about ready to get into harness again!" After they had walked some of the way without speaking, the surgeon added, as to himself—"But there are other things to be feared!"

Though the Master looked at him closely he invited no explanation, and they finished their homeward walk without remark.

It got about among the inmates at the Inn what a wonderful operation the surgeon of St. Jerome's had performed, and it was known that at the beginning of autumn he would go back to his old position. Meantime the great surgeon enjoyed the homage that men always pay to power, the consideration of his fellows. He had been popular, but now that the Brothers knew how soon he was to leave them, they surrounded him with those attentions that men most love, elevating him almost to the rank of the Master—they feared him less. And his fame spread, so that from some mill beyond Stowe they brought to the Inn a desperate case, and the surgeon operated again successfully, demonstrating that he was once more master of his art, and master of himself. So he stayed on merely to enjoy his triumph and escape the dull season in the city.

It was a wonderful summer, that! The fitful temper of the north played in all its moods. There were days when the sun shone tropically down into the valleys, without a breath of air, when the earthy, woodsy smells were strong—and the nights! Perfect stillness and peace, as if some spirit of the air were listening for love words on the earth. The great elms down Albany Street hung their branches motionless, and when the moon came in behind the house the great hills began to swim ghostly, vague—beyond, always beyond! . . . And then there were the fierce storms that swept up the valley and hung growling along the hills for days, and afterwards, sky-washed and clear, the westerly breeze would come

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tearing down the Intervale, drying the earth before it. . . . But each day there was a change in the sound and the smell of the fields and the woods—in the quick race of the northern summer—a change that the surgeon, fishing up the tiny streams, felt and noted. Each day, so radiant with its abundant life, contained some under-note of fulfilment and change—speaking beforehand of death to come.

It came to the end of August, and a snap of cold drove us indoors for the night meal. Then around the fire there was great talk between the Master and the surgeon, a sort of battle of the soul, to which we others paid silent attention. For wherever the talk might rise, in the little rills of accidental words, it always flowed down to the deep underlying thoughts of men. And in those depths, as I said, those two wrestled with each other. The Master, who had grown silent of late years, woke once more with fire. The light, keen thrusts of the surgeon, who argued like a fencer, roused his whole being, and as day by day went on we who watched saw that in a way the talk of these two men set forth the great conflict of conflicts, that deepest fissure of life and belief anent the Soul and the Body. And the Master, who had lived with his faiths with his life before our eyes, was getting worsted in the argument. The great surgeon had the better mind, and he had seen all of life that one may see with eyes! . . .

They were talking of the day of departure for the distinguished guest, and arranging for some kind of triumphal procession to escort him to White River. But he would not set the day, shrinking from this act, as if all were not yet done. There came a warm, glowing day, and at night after the pipes were lighted the surgeon and the Master strolled off in the direction of the pool, arm in arm. There had been no talk that day, the surgeon apparently shrinking from coming to the final grapple with one whose faiths were so important to him as the Master's.

"The flowers are dying: they tell me it's time to move on," said the surgeon. "And yet, my dear host, I go without the Secret, without knowing All!"

"Perhaps there is no inner Secret," the Master smiled. "It is all here before you."

"I understand that—you have been most good to me, shared everything. If I do not know the Secret, it is my fault, my incapacity. But"—and the gay tone dropped and a flash of bitterness succeeded—"I at least know that there *is* a Secret!"

They sat down on the marble bench and looked into the water, each thinking his thoughts. Suddenly the surgeon began to speak, hesitantly, as if he were conscious of folly, yet strongly compelled to speak.

"My friend," he said, "I too have something to tell—the cause within the cause, the reason of the reason—at least sometimes I think it is! The root reason for all—unhappiness, defeat, for the shaking hand and the jesting voice. And I want you to hear it."

The Master raised his face from the pool but said never a word. The surgeon continued, his voice trembling at times, though he spoke slowly, evidently trying to banish all feeling.

"It is a common enough story, at least among men of our kind. You know that I was trained largely in Europe. My father had the means to give me the best, and time to take it in. So I was over there, before I came back to St. Jerome's, three, four years at Paris, Munich, Vienna, all about, you know. . . . While I was away I lived as the others, for the most part—you know our profession, and youth. The rascals are pretty much the same to-day, I judge from what my friends say of their sons! Well, at least I worked, like the devil, and was decent. . . . Oh, it isn't for that I'm telling the tale! I was ambitious, then. And the time came to go back, as it does in the end, and I took a few weeks' run through Italy as a final taste of the lovely European thing, and came down to Naples to get the boat for New York. I've never been back to Naples since, and that was twenty-six years ago this autumn. But I can see the city always as it was then! The seething human hive—the fellows piling in the freight to the music of their songs—the fiery mouth of Vesuvius up above. And the soft, dark night with just a plash of waves on the quay!"

The Master listened, his eyes again buried in the water at their feet.

"Well, *she* was there on board, of course—looking out also into that warm dark night and sighing for all that was to be lost so soon. There were few passengers in those

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days. . . . She was my countrywoman, and beautiful, and there was something—at least so I thought then—of especial sweetness in her eyes, something strong in her heart. She was married to a man living somewhere in the States, and she was going back to her husband. Why she was over there then I forget, and it is of no importance. I think that her husband was a doctor, too—in some small city. . . . I loved her!"

The Master raised his eyes from the pool and leaning on his folded arms looked into the surgeon's face.

"I am afraid I never thought much about him—the husband—never have to this day! That was part of the brute I am—to see only what is before my eyes. I knew by the time we had swung into the Atlantic that I wanted that woman as I had never wanted things before. She stirred me, mind and all. Of course it might have been some one else—any one you will say—and if she had been some young girl, it might have gone differently? I do not think so—you see, I am not married. There was something in that woman, the wife of the little country doctor, that was big all through and roused the spirit in me. I never knew man or woman who thirsted more for greatness, for accomplishment. Perhaps the doctor fellow she married gave her little to hope for—probably the marriage was some raw boy and girl affair such as we have in America. . . . The days went by, and it was clearer to both of us what must be. But we didn't speak of it. She found in me, I suppose, the power, the sort of thing she had missed. I was to do all those grand things she was so hot after. I have done some of them, too. Oh, it was not just weak and base: we had our large ideas, as well as other folk. I needed her, and I took her—that is all.

"The detail is old and dim—and what do you care to hear of a young man's loves! Before we reached port it was understood between us. I told her I wanted her to leave that husband—he was never altogether clear to me—and to marry me whenever she could. We did not stumble or slide into it, not in the least: we looked it through and through—that was her kind and mine. How she loved to look life in the face! I have found few women who like that. . . . In the end she asked me not to come near her the last day. She would write me the day after we had landed, either yes or no. So she kissed me, and we parted, still out at sea."

All the Brothers had left the court and the arcades, where they had been strolling, and old Sam was putting out the Inn lights. But the two men beside the pool made no movement. The west wind drew in down the valley with summer warmth and ruffled the water at their feet.

"My father met me at the dock—you know he was the first surgeon at St. Jerome's before me. My mother was with him. . . . But as she kissed me I was thinking of that letter. . . . I knew it would come. Some things must! Well, it came."

The silent listener bent his head and the surgeon mused on his passionate memory. At last the Master whispered in a low voice that hardly reached into the night—

"Did you make her happy?"

The surgeon did not answer, thinking perhaps that the question was odd.

"Did you make her happy?" the old man demanded again, and his voice trembled this time with such intensity that his companion looked at him wonderingly. And in those dark eyes of the Master's he read something that made him shrink away. Then for the third time the old man demanded sternly:

"Tell me—did you make her happy?"

It was the voice of one who had a right to know, and the surgeon whispered back, slowly—

"Happy? No, my God, I think not. Perhaps at first, in the struggle, a little. But afterwards there was too much—too many things. It went, the inspiration and the love. That—that is *my* Reason!"

"Yes. I know. It *is* the Reason! For you took all, all—you let her give all, and you gave her—what?"

"Nothing—she died."

"I know—she died."

The Master had risen, and with folded arms faced his guest, a pitying look in his eyes. The surgeon covered his face with his hands, and after a long time said—

"So you knew this? All along!"

"Yes. I knew!"

"And knowing you let me come here. You took me into your house, you cured me, you gave me back my life!"

And the Master replied with a firm voice—

"I knew, and I gave you back your life."

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In a little while he explained more softly: "You and I are no longer young men who feel hotly and settle such a matter with blows. We cannot quarrel now for the possession of a woman. . . . She chose: Remember that! It was twenty-six years this September. . . . We have lived our lives, you and I; we have lived out our lives, the good and the evil. Why should we now for the second time add passion to sorrow?"

"And yet knowing all you took me in!"

"Yes!" the old man cried almost proudly. "And I have made you again what you once were. . . . What *she* loved as you," he added to himself, "a man full of Power."

Then they were speechless in face of the fact, and another long time had passed before the surgeon spoke, timidly:

"You loved her—most."

There was the light of a compassionate smile on the Master's lips as he replied—

"Yes, I loved her, too."

"And it changed things—for you!"

"It changed things. There might have been my St. Jerome's—my fame also. Instead I came here with my boys. And here I shall die, please God."

The old Master then became silent, his face set in a dream of life, as it was, as it would have been; while the great surgeon of St. Jerome's thought such thoughts as had never passed before into his mind. The night wind had died at this late hour, and in its place there was a coldness of the turning season. The stars shone near the earth, and all was silent with the peace of mysteries. The Master looked at the man beside him and said calmly:

"*It is well as it is—all well!*"

At last the surgeon rose and stood before the old man.

"I have learned the Secret," he said, "and now it is time for me to go."

He went up to the house through the little court and disappeared within the Inn, while the Master sat by the pool, his face graven like the face of an old man, who has seen the circle of life and understands. . . . The next morning there was much talk about Dr. Norton's sudden disappearance, until some one explained that the surgeon had been called back suddenly to the city.

The news spread through the Brotherhood one winter that the old Inn had been burned to the ground, a bitter December night when all the water taps were frozen. And the Master, who had grown deaf of late, had been caught in his remote chamber, and burned or rather suffocated. There were few men in the Inn at the time, it being the holiday season, and when they had fought their way to the old man's room, they found him lying on the lounge by the window, the lids fallen over the dark eyes and his face placid with sleep or contemplation. . . . They had recently put electric light in the house, and it was thought that the fire was due to some defect in this—but why search for causes?

All those beautiful hills that we loved to watch as the evening haze gathered, the Master left in trust for the people of the State—many miles of waving forests. And the School continued in its old place, the Brothers looking after its wants and supplying it with means to continue its work. But the Inn was never rebuilt. The blackened ruins of buildings were removed and the garden in the Court extended so that it covered the whole space where the Inn had stood. This was inclosed with a thick plantation of firs on all sides but that one which looked westward across the Intervale. The spot can be seen for miles around on the Albany hillside.

And when it was ready—all fragrant and radiant with flowers—they placed the Master there beside the pool, where he had loved to sit, surrounded by men. On the sunken slab his title was engraved—

THE MASTER OF THE INN

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JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

AMERICAN SYMPATHIZER AND PORTRAIT MAKER

By R. T. H. Halsey

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD needs no introduction to the student of the economic history of the eighteenth century. The lesson taught by his life is recognized throughout the civilized world, for, though handicapped by a frail physique and lack of education, by his extraordinary courage and ability he placed the hitherto undeveloped pottery industry of England on the pinnacle upon which it now stands. One side of his life, and one peculiarly interesting to Americans, has been little dwelt upon, namely, his great interest in American politics, and his intense sympathy with the struggle in behalf of constitutional liberty then being made on this side of the Atlantic; a struggle which culminated in the American Revolution and the loss to Great Britain of the greater part of her North American empire.

Josiah Wedgwood was one of that numerous body of Englishmen who early realized that the system of personal government, which George III, through his placemen and pensioners, was slowly and steadily fastening upon Great Britain, portended the overthrow of the constitutional Government so dear to all Englishmen. He was one of those who recognized at that time, as all do now, that our American Revolution was largely of the nature of a civil war, though the actual warfare was conducted on this side of the water. His love of liberty and sympathy for America must in no way be attributed to the fact that the prosperity of English manufacturers was seriously interfered with by the retaliatory measures adopted by colonial America. It had an earlier and deeper foundation than commercialism, for it was one founded on a love for humanity and a desire for justice for all mankind.

Wedgwood's early life must be briefly dismissed with the statement that in 1739 the death of his father, a potter, necessitated the withdrawal of young Josiah, then in his ninth year, from the village school and his entrance into the field of industry so inseparably connected with his name. It is recorded that in his twelfth year he was an expert "thrower." A severe attack of small-pox obliged him to give up his potter's wheel for two years and left him with an inflamed knee-joint, which ever after incapacitated him for heavy work and caused him almost incessant suffering until 1768, when his leg was amputated. Wedgwood then turned his attention to the lighter form of the potter's art, modelling, moulding, and the improvement of the clays. He thoroughly mastered the details of his craft and by gradual stages became a successful master potter. In 1762, while on a journey to Liverpool, an accident brought on a severe return of his old trouble with his knee. The convalescence was tedious and painful. The attending surgeon, Matthew Turner, a leading citizen of Liverpool and a man of varied interests and scholarly tastes, recognized a masterly mind and keen intellectual activity in Wedgwood. He introduced into the sick-room an intimate friend, Thomas Bentley, one of Liverpool's foremost merchants and leaders of civic development. Bentley perceived the innate nobleness of character and extraordinary inventive genius of Wedgwood and was attracted by it. The acquaintance quickly developed into a friendship and the friendship into a lifelong affection.

Bentley had enjoyed advantages which were impossible to the son of a Staffordshire potter. He was the son of a clergyman, had been given a good classical education and several years of travel on the continent. He had acquired the knowledge of several foreign languages, and when in Italy had become intimately acquainted and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of classic art. His home in Liverpool was in the

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fashionable residential section and was frequented by those active in the literary and artistic life of the city. The acquaintance with Bentley opened a new world of literature and art to an intellect hitherto dammed up in its narrow Staffordshire environment.

On Wedgwood's return home an active correspondence commenced between them which was only terminated eighteen years later by Bentley's death. Fortunately nearly all of Wedgwood's letters to Bentley have been preserved. They give us that insight into the character of both of these men which nothing but a heart-to-heart correspondence could divulge. From their contents one can judge that Bentley's letters to his friend covered a wide range of subjects. Literature, art and religion were fully discussed and the course of the Government towards its American colonies bitterly denounced. Wedgwood bound, indexed and referred to them as his "Family Bible." These letters have disappeared. It is possible that after Bentley's death prudence dictated that all evidences of what might be termed treason be destroyed, for Wedgwood was high in favor with the King, was "Potter to the Queen" and was receiving every assistance from the various English ambassadors in developing a market for his goods throughout Europe. The same reason may account for the fact that none of the correspondence which passed between Benjamin Franklin and Bentley is in existence. Some idea of Bentley's power of description can be gained from a perusal of the following extract from a letter of Bentley's to a former partner, James Boardman, under date of January 16, 1770, when the American question and Wilkes controversy were absorbing the attention of both Government and people:

. . . Last Tuesday was a day of high entertainment to me, though of great fatigue. I stood betwixt eight and nine hours in the House of Lords, to hear the very interesting debates upon the King's speech;—and though I have often heard the debates in both Houses, I never heard any so noble, so eloquent, so animated and animating as these. My Lord Chatham is quite rejuvenated. He talks like a patriot, and seems determined to shine, and even to blaze again in the public eye. His abilities are certainly transcendent, and his knowledge is almost boundless. I like the style of his eloquence better than Lord Mansfield's. Lord Mansfield pours forth in one continued uniform torrent, while Lord Chatham's eloquence falls like a gentle stream from the mountain—gathers strength by degrees—swells—meanders—dashes against the interposing rocks—and then rushes forward in a noble torrent to the ocean. Lord Camden is plain, perspicuous, honest, and affecting. His speech was the expression of an honest heart—bold, manly, disinterested. Lord Shelbourne animated in the cause of liberty. Lord Littleton—for the same cause—learned and earnest; but, alas! I could not hear his oration so as to connect it well together.

The Duke of Grafton spoke with more energy than ever I heard him speak before. His language is always good; his composition masterly, but his elocution suffers a little by a tone. His defense was plausible, but by no means satisfactory. I have not time to give you a sketch of the arguments; but I believe the best of them are in a pamphlet called the "Fair Tryal," the first article in the last review.

The first evidence we have of Wedgwood's interest in the struggle for true democracy is preserved in a letter to Bentley written some six months after his return to Burslem from Liverpool, in 1762. In it we can see the impression made upon his mind by Thomson's (the author of "The Seasons") poem on "Liberty," which had been brought to his attention by Bentley. The same letter contained an eager inquiry for news in regard to an "intended institution in favor of liberty," a society which Bentley was evidently active in forming.

. . . Your favorite author, and particularly his fine poem on Liberty, has more than answered my expectation, though not a little by your just encomiums. His descriptions of ancient Greece & Rome are truly grand, & place those theatres of liberty and publick virtue in the strongest light of anything I ever met with. And his resurrection of the masterpieces of antiquity is highly entertaining & instructive, & is as strong a proof of his fine taste in the works of art, as the whole of his works are of his extensive benevolence & goodness of heart. His zeal seldom or never omiteth a fair opportunity of introducing his favourite subject. Happy would it be for this island, were his three virtues the foundation of British liberty—independent life—integrity in office & a passion for the common weal more strictly adhered to amongst us. . . .

During the next few years Wedgwood made rapid advances in his art. The excellence of his product attracted the attention of many of the nobility, who not only gave him their patronage and visited his pottery works, but allowed him to study their collections of oriental and continental porcelains in order that he might further improve his wares. The Queen favored him with a large order for "Queens ware."

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His silence on the Stamp Act troubles undoubtedly is explained by the following quotation from a letter written in 1767. This caution was necessitated by the bitter rivalry in his trade, as any document which savored of treason would have, in the hands of a rival, undermined Wedgwood's influence with the Court:

. . . I have a large packet of letters from America, I wo^{d}. give a great deal for one days conference with you upon the subject of them, for I do not choose to commit the contents to paper, as our Postmasters open just what letters they please, & seem to have a particular curiosity to be peeping at mine. Last week I had a letter to one of my Foreign Correspond^{ts}. broke open at this office, & how often that practice may have been follow'd before I do not know. Several other matters want you here. . . .

During these years Bentley had been industriously wielding his pen in the press against the course of the ministry. The following letter (February 14, 1767) is characteristic of the affectionate tone of the majority of Wedgwood's letters to Bentley, and demonstrates Wedgwood's heartfelt interest in the cause he had espoused. Between its lines we read a subtle argument in favor of Bentley's entering into partnership with Wedgwood, which partnership was consummated two years later:

. . . But notwithstanding I owe so much, would you believe me so void of shame, Grace or discretion that I am every day wishing to owe more.— I wo^{d} scarcely believe it of myself, but the symptoms are too strong upon me to deny the charge, for every post day I catch myself greedily runing over the directions of my letters, & if a well known hand does not appear, Sally is ready to ask what has so suddenly alter'd my countenance. I am too pettish (for you know I am subject to be cholerick on a disappointment) to give her any answer, but read my letters, & unless a good order, or some such circumstance intervenes, few things go right with me that day.

"I rec^{d} some consolation on a disappointment of this sort from a certain article in the Review for Dec^{r} which as I was going through in the common ord^{r} of reading for the amusement of Deary she observ'd me to read with more spirit, & emphasis than usual & interupting me cry^{d} out—Why Joss! one wo^{d} think thou wast reading one of B——'s letters— & so I am I am very certain—but I will give him a triming for keeping me in the dark, & the Alderman too, who I afterwards found was in the secret, as I suspected, but purposely kept me ignorant to try if I could make the discovery myself, which indeed was very easy to do without makeing any great merit of my penetration, & I sho^{d} not wonder to hear that G [eorge] G [renville] had sent to inquire of the Publisher, who it was that wrote that article. Oh my friend! that your time, & station would permit you to set our *Great & little* folk right.— Those I mean who have a real intention of serving their Country, if they knew how to set about it. Your province should certainly be to guide, & superintend others, rather then to be busied in any little mercantile affairs of your own.—Pardon the epithet *little* for with the view I have before me, such they must appear be they ever so great.—Nay do not frown, I do not, I will not *flatter*, but *pray* for you—And to *Mammon* shall my prayer be directed, That it may please him to grant, & continue to you, such a portion of his *Divine Essence* as may qualify you to take a seat in a certain assembly, grant this one petition, oh! thou sovereign disposer of the *Honours*, & *good* things of this World, & I ask no more. Join with me my good friend in this Pious prayer, and at the same time remember that *prayer* as well as *Faith* without works, is dead, endeavour thereafter, not after *knowledge*, & *literary wisdom* of which you have enough, but after the *wisdom* of the *Children of this world*, in plain English — get money — you want some such matter as 4 or £500 per ann^{m}. in Terra firma (such is the constitution of things in this sublunary Planet) to make the knowledge & ability you have acquir'd of the greatest utility to your Countrymen. . . .

In May, 1767, Wedgwood made a visit to London with the object of obtaining supplies of clay from the Cherokee District of South Carolina. Townsend's bill for taxing the importation into the colonies of lead, glass, painters' colors, paper and tea, had just been passed. The spirit of revolt was instantly evidenced in New York by the Legislature's refusal to supply pepper, salt and vinegar to the royal troops quartered there. For this action it was threatened with a loss of legislative power. In a long letter to Bentley from London under date of May 20, 1767, we learn that at this early date Wedgwood recognized that the preliminary skirmishes of the battle in defence of the British Constitution were taking place in America: the italics are Wedgwood's:

. . . Mr. Greenville & his party seem determin'd to *Conquer England in America* I believe. If the Americans do not comply with their demands respecting the quartering of soldiers, the Alternative, I am told, is to be, The suspension of the Legislative power in America. I tell them the Americans will then make Laws for themselves & if we continue our Policy.—for us too in a very short time. But I have very little time at present to bestow upon Politicks, if we must all be driven to America, you and I shall do very well amongst the Cherokees. Vid.—The Basketmaker. . . .

His despondency over the future of the commonwealth is evidenced in the possibility of their emigrating to the land thus

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Queen Charlotte.
1744-1818.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Size of original, 3¼ x 2⅞ inches.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
1708-1778.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Size of original, 3¼ x 2¾.

described by Thomson in the poem on "Liberty" before alluded to:

> Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
> Gay colonies extend, the calm retreat
> Of undeserved distress, the better home
> Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
> Not built on rapine, servitude, or woe,
> And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
> But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
> Such as of late an Oglethorpe has form'd;
> And, crowding round the charm'd Savannah sees.

The following pithy extract from a letter dated a week later indicates Wedgwood's prophetic view of the events of the next decade. It is also extraordinary as showing that Wedgwood believed that grievances or no grievances the colonies and England would eventually become separate nations:

> . . . I was with Mr. Bagot * this morning & we had a good deal of chat upon political affairs, particularly American, in which I told him my sentiments very freely. That our Policy had a tendency to render the Americans independent a Century sooner than they wo[d] be in the common order of events, if treated agreeable to sound policy. . . .

The new partnership resulted in amazing strides in the potter's art in England. The inventive mind of Wedgwood was assisted by the cultivation, taste and judgment of his partner. Their show-rooms in London were crowded by the nobility, and their wares decorated the royal palaces.

Politics were but briefly discussed in Wedgwood's letters during the next nine years, though from their veiled allusions we judge that Bentley, sick at heart over the apparent fate of the commonwealth, constantly unburdened himself in his correspondence with his partner. Caution was prominent in Wedgwood's character, hence he was loath to risk a disturbance of the relations existing between the government and the firm, for George the Third took an active interest in the arts and manufactures of his kingdom.

Bentley, in a letter to a friend under date of December 15, 1770, thus described a visit to their Majesties. His portrait of the character of Queen Charlotte is a fitting ac-

* William Bagot, member of the House of Commons from Staffordshire, father of Sir Charles Bagot, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States in 1815, who arranged the treaty for the neutrality of the lakes, etc.

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Ferdinand IV, King of the Two Sicilies.
1751-1825.
Original, 4⅛ x 3⅛ inches.

Horatio Nelson.
1758-1805.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 4 x 2⅞ inches.

companiment to that modelled by Flaxman reproduced on page 685:

Last Monday Mr. Wedgwood and I had the honour of a long audience of their majesties at the Queen's palace, to present some *bas reliefs* her majesty had ordered; and to show some new improvements, with which they were well pleased. They expressed, in the most obliging and condescending manner, their attention to our manufacture; and entered very freely into conversation on the further improvement of it, and on many other subjects. The King is well acquainted with business, and with the characters of the principal manufacturers, merchants, and artists; and seems to have the success of all our manufactures much at heart, and to understand the importance of them. The Queen has more sensibility, true politeness, engaging affability, and sweetness of temper, than any great lady I ever had the honour of speaking to.

The outbreak of the Revolution in no way caused Wedgwood to waver in his political opinion. His letters in the latter part of 1775 give interesting accounts of the activities of the ministerial agents in their attempts to combat the strong pro-American sentiments held by many in Staffordshire, and also give the following concise criticism of John Wesley's action in publishing his "Calm Address to Our American Colonies," a quarto pamphlet of four pages and sold for a penny, in which Wesley incorporated the principal arguments against America's attitude contained in Dr. Johnson's fearful polemic "Taxation no Tyranny," an extraordinary change of front on Wesley's part, which brought down upon him much vituperation and abuse and led to a war of words in press and pamphlet:

I apprehend Mr. Westley's *Calm address* is circulating very rapidly thro' the Land. I reciev'd, to my astonishment, half a doz^{n} of them yesterday, from the House of a Noble Lord on our Neighbourhood, without any note, but wrap'd and directed to me, & sent by a special Messenger. Westley is not a bad *Cats Paw*, & they seem determin'd to lay hold of him & use him to their best advantage. I see an answer by Americanus, & a second answer are publish'd, but I apprehend they are not distributed, not even in the Papers, which seems a little negligent in the friends of America.

The ending of 1775 found the ministry confronting a new problem. The hurried departure of the regular troops to America had left England defenceless. Such was the unpopularity of the war that the enlistment of enough fresh levies was impossible. The ministry were cognizant of the

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William Temple Franklin.
1760–1823.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 4¼ x 3⅜ inches.

Benjamin Franklin.
1706–1790.
Modelled by Patience Wright.
Original, 3¾ x 3¼ inches.

Marquis de Lafayette.
1757–1834.
Diameter of original, 2 5/16 inches.

Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond.
1735–1806.
Original, 1⅛ x ¾ inches.

popular temper and proceeded cautiously in their measures of defence. It is an extraordinary tribute to Bentley and Wedgwood that, notwithstanding their well-known political opinions, the President of the Council, Lord Gower, through Sir John Wrottlesey, requested Bentley to obtain from Wedgwood his opinion of "How the People stand with respect to raising the Militia in Staffordshire." Wedgwood's answer to Bentley more concisely than his letter to Sir John embodied the following sentiment on this question:

. . . I verily believe in the present state of affairs no material objection would be made to raising the Militia here, and for my own part as an Individual I should endeavor to promote it as the least evil of three—Being left defenceless — calling in Foreign Troops, or raising a Militia to defend ourselves. The last evil seems to me the least, of the three, & one of them, thanks to our wise & upright Rulers, I believe we must submit to. . . .

All through the War we find evidences of Wedgwood's anxiety to secure pro-American literature for distribution among his neighbors. He thus records to Bentley, in 1776, his appreciation of Price's pamphlet "Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice and Policy of the War with America":

. . . I thank you for Dr. Prices most excellent Pamphlet. Those who are neither converted, nor frightened into a better way of thinking by reading this excellent & alarming Book may be given up for hard-

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en'd Sinners, beyond the reach of conviction. I sho[d] like a few Copies of the next Edition. . . .

In the closing days of 1777 Wedgwood made a substantial contribution to the fund then being raised in England to ameliorate the miseries of the Americans imprisoned in England, a fund which in a short time amounted to nearly £100 for each prisoner. Wedgwood's extraordinary power of forecasting political events was thus evidenced over seven weeks before Lord North introduced his famous conciliatory measures of February 18, 1778, through which he sought to secure peace by the Government's waiver of all power of taxation over America:

. . . Our Anti-Americans now think that the war would be ended in the best manner we could wish, by granting the Americans all they have hitherto asked us for, but acknowledge this is rather to be hoped for than expected. What fools must we have been then to expend so much blood & treasure for something worse than nothing at all. . . .

Benjamin Franklin.
1706-1790.
After a Bust by Caffieri.
Original, 2¾ x 2⅛ inches.

In letters under date of February 21st, 25th, and March 3rd, 1778, we again note his prediction of the futility of this plan and his indignation at the way Lord North had belittled the causes of the war. It is of still more interest to note that a careful scrutiny of the arguments used in the debates on this question assures us that Wedgwood in the third letter maintained his belief expressed eleven years before (page 684) that the real motive in the governmental attack upon America was the overthrow of Constitutional Liberty in England:

. . . My expectations from the conciliatory motion did not run very high, being firmly perswaded that nothing less than an acknowledg[mt] of independency would be accepted even as a preliminary, & this I did not expect to be made in St. Stephens, at least 'till, like every other measure, it shall be a year or two too late. When that time comes, we shall make even this offer, & still with the same success, or I am no prophet. Adieu—God bless you. . . .

. . . I intended to have finish'd with a word or two upon politics, but I am waiting with astonishment & wonder to see how long the H. of Cs & the nation at large can bear such an insult as they have lately receiv'd—After spending 30 millions & sacrificing 20 thousand lives to tell the house the object was a trifle—a something, or nothing worth the trouble of collecting! If this continues to pass quietly as it seems to do at present, we may say *the minister* as well as *the King can do no wrong*. . . .

. . . I agree with my dear friend entirely & heartily that somebody should be made to say distinctly what has been the object of the present most wicked & preposterous war with our brethren & best friends. You will see by my last that I had the same ideas upon this subject, & I have not yet seen a paper in the public prints, not a speech in the house that has handled this recantation at all to my satisfaction, nor made that use of it to expose the absurdity, folly & Wickedness of our whole proceedings with America which the ministers confessions & concessions have given ample room for. You will perhaps say that the minister has done all this so fully & effectually himself that he has left no room for his friends in the minority to assist him. Something of this kind may be the case, but some of the most violent tories here abuse him most heartily, & kindly offer me their assistance in that line to any extent I please —D - - n him, they say, could not he resign like a man without exposing himself so shabbily, & meanly filching L[d] Chathams plan in order to continue himself in place under the next administration. These people are quite chopfalln & dismay'd, & nothing but half a score Highland, Manchestrian & Liverpool regiments amongst us will raise their malignant spirits again, or enable them to look any man who has not been as mad as themselves in the face. . . .

The bitterness of both partners towards the Government and their views of the political future of Englishmen is thus emphasized in Wedgwood's reply March 19, 1778, to a letter from Bentley announcing the actuality of France's alliance with the United States:

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. . . How could you frighten one so in your last? It was very naughty of you. I thought nothing less than some shelves, or perhaps a whole floor of vases & crocks had given way, & you were sinking down with them, 'till reading a little farther I found it was only the nation was likely to founder in a french war, & having been fully perswaded of this event for some time past, I recover'd from my shock & bless'd my stars & L^d North that America was free.—I rejoice most sincerely that it is so, & the pleasing ideas of a refuge being provided for those who chuse rather to flee from than submit to the iron hand of tyrany has raised so much hilarity in my mind that I do not at present feel for our own situation as I may do the next rainy day. We must have more war, & perhaps continue to be beat—to what degree is in the womb of time. If our drubbing keeps pace with our deserts, the L^d have mercy on us. . . .

George Washington.
1732-1799.
After an Etching by Joseph Wright.
Original, 2½ x 2 inches.

Beyond a momentary wavering in common with many others, when France entered the combat, Wedgwood in no way changed his political attitude. His concise picture of the state of the nation on September 18, 1779, covers the loss to England of Sir Robert Walpole's magnificent collection of paintings, Holland's sheltering of Paul Jones, and forwarding supplies to America through her colony St. Eustatius, the employment of the Hessians, and England's great isolation:

. . . Everything shews we have past our meridian, & we have only to pray that our decline may be gentle, & free from those sudden shocks which tear up empires by the roots, & make the most dreadfull havock amongst the wretched inhabitants. Russia is sacking our palaces & museums, France & Spain are conquering our outposts, & braving us to our very doors at home. Holland is trifling with our remonstrances. The petty princes of Germany are filling their pockets at our expense, & all Europe laughing at our folly, & exulting at our downfall; for we have certainly behaved with too much haughtiness, inhumanity & injustice in our *hour of insolence* to merit, or expect the pity of any of our neighbours. . . .

George Washington.
1732-1799.
From a Medal Issued in 1777.
Original, 3½ x 2⅞ inches.

Such was Josiah Wedgwood's attitude on the American question. It was the attitude of his intimates, Erasmus Darwin,* Priestley and Fothergill. It was the attitude of the great literary and scientific circle in London in which Bentley lived and in which Wedgwood was always an honored and welcome guest.

II

Interesting as are the evidences of Wedgwood's intense American sympathies, equally interesting are his portrait medallions for which he used

* I wish to express my obligation to Lady Farrer, great-grand-daughter of Josiah Wedgwood and Erasmus Darwin, for furnishing me in 1902 with the copies of the letters here quoted, and to that rare expert in "old Wedgwood," Frederick Rathbone, Esq., to whom and to whose quaint Kensington gallery, I, and so many other lovers of Wedgwood, were introduced by Oliver Wendell Holmes in "Over the Tea Cups."

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John Fothergill, M.D.
1712-1780.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 4¼ x 3⅜ inches.

Admiral Richard Howe.
1726-1799.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 3⅞ x 3 inches.

the potter's clay to perpetuate the portraits of hundreds of personages of his time, many of whom were active in political and civic life at the period of the birth of the American Nation.

Wedgwood's conception of the idea of the commercial possibilities in ceramic portraiture is outlined in the following letter to Bentley under date of July 18, 1766. The "Great Commoner" had just secured the repeal of the Stamp Act and America was prostrate with gratitude at his feet. Sadler and Green had printed his portrait on oval pottery plaques which were meeting with ready sale at home and abroad:

> . . . What do you think of sending Mr. Pitt upon Crockery ware to America. A Quantity might certainly be sold there now & some Advantage made of the American prejudice in favour of that great man. L^d. Gower bro^t his family to see my works the other day & asked me if I had not sent Mr. Pitt over in shoals to America. If you happen to do anything in that way we can divide a tolerable proffit & sell at the same price with Sadler. . . .

Wedgwood was never an imitator of his contemporaries. He secured, possibly at the suggestion of Bentley, a small wax profile of Pitt from which he moulded in white glazed pottery the strongly defined features of the patriot. The relief was then placed upon a heavy pottery oval, the groundwork of which had been colored a deep brown. Portraits of Wedgwood himself are found in the same material; of the same period is a portrait of Bentley, an oval medallion of the common soft pottery of the day, with the coat and hair of the relief highly colored. The field is white and surrounded by a brilliantly colored ornamental border.

The earliest of Wedgwood's fine portrait medallions are found in basalt, in a white biscuit, and with white biscuit reliefs fastened upon bodies, the color of which had been burned in. Evidence of the faithfulness of these likenesses and of the contemporary appreciation which made them a commercial success is evidenced by the fact that nearly three hundred "*Heads of illustrious moderns from Chaucer to the present time*," were advertised in the different sales catalogues issued from 1773 to 1787. Numerous private personages availed them-

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Sir Frederick William Herschel.
1738-1822.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 4¼ x 3⅜ inches.

Charlotte Augusta, Princess Royal of England.
1766-1828.
Original, 3⅜ x 2¾ inches.

selves of this form of portraiture and sat to Wedgwood's modellers in Etruria and London. The catalogues advertised the models in wax as costing from three to five guineas, according to size, and ten or more cameo medallions made therefrom at ten shillings six pence apiece.

Wedgwood achieved his great fame as the inventor and producer of jasperware. This invention was the result of his great love for the classic art and classic history, to which he was introduced by Bentley. Wedgwood was intent on widening the field of ceramic art and longed to imitate the cameos of Greece and Rome. After years of patient and secret experimenting he produced in 1775 the jasperware so inseparably connected with his name and through which much of his fortune was acquired. This ware is of an extremely delicate texture. Its ingredients are sulphate of baryta, carbonate of baryta, clay and flint. In the earlier pieces the entire body was stained with the metallic oxide used for coloring. This is known as "solid jasper." In 1777 in order to secure uniformity and evenness in the coloring of the fields, the later forms received merely a wash of the metallic oxide, and are distinguished by the term "jasper dip." Every stage of the process needed the most careful attention. Much depended upon the grinding and mixing of the materials, still more on the firing of the moulded objects. The process was apparently simple, when it was mastered. The best modellers were employed to make the original wax models, many of which were made from life, others from paintings, prints and medals. Clay moulds were made from the wax model and fired. Into these the plastic clay was pressed. The reliefs obtained therefrom were placed in their colored bases, and while still soft were gone over by a modeller, who retouched them when necessary and did a certain amount of the "undercutting" which is so beautiful a feature of all of the jasperware of Josiah Wedgwood's period. The pieces were then fired. It was not until 1777 that Wedgwood perfected his processes and became absolutely sure of his results. Danger in firing was obliterated and great height in reliefs made possible.

The portraits are beautiful in themselves

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Joseph Priestley, LL.D.
1733-1804.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 4½ x 3¼ inches.

Rev. William Willet.
1699-1778.
Modelled by Hackwood.
Original, 4 x 3¼ inches.

for their exquisite texture, color and modelling, so subtle as almost to defy reproduction. Many of them have a deeply added interest to Americans in that they realistically picture men active in public life at the time of the American Revolution. The medallions varied in sizes: some were made to set in finger rings, others in brooches. An example of this class in octagonal form is reproduced on page 687, and bears the noble face of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Opposition leader in the House of Lords, who, when formally addressing the Peers frequently spoke of the Continental armies as "our" armies. Still larger sizes were intended for pendants, one of which, bearing the portrait of George III, Flaxman modelled on the bosom of his Queen Charlotte reproduced on page 685. Others took the form of cameos 2⅜ inches in diameter for mounting on the circular snuff-boxes so fashionable at the period. Bas-reliefs of Lafayette are found in this form, in small ovals for brooches, and on the sides of jasperware scent-bottles.

Many of the finest of these medallions were mounted on oval bases varying from three to five inches in length and were intended for framing and hanging on the wall. As a rule the fields were blue of various shades and depths. Those on pink, yellow, gray, violet, green and black fields are met with less frequently.

Typical of this class is the portrait of Lord Chatham modelled in 1778 by John Flaxman. The features are very delicately worked out and seem to have color. No portrait in other mediums so powerfully emphasizes the massive intellect and fixity of purpose of the man to whom England owed so much and whom America delighted to honor. Equally characterful is the portrait of Lord Nelson made nearly a generation later. In it Flaxman has emphasized the gallantry of the man and the fighting qualities which have made Nelson famous among the world's great commanders.

But few of these portraits pictured the full face. The very high relief necessitated for good effects, entailed great danger in the firing and made their commercial success impossible. Of these not the least interesting is the portrait of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies and Naples, in

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which the relief measures almost one quarter of the length. The medallion was modelled from an Italian medal, evidently for the Sicilian market or on a special order. It gives us an interesting portrait of a forgotten friend of America who provided a haven for the American privateers preying upon British commerce in the Mediterranean. His attitude towards America was thus briefly noted in the London *Chronicle* of October 20, 1778:

> The King of the Two Sicilies has just issued an ordinance, whereby he has opened all the ports of his kingdom to the ships of the United States of America and granted them a free trade throughout all his dominions; his Majesty has also desired a description of the American flag that his subjects may know, and give all possible succour to the ships of war of the United States.

Benjamin Franklin.
1706–1790.
From a Medallion by Nini.
Original, 4½ x 3¼ inches.

The earliest portrait which achieved any great commercial success was the one of Benjamin Franklin, reproduced on page 687. Its mould was made from a wax portrait modelled by one of our own countrywomen, a Mrs. Patience Wright, who was then working in London. Her story is thus given by Dunlap in his "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States" (1834):

"This extraordinary woman," wrote Dunlap, "was born, like West, among people who eschewed images or pictures. Her parents were Quakers, residing at Bordentown, New Jersey;—1725 was the year of her birth;—March 20th, 1748, the date of her marriage with Joseph Wright, of Bordentown, New Jersey, who died in 1769. Her maiden name was Lovell. Before the year 1772, she had made herself famous for likenesses in wax, in the cities of her native country, and, when a widow with three children, was enabled to seek more extensive fame, and more splendid fortune in the metropolis of Great Britain. There is ample testimony in the English periodicals of the time, that her work was considered of an extraordinary kind; and her talent for observation, and conversation—for gaining knowledge and eliciting information, and for communicating her stores, whether original or acquired, gained her the attention and friendship of many distinguished men of the day. As she retained an ardent love for her country, and entered into the feelings of her injured countrymen during the war of the Revolution she used the information she obtained by giving warning of the intention of their enemies, and especially corresponding with Benjamin Franklin, when he resided in Paris, having become intimate with him in London."

W. Temple Franklin, whose portrait appears on page 687, in editing "The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin" (1817), notes: ". . . Mrs. Wright was greatly distinguished as a modeller in wax; which art she turned to a remarkable account in the American War by coming to England, and exhibiting her performances. This enabled her to procure much intelligence of importance, which she communicated to Dr. Franklin and others, with whom she corresponded during the whole war. As soon as a general was appointed, or a squadron begun to be fitted out, the old lady found means of access to some family

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where she could gain information, and thus, without being at all suspected, she contrived to transmit an account of the number of the troops, and the place of their destination to her political friends abroad. She at one time had frequent access to Buckingham House; she used, it is said, to speak her sentiments very freely to their Majesties who were amused with her originality. The great Lord Chatham honored her with his visits, and she took his likeness, which appears in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Wright died very old in February, 1786."

Mrs. Wright's model was used by Wedgwood and Bentley as early as 1774, at a time before Wedgwood had invented his jasper-ware and was making portraits in a white composition and basalt.

The popularity of the subject, as well as the date, is affirmed by the existence of two hurry orders, one from Bentley and the other which Wedgwood, when on a visit to London March 2, 1775, sent to his representative at Etruria for "Some heads of Dr. Franklin in black, framed, and some on the fine white composition." The features in this portrait of Franklin bear a striking resemblance to those in the well-known portrait painted in London in 1767 by David Martin, and mezzotinted by Edward Savage. They show us Franklin, the writer on economic subjects and the statesman. His face lacks the freshness so prominent in his early portraits. It is the Franklin made serious and sorrowed by the measures of oppression enacted by the British Government against his people. Copies of this portrait are found in "the fine white composition," in basalt, and in both blue and white and black and white jasperware. A copy exists with the relief in white clay on a basalt base, evidently one of Wedgwood's "trials" made while experimenting for his jasperware.

Thomas Bentley.
1730–1780.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 5 × 4¼ inches.

Wedgwood issued another portrait of Franklin in 1777 from a wax model by John Flaxman. This gives a different conception of Franklin but one evidently exceedingly popular with Franklin's friends and admirers in England, for it was reproduced in seventeen sizes and colors. The largest of these is on an oval (see frontispiece) 10½ x 8 inches, and formed one of a series of similar size made in 1779 of "eminent Philosophers," comprising Boyle, Locke, Newton, Priestley, Sir William Hamilton and Captain Cook, all modelled by Flaxman.

The smallest of these Franklin portraits were made for mounting in brooches and finger rings. Intaglios for seal rings also bore this popular portrait. Possibly the face was slightly idealized as well it might be, for Franklin in 1775 had been quick to recognize the extraordinary possibilities in Flaxman when still a struggling youth of twenty and had commended his talents to his friends Wedgwood and Bentley. These portraits may well be characterized as Franklin, the friend. Tender in their conception and delicate in their modelling they picture Franklin, the welcome guest in literary and scientific circles in England, the friend of the struggling artist, writer and inventor, the one quick to recognize and assist talent and integrity; Franklin the helping friend.

The two other types of Wedgwood's portraits of Franklin are more familiar. The one reproduced upon page 688 was modelled

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after a bust by Jean Jacques Caffieri exhibited in the Salon in Paris in 1777 and afterwards owned by Louis XVI. An engraving of this Wedgwood medallion* first appeared in the collection of Franklin's writings edited by Benjamin Vaughn, Lord Shelburne's private secretary, and published in London in 1779. It became the accepted type of Franklin's portraits and was the model Wedgwood worked from in subsequent years.

The Caffieri type apparently was only manufactured in the size here reproduced. It is found on light and dark-blue jasperware and in basalt. All the three above described types of Franklin's portraits were advertised in Wedgwood & Bentley's Sale Catalogues of 1779.

Another French portrait of Franklin, in the form of a terra cotta medallion, furnished Wedgwood with another model. It was that made by Jean Baptiste Nini, the worker in terra cotta whose portrait medallions are so highly treasured by the museums of France. Nini had exceptional facilities for studying the character of Franklin, for he was the manager of the terra cotta works of LeRay de Chaumont, who was Franklin's host at Passy during his nine years' stay in France. It pictures Franklin at the time of his arrival in France in December, 1776, with the fur cap he wore to protect his aged head from the wintry blasts. From its scarcity this portrait was evidently less in demand in England than those heretofore described. Wedgwood made it in only one size. It is found in both blue and white and black and white jasperware and also in a red and black terra cotta.

Josiah Wedgwood.
1730–1795.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, 5 x 4¼ inches.

The classic relief on the medallion labelled "Washington," reproduced on page 689, is further evidence of the extraordinary demand in England during our Revolution for portraits of the great American General. The model was obtained from a bronze medal, issued in 1777, labeled "G^{E} WASHINGTON E^{R} GENERAL OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY IN AMERICA." Contemporary accounts describe it as being struck at the instance of Voltaire, who supplied the legend on its reverse: "WASHIN. REUNIT PAR UN RARE ASSEMBLAGE LES TALENTS DU GUERRIER & LES VERTUS DU SAGE" (Washington combines by singular union the talents of a warrior and the virtues of a philosopher). No portraits of Washington were obtainable from which to work. Indeed it was not until three years later, when Valentine Green made his great mezzotint from Trumbull's portrait, that the true portrait of Washington was seen by his English adherents. A classic type of face was selected as emblematic of the principles Washington was defending. Two extracts of letters from Wedgwood to Bentley under date of July 17 and 19, 1777, gave the history of Wedgwood's use of the medal. They reflect Wedgwood's hesitation in putting upon the market any article which might interfere with his commercial success. They also indicate that the threatened French alliance was causing Wedgwood to waver in his opposition to the Government, as was the case of many others, when England's ancient foe entered the combat:

. . . I mention'd to you before my having re-

* The identity of the original model has been established by a copy of this engraving in the New York Public Library, inscribed with ink in Temple Franklin's handwriting, "Fait d'apres le buste de Caffieri."

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ceiv'd the K. of Sweden, & the Brazen head, & I was giving them out to be made in the common course of business, when a thought or two came into my mind which made me pause, & lay them by 'till I could canvas the matter a little more at my leisure.

My first hasty thought was, that the two characters we were going to celebrate were very different! One had just enslav'd a Kingdom. I need not say how the other is employed. It cannot be right to celebrate them both. Perhaps neither. I may think one of them worthily employ'd, but many circumstances may make it highly improper *for me, & at this season*, to strike Medals to his honor. . . .

Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood.
Obit., 1815.
Modelled by Henry Webber.
Original, 4¼ x 3¼ inches.

. . . My objection to striking medals from the Bronze you sent me rather increase. It would be doing no service to the cause of *Liberty in general*, at least so it appears to me, & might hurt us very much *individually*. Nay the personage is himself at this time more absolute than any Despot in Europe, how then can he be celebrated, in such circumstances as the Patron of Liberty?—Besides if France should declare herself openly an ally &c &c I am from that moment an enemy to both, & the case being very probable, I would not bring myself into so whimsical a situation as you may easily conceive, by throwing these circumstances together a little in your mind, I might add, that as the two Powers may be said to act really as Allies against us, though for political reasons without the form of a public declaration, the event of this conceal'd warfare may be more fatal to us than an open rupture, as I may, as a subject of the British Empire, declare myself an enemy to all its enemies & their Allies though I may curse most bitterly those who have brought us into the dilemma of calling those our enemies, who were, & might have continued to be, our best friends.

Bentley's wishes, however, prevailed and the portrait of Washington was put upon the market in large numbers and listed in the catalogue published by the firm in 1779. Thirteen known varieties in model, size and color demonstrate its extraordinary popularity. The size of the head varies from three and a half inches in length on a medallion to that of one-third of an inch in an intaglio seal ring. It appeared on pink, black and blue jasper bases and in basalt. In some models shoulders draped with classic garments were added.

The other portrait of Washington here reproduced is of a familiar type and was modelled from the dry-point etching of Washington made by Joseph Wright (the son of Mrs. Patience Wright) one Sunday morning in 1789, when Washington was attending divine service in St. Paul's Chapel, New York.

The medallion of Dr. John Fothergill was issued in 1783 and was modelled by Flaxman from the mezzotint by Valentine Green of a portrait by Gilbert Stuart. It is a characterful study of the eminent Quaker physician and scientist. Fothergill was an intimate friend and the medical adviser of Franklin. His practice was largely among the nobility and Americans sojourning in England. His interest in Franklin dated from 1751, when he advised the publication and wrote the preface to the pamphlet containing the letters to Peter Collinson, which gave to the world at large the history of the "Experiments and Observations on Electricity made in Philadelphia by Mr. Benjamin Franklin," for which discoveries Franklin in 1757 received the Copley Medal from the Royal Society. Fothergill's life was devoted to the cause of humanity and his character was thus pithily summed up by Franklin, "I can hardly conceive that a better man has

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ever existed." He was essentially a man of peace. His part in the negotiations to avert the break between the Colonies and Government in 1775 is a matter of historical record.

In these days, when the hopes of the civilized world are centred on the Hague Tribunal, it is interesting to note that when the English Government, early in 1778, through Fothergill, Hutton and Hartley, was making secret overtures of peace to Franklin as America's representative, Fothergill, in a letter to Franklin thus outlined his plan for what he termed his Court of Arbitration: "In the warmth of my affection for mankind I could wish to see engrafted into this League [of Nations] a resolution to preclude the necessity of general wars,—the great object of universal civilization, the institution of a college of Justice, where the claims of sovereigns should be weighed—an award given and war only made on him who refused submission. No man in the world has it so much in his power as my honored Friend to infuse this thought into the hearts of princes, or those who rule them and their affairs."

Equally active in his attempts to avert the separation then impending was England's great Admiral, Richard, Lord Howe, whose rugged features appear on the medallion on page 690. Admiral Howe had long been identified with America. His vessel, the Dunkirk, had fired the shot at Cape Race in 1755, which opened the "Seven Years' War" with France. His brother George, Lord Howe, was scarcely less loved in the colonies than Chatham. His personality and soldierly qualities made him idolized by the colonial troops, at whose head he fell when second in command of the ill-starred attempt to capture Ticonderoga in 1758. His death caused the colonies to mourn, and his memory was kept fresh by the monument in Westminster Abbey erected by Massachusetts, which still testifies "to the affection her officers and soldiers bore to his command." Howe's part in the Revolution was more as a peace-maker than an Admiral in command. His prearranged meeting with Franklin at his sister's chess-table was a last attempt to avoid the impending trouble. Franklin's willingness to accompany Howe to America as private secretary, provided he go as High Commissioner to negotiate a settlement of the American grievances, is an evidence of the confidence reposed in him. His acceptance of command in America was due to the fact that he went as Special Commissioner to effect a settlement of the differences, though the addle-headed ministry sent him without the powers to make his plan a success.

As representative of the portraiture of the numerous scientific and literary men of the day a portrait of Sir Frederick William Herschel, modelled by Flaxman in 1783, has been selected for reproduction. It reminds us of Herschel's discovery in 1781 of the planet Uranus, which, with Saturn, each in its own orbit, appear on the field of the medallion, and recall the facetious, and widely circulated remark of Dr. Turner, the chemist and friend of Bentley, that George III might console himself on the loss of his American Colonies, as Herschel had just discovered a world *in Nubibus*, which he had named Georgium Sidus, a name, however, which was not accepted by astronomers.

Many of the early portraits were made from likenesses executed at Etruria by one of Wedgwood's workmen, William Hackwood. Among the finest of these is that of the Rev. William Willet, who late in life had married Wedgwood's favorite sister. Mr. Willet was a Unitarian clergyman with a church near Burslem. He was a student of the natural sciences and a writer on theological dogmas. His inspiration first imbued Priestley with the love for scientific research. Wedgwood's own criticism of this portrait was contained in a letter to Bentley under date of July 5, 1776: "I send you this Head of Mr. Willet as a specimen of Hackwood's Portrait modeling. A stronger likeness can scarcely be conceiv'd. You may keep it as the shadow of a good Man who is marching with hasty strides towards the Land of Forgetfulness." Mr. Willet was in his eightieth year when death seized him, two years later.

The basalt medallion of Mrs. Wedgwood was modelled by Henry Webber, who entered Wedgwood's employ in 1782 and was the chief modeller of the bas-reliefs for Wedgwood's copy of the Barberini vase. Much of Wedgwood's success was due to the active assistance and strong sympathy with his ideals displayed by his wife. Their

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honeymoon had scarce ended when we find Wedgwood writing to Bentley, his friend: "Sally is my chief helpmate in this as well as other things, and that she may not be hurried by having too many *Irons in the fire*, as the phrase is, I have ord[d] the spining wheel into the lumber room. She hath learned my characters at least to write them but can scarcely read them at present."

For years Mrs. Wedgwood alone had the keys to his secret formulas and in her husband's absence mixed the clays for the jasperware and doled them out to the proper workmen. Her approval had to be gained before any innovation was pronounced a success. Husband and wife developed intellectually apace. The long evenings were spent reading aloud a classic or some bit of literature forwarded by Bentley from London. Their life was a continued comradeship.

The question has often been asked as to what peculiar talents were possessed by Wedgwood which have made his portraiture impossible of effective imitation by his contemporaries, and equally impossible of successful reproduction by the forgers of to-day. The answer must be found in Wedgwood's profound understanding of character, which enabled intelligent criticism of each and every model made by the best artists he could engage, and in his untiring devotion to securing perfection of detail in the processes of manufacture. Wedgwood retired from active business in 1792, and died three years later. The works were carried on by his partners. The same formulas were used and the same workmen remained. Within a short time, however, the quality of the output gradually deteriorated; the master's presence was lacking, the master mind had gone.

THE SONG OF OLD HOMES

After the French of Anatole le Braz

By E. Sutton

I LOVE you, dwellings of the long ago,
Whence my youth issued to unclouded skies;
Beneath your eaves my heart her nest doth know,
And with the wren and martlet homeward flies.

Fair-walled ye stand, unworn by time or change,
Yet your deep-linteled windows seem to be
Like to an old man's faded eyes and strange,
Musing upon a near eternity.

Round ye a glamour of old sunlight shines,
Drowsed by the lulling call of dove to dove,
(Ah, wingèd memories!) and your woven vines
Flower and breathe sweetly from the dust of Love.

Shades of the generations darkly drawn
Lengthen themselves athwart your thresholds gray,
Cradled have ye the dreams of many a dawn,
And covered o'er the fires of many a day.

. . . . . .

One home there is—it's fountain-close doth tell
The years' long bead-roll to the silent blue,

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With lapse of waters, as an ocean shell
  Softly lamenteth for the life it knew.

Oh, faithful shape of days divinely scrolled,
  More sad than ruin because still the same,
Chill is thy hearthstone in the autumn cold,
  And dead thy garden to the summer's flame!

And I—I also know the bitter brier
  In my life's plot, and ashes pale confess,
Since, with the cherished rose and guarded fire,
  Hearts that were mine are one in nothingness.

Rememberest thou our nestling? On a night
  Shuddering with wind unto her farthest shore,
He heard the cry aloft, and sped his flight
  To fairer lands than ours, and wiser lore.

Then fell our hopeless winter, grim and long;
  Touched by no change—no April blossomings,
No twilights exquisite with sudden song,
  Or the glad rustle of returning wings.

Thus are we joined in fate, and sad unrest;
  Voyagers we, whose sun hath long declined;
Ships that beat out into a glooming West,
  Yet glimpse a glory on the peaks behind.

. . . . . .

Weary am I of songcraft oftentimes;
  Yet, when my thoughts seek that belovèd door,
Melodies break unbidden into rhymes,
  And the dry channels feel the wave once more.

Rapt from these hours I repeat my prayer—
  Thither to win when all forspent with pain;
There to awaken from the dream, and there
  See the gray mist suffused with gold again.

Delve me no grave within the sunny garth;
  But lay my body, friends unknown, I pray,
One burned-out cinder more, beneath the hearth
  Where rang the laughter of that by-gone day.

There shall the shades of outworn joys and tears
  Make soft my slumbers, and my home and I
Crumble together, till the jealous years
  Leave but a green field, open to the sky.

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A BROTHER TO GENIUS

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THERE were three of the Banning boys, as all Eastchester knew; and yet Evelina Banning was wont to say, in her voice of the mourning-dove, that with Reginald, her artist, clasping one hand, and Ethelbert, her poet, the other, she felt herself worthy to stand beside Cornelia, with her two jewels. This she always voiced with that faint, touching sigh which betrayed her soaring maternal hopes, and in the same breath echoed the melodious pathos of her bereft estate. Somehow this tender imagery quite overlooked Thomas Chalmers Banning, the red-headed in-between, three years younger than Reginald, two years older than Ethelbert. But Thomas Chalmers, well accustomed to being overlooked, carrot-top, stammering tongue, and all, went whistling on his freckled way; so that hardly mattered.

Midway up Court-house Hill stood the old Banning place, one of the impeccable Presbyterian mansions of the mid-century. Martial evergreens guarded its scrubbed approach; staid lilac clumps and pensive smoke-trees scarfed its lank walls. The high, gaunt hall, with its clinking old tiled floor and flagrant stained-glass panels, was hung with the chilled engravings and the stark needlework which attest our artless gentility as do the grim portraits and dusk armorial bearings on far older walls. The big square rooms were crowded with flamboyant horrors of carved black walnut and insistent gilt; every chair bristled with woolwork roses and satin-stitch cats; every chandelier was flounced with air-castles and corseted with beads. All this depressing splendor reached its zenith in the life-size Carrara statue of the first Thomas Banning, twice Governor of his imperial State in the hurtling forties, which stood at bay before the hat-rack; a huge and clammy presentment in alarmingly classic drapery, whose outlines seared on Reginald's artist-eye and drew impious Limericks from Ethelbert while still in short trousers. Young Thomas heard his brothers' gibes with bewildered grins. There was absolutely no sense of humor in him. His gods of the hearth were gods still, even in this dubious apotheosis. He could not see even the absurdities in the house itself. From pompous cupola, sacred to dusty trover of birds' eggs and arrowheads, to stored and fragrant cellar, it was always his House of Dreams.

Evelina loved it, too. It had been her home since her girlhood marriage, the scene of all her triumphs; the dinners and the balls where she had shone resplendent had kept her own worthy Thomas bent over his desk till many a midnight hour. Moreover, the house framed her belated picturesqueness to perfection. She was a woman born to her own epoch, chiming exquisitely to her own day; a day of flowing draperies, even yet reminiscent of the crinolines of a more venturous hour, of drooping shoulders, of drooping lashes, and of flowing speech. Throned in her low-hung green barouche, robed in the sweetly melancholy crapes and laces that good easy Thomas's departure made befitting, with lovely hands close-folded and lovely eyes downcast, she might have sat for the Age of the Daguerreotype, so gently did she mirror forth its billowing sentiment, its wreathed poetic sorrow. In short, she was as one created, set apart, to be the mother of a Reginald, to say nothing of an Ethelbert.

Her unromantic and laborious Thomas had left what seemed a fortune for the early eighties; but it shrank inexplicably before Reginald was half-way through college. When tardy realization came to Evelina, it was, as always, not a rain, but a downpour. Reginald was clamoring for a year of art study abroad; the house must have a new roof and modern plumbing; Ethelbert's bills at Prep. were past belief. Evelina took aggrieved counsel with her lawyer; then, scared and resentful at his implacable figures, she summoned the boys to her aid.

The boys came. Reginald, at twenty-one already stoop-shouldered and heavy-eyed,

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with the lowering abstraction of the seer of visions, and the gusty temper of over-strained nerves; Thomas, a big, two-fisted awkward cub; Ethelbert, a gallant princeling, his mother's replica in face and nature. Evelina surveyed them, then smiled vaguely at the mirror as she readjusted the new pearl necklace on her still slender throat. It was really wonderful, considering——

Reginald was not made for the slow discipline of council fires. Retrench, indeed! Come back to this stuffy town, this impossible house, renounce his birthright of art in the very hour of achievement! He stormed from the room on the wind of his own tirade, with a final belligerent bellow: "Confound it, mother! Use some judgment. Take Bert out of Prep. and chuck him into high school instead. Look at his bills! He's the spender, not I. Teach the cub a little sense!"

"After you, my dear Alphonse." Ethelbert acknowledged his brother's courtesy with airy grace. He lounged on the arm of Evelina's chair, handsome as a stripling god, and stroked her satin braids with masterful, beguiling hands. "I say, Madre, why not send Reg to finishing school instead, where they'll teach him some manners? Though he needs the kind they wallop into you with a cowhide. Nay, nay, my love. No baby high school in mine. But listen. Divide what you can spare between us three, then let us pitch in and earn what more we need."

"But, Bertie, I can't spare *anything!*" Evelina fairly wailed. "And I surely can't see why, for whenever we run over our allowance, I just charge it to the estate. And I've been p-pitifully saving! I never *d-dreamed*——"

"You blessed lamb! Now, stop that." Ethelbert caught her into strong arms, and crooned over her like a lover. "Quit, I tell you! You'll wash those nice curly eyelashes out of root. Listen; did you know the *Chronicle* printed my write-up of the Princeton game? Paid me five dollars, too!"

"Why, *Bertie!*" Evelina fairly gasped. Tom's jaw dropped; he gaped at his brother, awe-struck.

"Fact. Said they'd take more whenever I'd send it in." Ethelbert expanded visibly. "I can make expenses, easy. Though I don't need to; for there's plenty of fellows who'd lend me a hundred a month, and be glad to. Never miss it."

"It shocks me to see boys of your age spend so much money," murmured Evelina, in adoring reproof.

"It would shock you a lot worse to see how we spend it," retorted Ethelbert, engagingly frank. 'By! I'm off for the Country Club. See you to-night."

"But, Bertie, you and Tom must go over the books with me. Please, dearest! Reggie won't help. He says my figures make his head ache——"

"And mine, too. Nonsense, sweetheart! What's the use? Not for Bertie. *Adios!*"

He flung her a kiss and raced off, whistling. Ethelbert had a lovely disposition, as Evelina always declared. Not even these crowding anxieties could quench his spirit.

"Ethelbert mustn't leave school, at any cost, Tom." Evelina gazed wistfully after her glorious youngest. "To think his work has been published—in the *Chronicle!* And he barely seventeen! How do I deserve my gifted children? Ethelbert in literature, Reginald in art!" She swayed girlishly in her joy; a soft pink brightened her cheek. "Isn't it splendid, Thomas! Isn't it wonderful!"

"Sure," said Thomas absently. He stooped over the pile of fussy ribboned account-books, his freckled face intent. "Say, mother, what are all these 'etcs.' where you balance?"

"Where I balance? Oh, little things that aren't worth writing down. Stamps and pins and shoe-strings."

"Sixty dollars' worth of shoe-strings ought to go a good way." Tom softened the impertinence with a contrite grin. "'Scuse me, mother. Never do it again."

"Well, I knew I had spent that much, though I couldn't tell how," Evelina explained patiently. "And I do believe half those checks were forged, there's so many, and yet the signature looks like mine. Though this year I've tried to sign differently on each check, so that if anybody *should* be trying to imitate my hand, they couldn't possibly imitate *all* my signatures."

"I can't see how we've spent such a lot," murmured Tom. "'Hicks & Hamblen, 47 Fifth Avenue, $115.50.' Who the dickens are Hicks & Hamblen?"

"It's the new livery for Peters," explained his mother hastily. "You said yourself that

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Peters looked like a fat scarecrow in that old green suit."

"I said that, yes. But I wanted him to stop wearing livery altogether. Such a lot of airs for just us boys."

Evelina stiffened.

"Thomas, your grandfather was Governor of his State for two terms——"

"Oh, never mind, mum. If you like it, all right. 'Smith & Heppner, $230.00.' The carpenters? Why-ee!"

"They built the little bay-window off my room. I was so tired of the four straight walls! Do hurry, Tommy."

Tom did not hear. He was staring at the slip in his big hand. His mother looked at him impatiently; for the thousandth time she felt the irritating conviction that he would never really grow up. At nineteen he was what he had been at nine: merely a big, soft-cheeked, freckled boy.

"'Mathilde et Cie, 22 East Twenty-first Street, New York, $437.45.' Great Saint Patrick! Mathilde must think she's the whole cheese. Who on earth is she?"

"She's Mrs. Senator Curtis's dressmaker, and I——" Evelina lifted martyred eyes. "I really think, Thomas, that my personal expenses might be exempted from your criticism. Yes, I know she's expensive. But she always uses good material; the very best of everything. And good things come high."

"I suppose so," said Thomas obediently. He put down the sum, his face still a little dazed.

"How long will it take, Tom?"

"Not so very long, mother—at this rate. Stop in after your drive, dear. Then we'll see."

He sat there through the gay spring afternoon, his thick brows bent black, his slow wits groping through the tangled web of her guileless weaving. At last he wrote down the unbelievable total, with stubby fingers that shook a little. He caught the old governor's blank Carrara eye across the hall, and gave it a wry grin.

"Well—we Bannings are good material," he remarked. "And—you bet we come high!"

"Townsend's figures are correct, mother. I'm sorry," he told her awkwardly. "I don't just see how we'll manage. Unless we'd take a smaller house——"

"Take a smaller house!" Evelina dropped her lilac parasol with a wail. "Thomas, how can you! And Reginald was born here, and Ethelbert, and you, too, and your grandfather built it, and he Governor——"

"Well, maybe——" Tom's shoulders took on an odd stoop; his voice grew suddenly older. "I—I guess I won't go back to Yale this year. Reg oughtn't to stop now. And Bert is only a kid. We'll fix it, somehow. Sure."

"Dear Tom, you're so sensible." Evelina breathed deep for relief. "And while it's a pity for you to leave college—still, we can deny ourselves *anything*, knowing that we are ministering to their genius, can't we? Button my glove, dear. And tell Selina to be sure and have orange *soufflé* to-night. Bertie does love it so."

Reginald sailed for Europe a week later. As to Reginald's rights, there was no uncertainty in Tom's mind. He had little knowledge of art, and less of that second sight which looks beyond, far past the faulty image, and discerns the Vision that the groping hand has striven to make real. Yet he stood before his brother's sketches thrilled and shaken. They flashed upon him with a winged sweep, a wild enchantment: that daybreak splendor, that weird incarnate magic, which challenges the up-blown word, the flying thought. Reginald must have his chance. As to Ethelbert—but Ethelbert was only a kid. Surely he would sober down and be a credit to the family in time.

It seemed to take a good deal of time. The months slipped through Tom's hands like beads off a string. He planned to keep up his biological experiments, and he had fitted out a tiny laboratory in the cupola accordingly. For the healing instinct was strong within him; and deep in his shy boy heart lurked a shamefaced longing to take up the work that his kindly driven father had laid down. But Evelina fretted at the odors of chemicals and daily prophesied fire and disaster therefrom. It was unfair to cause her discomfort, he felt. So he shut up the cupola, and planned a laboratory in the garden. Building was costly that year, however. Besides, Ethelbert's bills were again monumental; and Ethelbert's resources through literature proved lamentably apocryphal. His dark references to the callous indifference of editors and to the brutal jealousy of "the metropolitan

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clique" melted his mother to furious tears. She was comforted, however, by a letter which proclaimed his victories at the track meet, and asked for eighteen dollars, toward the Athletic Association deficit. Tom paid it promptly. It was a drop in the bucket beside his other bills.

Reginald wrote home fitfully. His work was already recognized: he had refused two profitable mural commissions, the better to devote himself to his great triptych, "The Soul Questions," which was to distinguish the Salon that year. *He* was making good, at all events. Peevish messages and shattered handwriting alike betrayed a mind driven to breaking speed.

The triptych was accepted and hung. It sold to a Russian collector within a week. Its generous compensation exactly balanced Reginald's doctor's bill. For the reaction of success swept Reginald beyond his depth; and he lay for months in an illness that drained him, body and soul. Tom longed to go to him; but Evelina was pitifully overwhelmed by this cruel news of her darling, and even Tom's slow wits could realize that their ship must have a steady helmsman. Reginald should have rest and travel; Evelina needed luxuries and companionship; Ethelbert—Ethelbert's demands swept the whole realm of nature. Thomas had a black hour of anger toward the boy when he came home at Easter, gracious, resplendent, blithely inconsequent as to his wretched reports, and talking noisily of card debts and racing scores, to his mother's fearful joy. But his passion melted speedily. Bert was only a kid. He would make good, some day.

Throughout that spring Tom studied doggedly. He planned for Yale again that fall. Heretofore he had not allowed himself to feel how keen had been his chagrin at dropping out of college. But now, as possibility deepened to certainty, he let himself exult in anticipation.

Perhaps it was well that he lorded it in his airy castles while he might. By August all his dreams had faded into the light of common day. Reginald's summer in Norway had lengthened into a fall on the Rhine, an imperative winter in Sicily; Evelina had taken to embroidered tea-gowns and long whimpering conferences with her physician. Her heart, always weak, showed grave symptoms, which were aggravated by Ethelbert's inexplicable suspension from college. Thomas, with grim prescience, said little, but hurried straight to the university. By arguments and pleas which lay like ashes on his mouth for months to come, he won the boy's reinstatement. Evelina fainted for relief when he brought home his news. But there was no relief in Tom's face; instead, a sharp new groove of dread. All his life, he had known it his part to take care of the other two. He had always championed belligerent Ethelbert against the big boys, he had stood between poetical Reginald and the jeering little boys. But now Ethelbert's needs were deeper, sterner. Out of the welter of rage and accusation and weak self-upbraidings he had emerged with but the one compelling thought in his big childish red head. Ethelbert must be taken care of. He must see him through. The boy's face drifted before him: ivory flawless profile; bronze curling hair, hyacinthine about the forehead of a young god; dark shifting eyes; loose sensual mouth. No matter what else went undone, Ethelbert must be taken care of. He must see him through.

Ethelbert's senior year knew several grim lapses; but at last his graduation was assured. Tom went on for commencement, hilarious and triumphant. His own class had its first reunion that year. The hours sped, blown on a storm of clamor and delight. When the two boys started homeward, Tom looked ten years the younger. He had stepped back from his hurried, goaded manhood into the wide gay highroad of the boy. All his plans were laid again, in rapturous array. He owned a galled amusement at returning to college a sophomore, three years behind his class; his age weighed upon him; one is never superannuated so hopelessly past retrieval as at twenty-two. But it was a glorious chance. Ethelbert could take his place, and care for Evelina. It was all positive, all assured. No shadow of contingency could thwart him now.

"Just one point you've overlooked," yawned Ethelbert, tapping the ash from his cigar as Thomas finished his glowing forecast. "And that is the trifling element of myself—even I. You know what my novel promises. Now you are going to smash it? Knock all my chances in the head, eh? Pen me up in this beastly town, put a ball and chain of fool tenants to me, make me fetch and carry for mother like a club porter? Or are you going to give me a show? Let me go

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on to New York, where I can really live, where I'll have some chance to make good?"

Thomas did not reply. He stared at Ethelbert with a curious expression. Not of anger, however. Merely a blank, astounded grin.

"I'm not surprised," Ethelbert went on, blowing an amethystine ring. "When I saw what a ripping time you had with your old crowd, I suspected that you'd be handing me just such a frost as this. Not for me. But I'm not standing in your way, old man. Not one bit. There's no reason on earth why you should stick to mother's apron-strings this way. It's just your eternal granny caution. And you surely can't expect me to sacrifice all my plans, when it's so blatantly unnecessary!"

"If you don't mind—just what do you mean to live on, while you're finishing your novel?" queried Tom easily. He dared not let himself look at the boy. The old resentment pulsed in his throat and misted furious red before his eyes.

"Mother will lend me a thousand, she says. Don't you worry. Mother will get it back—and interest, too. Come, now, buddy." His voice took on its old beguiling sweetness; he leaned to Tom with a gesture irresistibly winsome. "Go get your degree, old chap. I know how you've always longed for it. Pull out. Go take your own where you find it, as I do. It's the only way."

Ethelbert left for the city a few days afterward. Evelina kept up till he had gone. Then she drooped again, with tears and repinings that all Tom's clumsy devotion could not soothe. He was tenderly patient with her. His inborn physician's instinct already discerned the shadow that lurked behind her inconstant will, her leap of mood from reasonless delight to unreasoning grief. And within the month that looming dread was dark certainty.

One hot white August morning Tom carried Evelina to her piazza chair, then went back to his own room and set himself relentlessly to work upon three letters. One was a brief line relinquishing the rooms which he had engaged at New Haven for the year. The other two were longer, and immeasurably more difficult to write. He sat over them for long hours; his whole head was sick, his heart sank faint within him, when at last he had signed those guarded even pages which told Reginald and Ethelbert, as gently as words could say it, that their mother would never again be well.

Finally he put them down and went to Evelina, wan among her pillows. She smiled up at him, shyly; a dim blush warmed her shadowy white-rose cheek. With illness, she had taken on a lovely childish coquetry which made her beauty twice appealing. She patted Tom's face, as he bent to kiss her, with a satin-thin palm.

"Tom, dear, I wonder——" she began. Her soft eyes lit with a beseeching glow. "I've been talking to Selina, and—and—I have a confession to make, dear. You know Selina's sister, Mamie, the one whose husband drinks so terribly—and all those children?"

Tom's brows lifted. He certainly did know Selina's Mamie, that woebegone slattern, with her eternal tale of calamities, her uncounted brood. Parasites all, they were. Scoundrel husband to helpless youngest, they had lived off the Bannings for half a generation.

"I should say I did. What is she badgering you for now?"

"Tom! And the poor thing died only yesterday!"

"Why, mother!"

"And all those children must go to the orphanage. And, Tom," her voice cooed, pleading, "you'll laugh at me, I know. But—oh, I do so want the baby, the one she let me name for Ethelbert! Just to have that little cunning thing trotting about would be such a pleasure—and, now the boys are gone, I—I do have such a dull time, dear!"

The blank absurdity of it all smote Tom to helpless laughter. Then he looked down at the veined waxen hand upon his knee.

"We'll adopt the whole kit, father and all, if it will please you, dearest. By the way, I've been writing—to Reginald. I rather think—he'll come back to America, for a while."

"Reginald coming!" Joy leaped like returning life through Evelina's veins. Reginald, her genius, her wonder-child! For days she seemed incredibly stronger. She fluttered about the house, she ordered new gowns, she engaged an additional maid. "For Reginald is so accustomed to Continental service, Tom, we mustn't seem *too* barbaric!" In the face of Tom's chafing protests, she sent out cards for a great reception in her boy's honor. When Reginald

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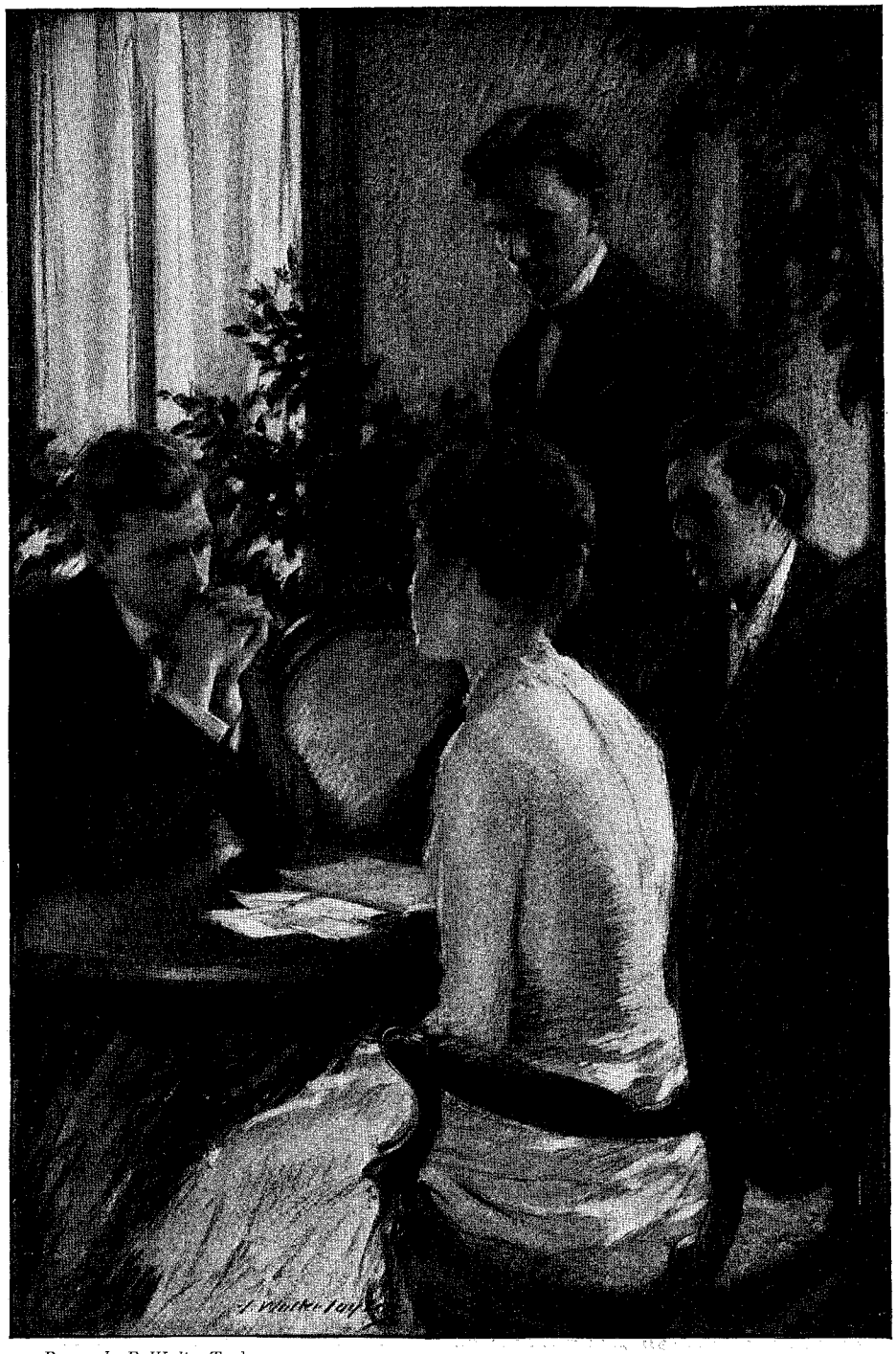

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

She summoned the boys to her aid.—Page 700.

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finally arrived, for once in his life aroused to real anxiety, he found her so blooming and so joyous that the moment they were alone he flung himself upon Tom in a tempest of reproach.

"What the devil possessed you, to frighten a fellow like that?" he blustered. The two men sat alone before the library fire, late the night of Evelina's radiant festival. "So mother's fatally ill, is she? And I'd best come at once? Looks like it, doesn't it? And here you've broken in on my Dante group, you've scared the very soul out of me, you've ruined my last six months of work; for after this shock, I'll never again catch the real swing of the thing. And all for such nonsense! You indulge mother ridiculously, that's all ails her. And, considering what my needs are now——"

Tom did not answer. He stared from the fire to the flower-decked mantel above. The marble shelf was banked with white azaleas, a city importation, to please his mother's whim. Nothing was too good, too costly, for her genius, she had protested, to Thomas's faint demur. The scent of the drooping, overwarm petals came to him with a sudden burdening irritation. Finally he spoke out.

"'Considering what your needs are now,' —what are you driving at, Reg? What do you mean?"

Reginald pitched to his feet.

"I mean that I'm planning a thing that will mark an epoch in art." His cavernous eyes blazed with swift fire; his lean talking hands clenched, eloquent. "I can see every line—see it? *Feel* it!—as I do the chairs and tables in this room. But to work it out, to make it real— Good Lord!" His tense body relaxed, twitching. He flung his head on his arms with a shivering, angry groan. "Look at me! I'm so played out, so clean beat, I don't dare even try to paint in the background. I've got to have change—and travel—and freedom. For at my best, it's going to take every drop of blood, every breath in me, to cope with the splendor of it. Fagged and worthless as I am now—if I made a try, I'd make a hell of a failure, that'd be all."

"What is it about?" said Tom briefly.

"'The Spirit of Sacrifice,'" said Reginald vaguely. A slow red burned through his dun parched skin; his eyes illumined with their seer glow, remote, exultant. "It will give me my place for all time, if only—*if!*"

"What sort of travel will you need?"

"Oriental, probably. Though Africa would do. I want the desert colors, the desert air, the lift you get in those endless spaces—and the solitude. Sacrifice implies solitude, don't you see?"

"I dare say." Tom pencilled absent figures. "What's all this going to cost, Reg?"

"I've barely eight hundred to my name," retorted Reginald. "But if you could advance, say, two thousand, on the estate——"

"Well, then." Tom finished his computations with a long, impatient sigh. He leaned his heavy red head on his hand; the firelight betrayed the darkening worry in his eyes; but his voice held to its deep, good-humored note. "Go along, then, and travel after your ideal. I'll pay the freight."

"Is that you, Thomas?"

Evelina's whisper lifted faint as he blundered past her door in the gray freezing dawn.

"Yes, dear. Why aren't you asleep?"

Evelina lay high on her pillows. In the ashen light, her eyes were pools of shadow; her beautiful hueless face glimmered as in a fading mist before his eyes. She turned eagerly and clutched both wasted arms around his neck.

"Tom, I've had such a queer dream!" Her voice broke, grieving. "I thought I wanted you, and I looked, and called, but I couldn't find you. For you'd gone away —gone and left me!" Her weak clasp tightened in panic dread. "You wouldn't leave me one minute, would you? Wasn't it just a dream?"

"Sure," said Tom comfortably. He gathered her up against a mighty shoulder; her body trembled, piteously light, on his broad arm. "Nothing but a dream, mother. Just go to sleep. I'm Johnny on the Spot. I'm here to stay."

The flame of Evelina's life, quickened as by the wind of her mother-pride, sank to the merest gleam in the months that followed. Tom nursed her faithfully. She was not easy to care for. The little Ethelbert, her godson, could sometimes divert her; but messages from her jewel sons were her one real solace; and these were few and far between. Sometimes Reginald acknowledged Tom's letters and drafts; sometimes he did not. Ethelbert confined himself to a semi-occasional scrawl. His novel appeared

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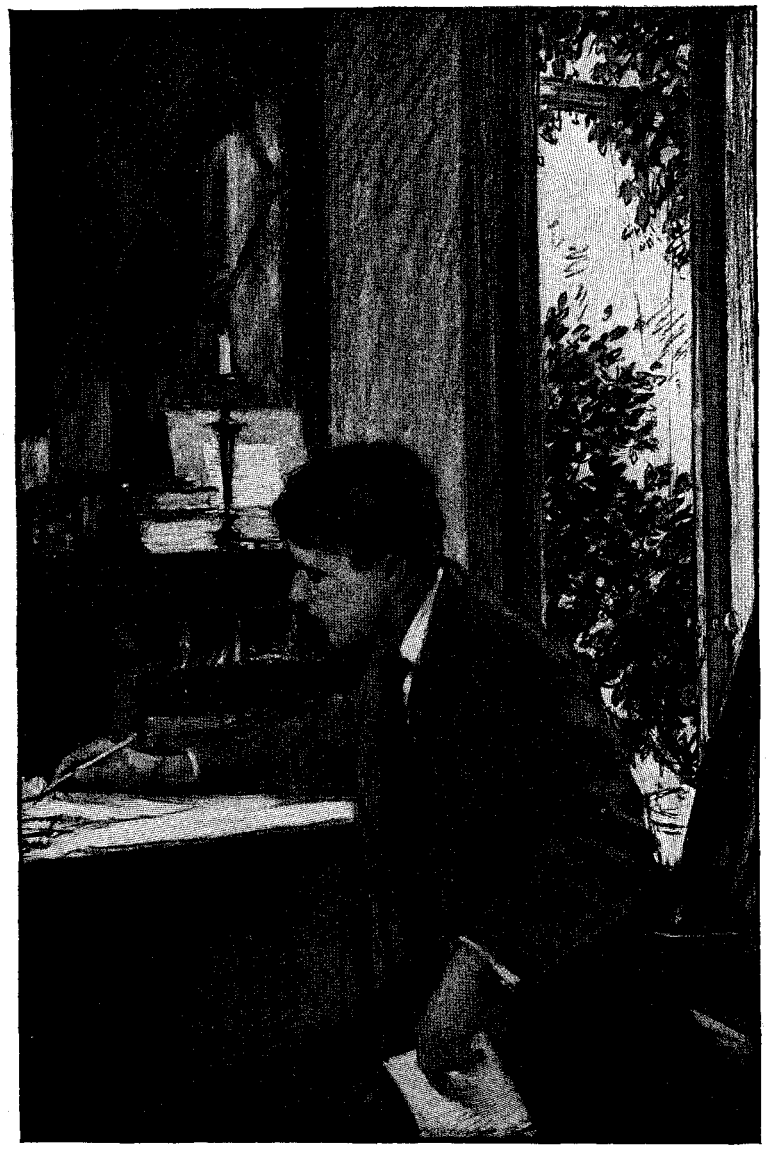

At last he wrote down the unbelievable total.—Page 702.

the following spring, to die the prompt and crushingly convincing death that only a first novel can die. Ethelbert then retired to an uptown studio, where in three weeks he completed a play which was to carry everything before it. Before it had found a manager, however, there came to him a dazzling offer from a great city journal. Wild with triumph, he sailed for Panama on the first steamer, with but a curt telegram home.

Throughout that spring Evelina had lived only in the hope of Ethelbert's coming. The shock of disappointment quenched her very breath. She made but little moan, but her life ebbed with the waning year. And when the last dim autumn mists folded purple upon the hills, she slipped away.

The boys could not come home to her. Reginald was in Paris, toiling on the great "Sacrifice" which was to carve his niche in Time. Ethelbert sent a pathetic cable from Gamboa, and ordered orchids from the city.

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So Tom went alone with his dead. It was a fair October day, sweet winds a-sweep beneath a brooding sky, stooping deep-breasted, tenderly blue. Away among its drifted leaves, the year sat telling golden beads. And all the air was crystal-still; and all the world was peace.

Tom walked alone. His red head was bowed; his big shoulders already betrayed the yoke that cares and years had laid upon them. His heart was heavy for the brothers who could not walk beside him, and heavier still for a loss that plucked at his soul. For his mother had never been his mother in truth; merely a charming petted plaything. Yet as her frail grasp upon life had loosened, the tie between them had grown closer, dearer; the mysterious link of nativity was again renewed. Only his was now the mother instinct, his the watching love, the care. And he had carried her fading life like a crippled child in his arms.

But as he turned back, up that golden slope, his eyes met another gaze, dark, steadfast, waiting. And he was all but shamed by the swift new hope their mystic light could bring.

It was not a year since Edith had entered his world. He looked back now upon the years before her coming as one long blind, but now miraculously granted vision, might look back, wondering, upon the long years of his night. The glory of her love bewildered, even while it exalted him. It enfolded him like an aura; it lay like a white bloom upon his days. The very texture of life grew by it finer, firmer, purer. He found himself leaning upon her powerful spirit; he hardly dared to yield to the deep rest her tenderness could bring. Child that she was, this grave, shy slip of girlhood, she would never fail him. She was as loyal as her own white stars. And there was no chill saintliness in her high gallant youth. The fire of her nature was the hearth-fire, not the shrine.

He turned again to the duties which his mother's illness had deferred. He divided the estate with punctilious care. Despite his efforts, it had shrunken greatly. The checks for five thousand apiece which he sent to Reginald and Ethelbert left him with but the homestead, a scant third, for his share. He closed up every dragging obligation. Then, quietly, joyously, he turned from the old life to the new.

Those were the golden days. Together he and Edith planned, and worked, and dreamed. The old home was to be the new home, as well. He found a quaint delight in decking it for her, this dearest guest. He was proud of it all: the rose-trees, the mellow lights of the old mahogany, the thin old silver. Edith loved the house even more than he. By instinct, she loved and hoarded every trifle that had touched upon his life.

One thing disturbed him. In all this time there had been no word from Ethelbert. Ethelbert was always neglectful; but this silence held through month upon month. However, at length the message came.

Among Tom's mail one morning lay an envelope bearing the stamp of the city firm which had handled the estate. Tom read the letter twice over before the brusque typed phrases yielded their meaning to his stunned brain.

Finally he folded the pages and crept to his feet. He took up the letter with numb shaking hands, and stumbled away.

Little Ethelbert trotted puppy fashion at his heels, and stared in wistful astonishment when Tom strode past him, without even a thump on his shock head for good-by.

"That is the only possible explanation, Mr. Banning," said the senior partner, for the twentieth time. His voice rasped harsh, his dry, keen face worked and quivered. His son had been one of Tom's classmates; he felt now as if his own boy sat before him, crushed, beaten down beneath this drowning flood of shame. "He has undoubtedly —ah—raised the check from five to fifteen thousand. I suspected as much the moment I saw it; however, I took up the paper, knowing that you would prefer any monetary sacrifice rather than—than publicity. There is this in extenuation of Mr. Ethelbert Banning; since his marriage, I fancy, he has had exceedingly heavy demands."

"His marriage?" Tom echoed dully.

"Surely he has told you! He was married the week he returned to New York."

"But he is in Panama. His cablegram—but that was away back——" Tom groped for thought. "You mean he's here, in this country—and didn't tell me? That he's married—and never sent me one word?"

"The whole affair has been kept—ah

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

He was tenderly patient with her.—Page 704.

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—peculiarly quiet." The senior partner would not meet Tom's eye. "He married, I believe, a Miss Aimée—I can't recall her surname. An—an actress, I understand, although not regularly of that profession. They have apartments at the St. Elmo. Mr. Ethelbert has shown the most puzzling bravado in this act. Somehow I imagine that he has relied upon your protection—when need should arrive."

Tom started to the door.

"Just one thing, Tom, boy." The senior partner dropped his eye-glasses and his dignity. His hand shut on Tom's shoulder with a wringing grip. "Don't let this hamper you. I'll carry it for a year, two years, and be glad to. I only wish—I'd give anything in the world, boy, to have spared you this. If you'll just let me lend a hand——"

"Much obliged," said Tom absently. "The St. Elmo is up the Avenue, isn't it? Much obliged. Good-by."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Ethelbert faced his brother, haggard, yet debonair. He was still the princely boy, audacious, charming, insolent, with his bronze hyacinthine curls, his forehead of a god. Dark ominous circles widened beneath his furtive eyes. Two new cruel lines tightened his beautiful mouth. "I had to have that money. I was in the devil's own scrape, and that check barely—— Gone? Of course it's gone, all but a thousand or so. Aimée alone—— What's that? No, I didn't write you about my marriage. Didn't think you'd care to hear.

"Where has it all gone? Well, how in thunder do I know!" His voice shrilled in hysterical petulance. "Aimée had to have it. She's got to have money—loads. She won't live anywhere, unless it's a place like this," he swept the senseless magnificence of the private drawing-room with a wavering hand. "She's been tormenting the very heart out of me, for heaven knows how long. Oh, yes, appeal to my honor, all you damn please. But honor doesn't count when the woman you love wants things, and you can't give. You don't understand, that's all. You never have loved a woman like that."

"No," said Thomas stupidly. His face was pinched. "No, I never have loved a woman like that."

He went again to the senior partner. The matter was closed within the hour. Ethelbert's forgery was made good. It took practically every cent that Thomas possessed.

A week later came the obvious sequel. A shower of frantic telegrams poured upon Thomas; a few hours later, Aimée, pretty, bedizened, tear-stained, swayed from the westbound train to cast herself dramatically into his arms. Ethelbert's secret was still inviolate; but Ethelbert, smarting beneath his brother's unspoken reproach, and perhaps fearing disclosure, had fled to South America, leaving the traditional pencilled note—of farewell to his beloved Aimée, and of ironic gratitude to Thomas, to whose care he committed her.

To Edith alone Tom told it all. She listened in silence to the halting, miserable tale.

"Then we must wait. Another year. Maybe longer."

"Maybe longer than that," said Tom listlessly. "You see, dear, there's Aimée now; and Reginald, and little Ethelbert, too. I'll earn it all back before long. Only meanwhile there's no telling what they may need. You never can be sure."

"No. There never is any telling. Only be sure you'll have them all to carry, all the way." The words broke from Edith's lips with a fury that stunned him. But her outburst passed as swiftly as it had risen. All her fierce mother-passion leaped up instead, her frantic, inarticulate resentment for this big, overtasked bewildered love of hers. Tom yielded to her imperious ministry like a tired child. He was utterly exhausted, body and mind. Yet there was wine as well as balm in her kisses, strength in her tender arms. He went from her again his resourceful self, staunch, tranquil, confident, armed against every fear.

Then like a thunderbolt came the word of Reginald's death. It was to Thomas as if the light had passed from his own world. Reginald and he had had no common interests; hardly—such is the eternal tragedy of kinship—hardly did they speak the same tongue. But to Thomas, pride in his brother's powerful talent atoned for every lack of affection and understanding. To him, both his brothers were as torch-bearers. The time would never come when the splendor of Reginald's art would not blind him to

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He sat for a long hour staring at the great crude, glorious failure.

Reginald's colossal selfishness. The hour could never strike when the charm of Ethelbert's printed word would not spread its enchanted cloak over Ethelbert's shortcomings.

In grim irony, Reginald's ripest years, and, at the end, his life itself, had gone out in fruitless labor upon his great "Spirit of Sacrifice," which was to blazon his name upon eternity. He had died of overwork, so the word ran; the sheer exhaustion of his struggle to reach a pinnacle too high and far for even his eagle flight. In truth, Reginald was one of the torch-bearers. He had fed all things, even his own being, to that devouring flame.

The huge unfinished canvas was sent back to Tom. He lifted it from its wrappings and sat for a long hour, staring at the great crude glorious failure. The thing was Tragedy itself; even Tom's slow wits could grasp the infinite pity of this last defeat; the wonder of the vast shadowy, meaningless

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framework, Reginald's forever unfinished tapestry of dreams flung broad and dim across it. Another colder vision than his might have followed the wretched parallel of the painting and of the treasures that it had cost, till Tom's own days were merged in the endless, useless sacrifice. But Tom's sight was mercifully holden. Blessed are the matter-of-fact, for they shall see content.

And he went again down that quiet road, to lay the son beside the mother, beneath another October's golden pall.

The year that followed Reginald's death was a hurtling race of pitiless days. Every month brought fresh perplexities. Every hour cast its pebble upon his load. His business did not prosper. The little adopted Ethelbert, the gnome-child that Evelina had loved, grew strangely frail; Tom lavished money and care upon him, to little end. And not one word ever came from Ethelbert. He had vanished as absolutely as if he had stepped off the edge of the world.

Edith stood to his laboring arm, a constant champion. But she on her side carried many burdens; she would not add her own wasted household to his cares. And so they waited.

At the new year, Tom took a decisive step. He established Aimée and the child at the homestead. Then he went to the city, and set with all his might upon the opportunity which the senior partner had put into his hands. It was the chance of a life-time for retrieval. He bent to his task as the oarsman toils through the last blackening swell that lies between him and the harbor's peace.

He worked on, month after month. After a while, he realized that he was steadily losing ground. Another man, given his chances, might have snatched victory from the first hour. Tom was essentially a plodder. He had Edith to live for, to be sure. His flagging spirit fed upon the thought of her. But years of relentless strain had deadened the spring of even his boyish hope. And when, after a siege of hounding failures, he was stricken down, neither his tired body nor his dulled brain could make a fight.

Only one wish stirred in his stagnant thought; the longing to go home. And home they brought him, gaunt, passive, silent. But not to the wide, still homestead, his House of Dreams, which had gleamed before him through his slow, fevered days. Aimée, without consulting him, had sublet the place as it stood, and had betaken herself to a smart new flat. The house was draughty, she said, and so old-fashioned, and the location was no longer really choice. Moreover, as Thomas could permit her only one servant, it was quite too hard for her.

So Tom came home to a narrow, shiny bedroom, looking out upon a frozen, hideous back yard, instead of a great hushed chamber, high among the pines. And he lay for days, wondering at the sprawling *art nouveau* wall-paper, the cheap new furniture, the glittering tiles. And Aimée went to stay with friends, for, as she explained, she knew how trained nurses disliked to have the family forever pottering about. Besides, when you considered that Tom was not really a relative, merely a brother-in-law, it seemed scarcely the proper thing.

But Edith came, not having in her any regard for the preferences of trained nurses, nor any other thought, save her wild, anguished passion for the man that she adored. And for five days the man and woman drank as a sacrament their cup of life, so long withheld. For it is so ordained by an illogical Providence that the supreme hour is forever the supreme hour, alike for prince and beggar, poet and clod. And even those underlings who know not Genius may yet ascend the farthest heights, and drink deep of the immemorial cup of love and grief.

When he went down that quiet road for the last time, there was not one of his own blood left, to follow him. Only Aimée walked behind, clinging hysterically to the handsomest second cousin. She was distinctly captivated by the suffocating pathos of her rôle, and carried it well.

It was eager April once more, and the last brown oak leaves swept and swirled in the high gay wind across the tender grass. All the elms were yet bare; but a soft misting green cloaked the birches; and through the tossing naked branches the sunshine lay clear upon his face; that face of the eager boy, still alight, for all his tired years. And it shone with even a deeper radiance; that far, ineffable glow, that lingering splendor, of the soul whose glory still illumes its broken lamp; that light which is our one sol-

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ace, our one lifting star; that hope which seals the golden link between us and our beloved dead.

And the woman whose youth lay stilled within his quiet heart stood patiently at one side, the little Ethelbert clutching, wide-eyed and wondering, at her knee. And as the dead leaves eddied and blew about her feet, it was to her as though she stood among the drifted ashes of her lost days.

THE DESERTED GARDEN

By James B. Kenyon

HITHER like ghosts old memories steal;
Here Time forgets his idle glass;
About the crumbling borders wheel
The flickering shadows o'er the grass.

Yon mossy dial still weds the hours;
Light feet that thither used to run
Now brush the dews from other flowers
That smile beneath no earthly sun.

Ah, slender world of lost delights!
Sweet privacies, communions dear,
Shy whispers in the velvet nights—
What happy love once haunted here!

And still about the mouldering place
Linger the gentle presences—
Fair phantoms, each with girlish face,
Gliding beneath the wistful trees.

Yet even here 'mid ruined walks,
And growths that clog the dwindling stream,
And blooms decaying on their stalks,
The heart renews the deathless dream.

Somewhere beneath a dappled sky,
On green slopes pied with autumn's gold,
While flocks, unfearing, wander nigh,
Once more the ancient tale is told.

Afar a swart-armed reaper sings;
Nearer, adown the hollow vale,
The music of an anvil rings
O'er the dull throbbing of a flail.

And where the river's sinuous tide,
Dimpling among its sedges, flows,
With wicker creel against his side,
Homeward a loitering fisher goes.

So, while the season weaves its spell,
And evening sows its early dew,
Love's troth is plighted; all is well;
And nature keeps her purpose true.

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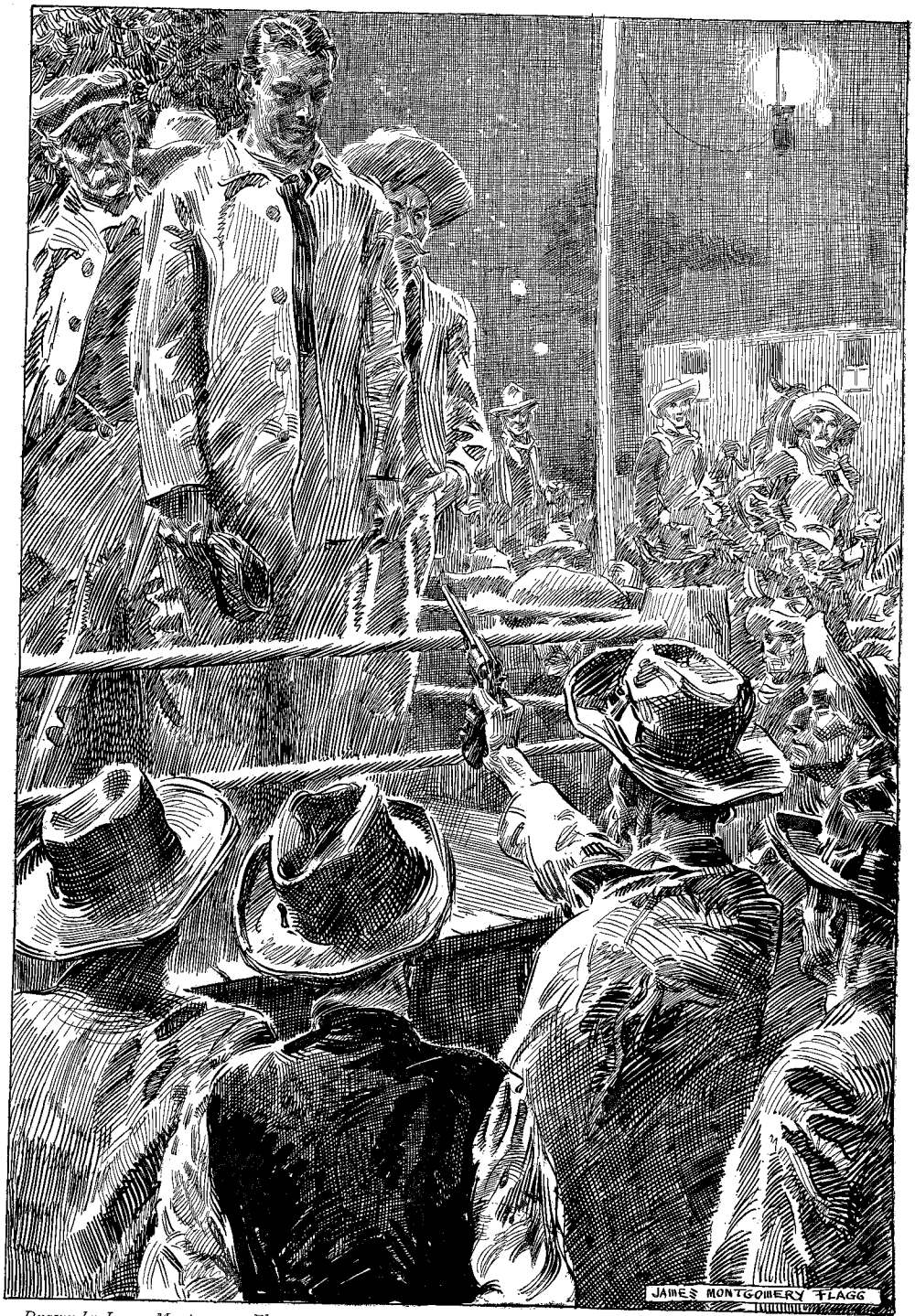

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

The upturned bore stared threateningly into Joe's astonished face.—Page 723.

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THE PHŒNIX OF ALTA VISTA

By Robert Fulkerson Hoffman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

JOE HANLEY came to Alta Vista when just out of Harvard. He was so green that he was proud of it; or at least he said so in a cheerful and convincing way, and nobody questioned his right to take his own measure. Alta Vista, the stalwart little division point, guards the New Mexico end of Big Pass, through which the railroad climbs loftily up many steep and crooked miles on the Colorado side, and similarly drops cautiously down the southern side into the shelter of the town. There is grim wholesomeness there that is born of plenty of sun in an atmosphere a mile above sea-level. The half-circle of rim-rock that aspires farther skyward back of the town gives accent to the open reaches that spread away invitingly to the southward and meet the far table-lands as the sea meets the sky. Altogether it is a prospect that clears the mental vision, and young hearts, properly attuned, there catch the key-note of their surroundings promptly; and so it proved with Hanley.

Joe was handsome, six feet or over, with a crown of straight brown hair and a pair of clear gray eyes that were good to look into, and when Chubb, the master mechanic, set him regularly to firing a freight engine over the mountain for Mike Denby everybody looked satisfied.

Mike, ex-plainsman and prospector, was also tall, but heavy, deliberate, and philosophical. Together they fitted into an engine-cab like the parts of a good design. Like old Bill Amsler, who stumped about defiantly on his oak leg and ran the boring-mill in the back shop, Mike was considered an authority on local history. Otherwise, they were quite different.

The town was quiet when Hanley arrived. There had not been a wreck or a fire in the year past, and no other prime cause for excitement, yet we who knew Alta Vista's quiet moods knew that the guns were all oiled and the hose-cart well housed.

All manner of men appeared, now and again, in Alta Vista's shifting human sands, and Mike Denby welcomed all alike. If, then, they appeared to him worth while he tried to help them. Otherwise he left them to their own devices. Joe came late in the break-up of winter. But not until well along in the spring did Mike's ideas of developing him culminate, and then it was Joe who gave the occasion.

One morning in May, they left Crystal, on the Colorado side, starting while it was yet dark, on their all-day freight run over the mountains to Alta Vista. Joe stood in the gangway, facing the east, an hour later, as the engine throbbed out its measured strength, laboring toward the top of a great earth-billow in the foot-hills. The sun gave imminent signs of climbing up back of the big mountain range, and darkness fled swiftly.

The Spanish Peaks, in the friendly air of coming summer, looked twin spires of gold, frosted with the crystal of their everlasting ice and snow. Pike's Peak, more remote, a mere shadow against the growing sky-line, took on slowly the exquisite blend of violet and steel that makes the burnt amethyst almost a precious stone. Below, and all about the track, awoke the nameless beauty of the vast silent reaches of the foothills and the plains in early morning, as when the coming sun sends over the mountain barriers an advance-guard of light to reconnoitre for the occupation of a brilliant day in the high altitudes of the south.

The shadows receded deeper among the draws and *coulées*. The star-flecked dome of the sky whitened under the insistent light of the sun. It flushed pink, then fiery red at the sky-line, and, with a flash fit to herald the launching of a new-born sun in a new orbit, the first clear rays shone gloriously over the rocky battlements and gilded the plains, and made a heroic creature of the laboring engine and fell softly upon the grimy face of Hanley, with an all-embrac-

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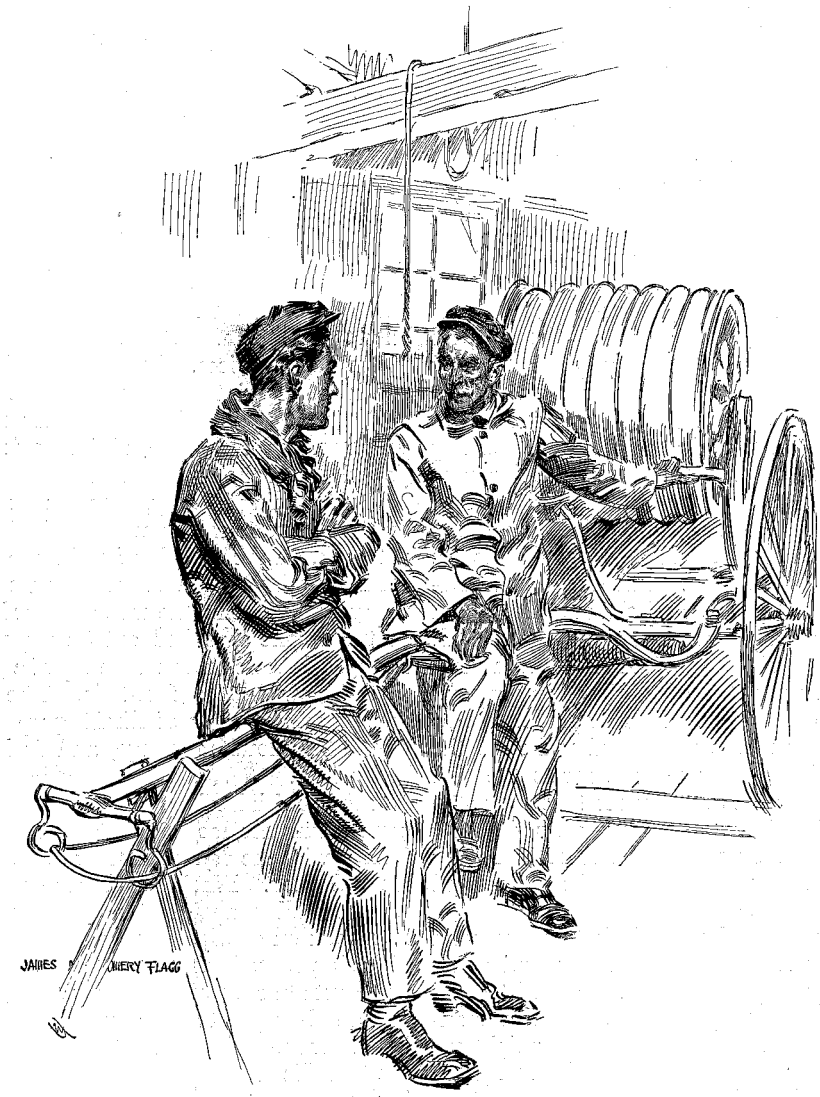

We ought to be reorganized an' I believe you're the man to help do it.—Page 718.

ing touch that made them, all alike, almost divine beneath the deepening blue of the wide sky.

Hanley silently revelled in the glory of it, until his young soul could bear no more.

"Ye gods!" he suddenly cried, with a wide sweep of his cap against the gently stirring air. "You great and everlasting phœnix! Mike, are you seeing it? Why don't more people live out here where they can breathe air and live life? I'd like to do something for this country, in return for what it is doing for me."

"She's sure fine; an' I'm a seein' it," said Mike, with a pleased side-long glance at Joe's upturned face. "Look out fer your fire now. I'm a-goin' to make a run through this sag fer the top."

When they were well over the swell and drifting steadily down the other side, Mike resumed without prelude:

"We've got one o' them things you was talkin' about; over at Alta Vista." But Joe's face remaining blank, he added: "Phœnixes; leastways, that's what we all called it."

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"Phœnixes?" echoed Joe.

"Yes. That's what young Tom Maxon named it. It come up the time we org'nized the Alta Vista Fire Department. He sure put life an' sperit into them perceedin's, but it come nigh about wreckin' the town, once or twice. The night we called the first public meetin' they wa'n't scasely enough of us left whole afterward to put bandages onto tothers. Tom was my fireman then. Nephew o' old Doc Maxon; an' there's a man fer you! Tom come out here from school jest like you; an' Doc allowed he wanted to toughen him up some afore he commenced readin' medicine."

"Have you a fire department? Who is chief?" queried Joe.

"We've got about one hundred and twenty pound pressure o' clear water over there," said Mike, "from up back o' the Geyser Peak. An' we've got a hose-kerrige an' a Phœnix bird," he continued, with twinkling eyes, "but I ain't chief now. We're kind o' disorg'nized.

"Mebbe tell you about it when we git over there this evenin', if they don't hold us too long on the mountain," he added a moment later, and turned to look from the cab-window out over the soft green plains, where wonderful carpets of tender grass and square miles of pink wild phlox and yellow brown-eyed Susans stretched away to the distant horizon and rippled and swayed in the shifting breezes; a glad and smiling prospect, until the desert should grow bolder in the summer's heat, and crowd in around the feet of the mountains in the withering age-long struggle to wear them down.

All in good time they rolled down off the last line of foot-hills, into the deep defile at Sentinel, the coaling station, and soon they were ready, with helpers added, for the long pull over the Pass. Erwen, conductor, with a bunch of wild phlox tucked into his hat-band, came forward jauntily to the engines. He handed up through orders, with rights to Alta Vista, without a meeting-point.

"Take them away," said he, and went to the rear.

The red board dropped, the two big consolidations sent the echoes bounding and rebounding between the cliffs, in the start for the mountain, and Joe, drawing on his heavy gloves, called impersonally to the chattering waters of the near-by Geyser Water and to the flying echoes: "Laugh! You don't feel any better than we do. Do they, Mike?" he added, as he turned to his fire.

"Reckon not," said Mike, and opened out a little stronger.

The pass, always majestic, seemed in a friendly mood in the bright afternoon. Winding noisily in and out among the tender, shimmering greenery of advanced spring, the engines voiced a mighty song of greeting to the heights. As the hours passed the heavy climb became a triumphal march among a nodding, whispering host, where each turn upon the shoulders of the mountain discovered a deeper beauty, and the sombre shadows in the depths seemed brooding in happy peace.

Joe stood often in the gangway mopping his heated face, caught great breaths of the rare, clear air, and looked upon it all with delight.

Mike, seasoned and practical, but keenly alive to the unfolding beauty, settled back loosely upon his cushion. Missing none of the multitude of sounds that tell of the working of the engine, and losing none of the mute messages of the familiar landscape, he went back over memory's long trail to days on the plains. At last the regular clink of the shovel and the fire-door, the purring of the injector, and the slow beat of the engines blended in an heroic lullaby that soothed and gently buffeted his tired senses. The pleasant thrill of relaxation pervaded his body. He thought with increasing effort. And then—just among ourselves this—Mike nodded and slept peacefully in the midst of the tumult. He even dreamed a bit in a jumbled sort of way about the last run of the old Alta Vista fire brigade, until the leading engine came in sight of the target near the top of the mountain. When the head engine whistled for the board Mike was at once broad awake, with an apologetic smile toward Joe.

"We were coming along with the rest of them all right, Mike," laughed Joe.

"I heard her all the way," said Mike; and men who know of those things would agree that he probably did.

When the threatening descents of the rugged pass had, under Denby's skilful hand, surrendered them into the safer levels of the yard in the wide valley at Alta Vista,

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and their work was done, Mike led the way to a shed-like building at one side of the plaza. Turning a key in the rusty lock, he threw open the door. The interior showed a two-wheeled hose-cart of odd but strong build, rivalling the rainbow in colors. The room was bare of furniture, and from the middle of the ridge-pole hung a stout rope that led to a bell-hammer in the small cupola above. The bell looked remarkably like an old locomotive bell.

Mike seated himself upon the tongue of the hose-cart and said, "Set down, Joe. This here's the fire outfit we was talkin' about this mornin'. We ought to be reorg'nized, an' I believe you're the man to help do it.

"I told you, partly, how we come to call this kerrige the 'Phœnix,' and how Tom Maxon stood on that, but I never had none too much use fer the name. Always seemed to me like a bird that has no more sense than to set itself a-fire an' has luck to be riz up from 'er own ashes, ain't, in my jedgment, a no-ways reliable ner dependable bird, if it goes an' repeats them bold experiments indefinite.

"But young Tom had a book about it, an' some other freaks o' nature, an' he says it's all right to have it, because that's what the phœnix bird was habited to do. An' jest to humor him, we says mebbe we'd better git a phœnix fer the hose-cart. An' we let it go at that till the next meetin' night.

"Tom jest laughed a little, an' the first we know, he goes up on the Rim Rock with a rifle an' shoots the old hen eagle that had been nestin' an' yellin' an' hatchin' an' fightin' an' general housekeepin' up there, jest like folks, ever since the railroad come through. The mule-team freighters in the wagon trains that lined out Cimarron way with pervisions an' stuff, said them birds had been ketchin' prairie-dogs fer a hundred mile around Alta Vista an' the Cimarron country as fur back as they could remember. They took it personal, same's if they'd been shot at an' missed, or nigh about so.

"It was a freighter that nailed Tom comin' down off o' the cliff with the old hen eagle, dead; pleased as a young retriever with his first sage-hen. The freighter set up the long yell amongst some more o' them old silver-tips that was stockin' up on can- an' bottle-goods over along Main Street. An' that's about the clostest Tom'll ever come to bein' hung till he's indicted reg'lar an' can't prove no alibi som'eres else.

"I'm an awful good shot, if I do say it myself, an' perticler with a Winchester," he asserted, with no appearance of boasting. "Of course, if they'd shoot at me first an' git me, like from behind the coal chutes over yonder, why they'd git me. But, Hanley, if they was to shoot at me an' miss me," he continued, with half-closed eyelids and a confident smile, "I'd sure git 'em before they could shoot ag'in. It took mighty good shootin', an' plenty of it, to git him away from them fellers after they'd got a lariat onto his neck. But we convinced 'em. We was all worked up fer a fire comp'ny jest about then, an' that made it different from if the young feller had jest shot 'er fer fun. But I wouldn't no-ways advise you to try to git a fresh one off o' the cliff, even now. The old rooster eagle got hisself another mate som'eres an' them birds is a-livin' up there now. Folks here feels they kind o' need 'em in the landscape."

Joe arose from his perch beside Mike and turned to look up to where a pair of golden eagles were circling and screaming in the waning sunlight that still bathed the top of the sombre cliff and tipped the dwarf cedars with purple and gold. His broad young shoulders heaved convulsively once or twice, but his face was quite composed, and his mellow voice steady and respectful when he turned again to Mike and said, "I believe we don't need a fresh bird. I think the old one might do, if you have it."

"Suits me. We have it," said Mike, and made no further comment until, with a look of reverie in his keen eyes, he remarked: "It was a fire that lost Amsler his leg, I might say, if we was talkin' about Bill's leg. But let's git on about this phœnix business."

"Didn't Bill lose his leg on the road?" said Joe with studied care.

"Road?" Mike repeated with startling vigor. "Him on the road? None whatever. I know how he lost that leg. An' while I deplore his loss, he sure got jest what was a-comin' to him, an' lucky that he ain't got two oak legs, stid o' one.

"Not meanin' to be abrupt with you," he went on, quite under control again as Hanley dropped lightly to the tongue be-

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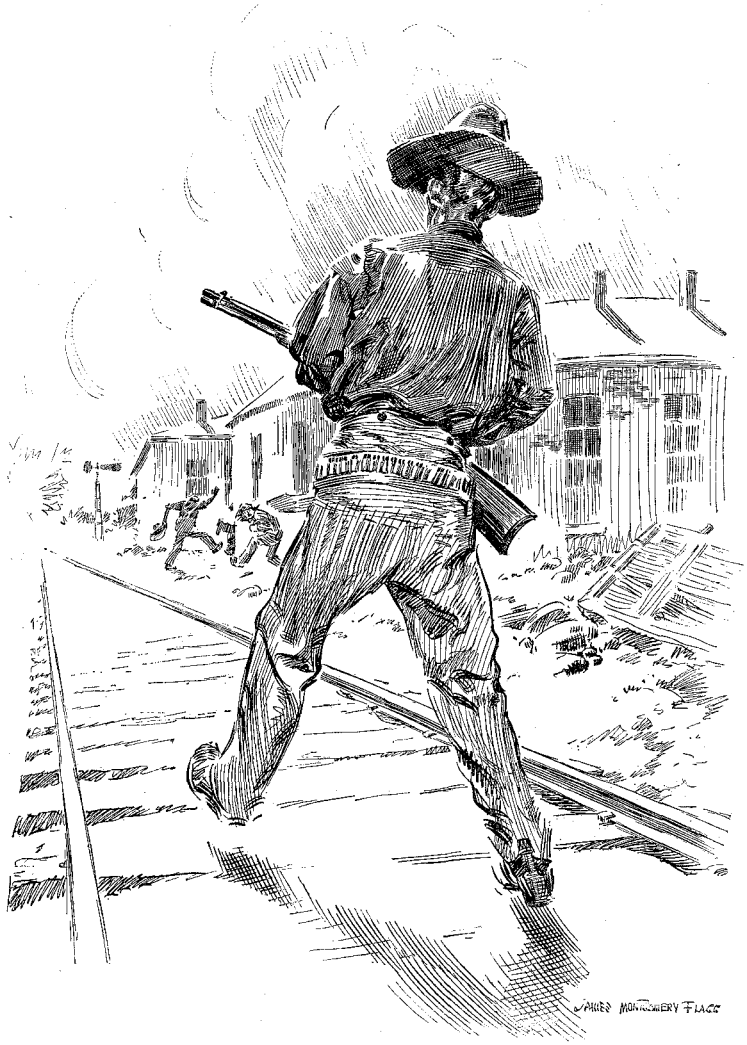
side him, "that's what comes o' bein' too talkative. Got myself all keyed up an' shootin' at dead coyotes. But now that we're onto them old topics, I'm a-goin' to tell you jest how Bill Amsler did git that there prop o' his'n.

"This fire outfit dates back to the times when Alta Vista got drunk onc't a month reg'lar, before the pay-car could pull out o' town; an' the pay-car always hurried. I used to pull the paymaster then. Bill Amsler was always counted due to have the mag'zine of his rifle as full as the rest of him in about half an hour after he got his pay-check. An' in ten minutes more he's due to march down the straight track in the back shop an' stampede all them machinists over there. But he always made the round-house gang run fer cover first, an' they wa'n't one o' them ever stopped to ask him fer his card, or did he belong to the union, nuther. They jest hid out and done it quick.



He always made the round-house gang run fer cover first.

"Take a look, some time, over there in the shop office where Chubb was a little slow about gittin' his head out o' range durin' one o' them festivals. Bill put a .45 acorn bullet through the edge o' the door-

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casin' an' crimped the poke o' Chubb's cap scandalous before Chubb could drop under the table and crawl out the back door behind the shop b'ilers. Bill was jest plumb mean when he was drunk, an' special, the night he got the leg, among that Paradise gang that had rid in.

"You know about Paradise? No? Well, it's a bunch o' owls an' prairie-dogs, about ten mile, t'other way from our run, down the division here, that wants to control the water from Geyser Peak, an' they was a-fightin' us purty mean in them days. But they didn't make it an' they never will, nuther."

Mike's eyes kindled again in reflective silence. But he soon resumed:

"I'm fer peace and kind relations with folks, an' them Paradisers was sure invidyus foes, but, if you'll look this kerrige over pertickler the back end, an' the wheels, you can see they was some reason to it."

Hanley walked to the rear of the cart and read aloud from the dim gilt lettering: "Phœnix of Alta Vista. T'ell with Paradise!"

"That's it," nodded Mike. "I never did favor givin' out that there insultin' text so uncompromisin' in public, no matter what a man might be thinkin'. But once it's give out, you got to support it, an' stand by yer town. It was calc'lated to start things. Things that ther' wa'n't no other way o' stoppin'," he finished after a thoughtful pause. "It looked mighty sassy an' onpolite; special when we had that Phœnix spread-winged onto the front, to balance up this here maxim on the back. Go look into that cupboard in the corner. Tom Maxon had the painter in the back shop do 'er up in gold-leaf that way."

The opened cupboard showed a golden eagle, of noble size, beautifully mounted, with wide-spread wings and opened beak. But it had been treated to a coat of gold-leaf over a coat of shellac, and the rich plumage was ruffled and tufted by the tracks of several bullets.

"But I never took much notice o' Bill Amsler's doin's," he continued, "until my wife, Mis' Denby, an' our neighbor woman, Mis' Sones, went down to Main Street to see the Phœnix go by, when the hide-house burnt, over there on the edge o' the arroyo.

"The Paradise gang had rid in early that evenin' an' it was light yit when the fire busted out. In them days it was a habit fer everybody to line up on the high side o' Main Street an' leave the lower side, which was unbuilt, clear. Then, if the Phœnix was runnin' to anybody's fire that the gang didn't like, it'd be all clear fer takin' a shot at 'er as she went by. It was bad fer the hose.

"Well, old Lazarus owned that fire, an' the Paradisers sure cut loose, good an' frequent. Ain't many spokes there but what's bullet-creased, an' that's the third set o' wheels that's been about shot out o' that machine. But we had patience some, till that evenin' I'm talkin' about.

"Axel Neilson had rid over from off o' the *mesa* that afternoon an' had his big pinto hoss standin' in front o' the drug-store. So he comes lopin' down the street to meet us when the bell rung an' looped up his lariat as he come. When he meets up with us he jest wheels an' drops his loop under the hook onto this tongue here, an' takes a half-hitch around the horn o' his saddle, with about seven yards o' rope out, all on the canter. Then he spurs away ahead o' some fifteen o' us fellers that was pullin' on the tongue an' pushin' behind the kerrige; an' when we steered out fer around the post-office, daggone but we was a-goin'!

"Jest as we was curvin' around the post-office, which had been started on blockin' fer a new location an' was then standin' in the middle o' Main Street, one o' them Paradisers jumped onto his pony an' slung a rope around the Phœnix an' then side-jumped an' stood his hoss, like throwin' a steer.

"Well, o' course, you see what happened quick. The Phœnix turned turtle an' about a dozen o' us with her, into the gutter an' then over onto the board-walk, amongst the rest o' the Paradisers that was all busy takin' a shot at the Phœnix as she rolled over. But what made me see red was Bill Amsler fannin' his gun along with the outsiders, an' Mis' Denby—that's my wife—a-mournin' over two holes that was shot through the pilot slats o' her new helmet.

"I got up an' see Bill about the time he seen me a-comin' fer him. Him bein' caught with his gun empty an' no belt on, an' me havin' none, he made tracks an' pulled his freight fer Greaser Town, acrost the arroyo. Bill had good legs then, an' he made right fair runnin'. But I ain't so

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crippled up, even yit. So after I'd got my Winchester out o' the drug-store, I trailed over soon enough to see Bill, with a full belt, lopin' out o' Mexican José's doby an' up the slope to'rds the graveyard; but too fur off jest then fer a snapshot.

"That's the place, over yon, that some smart Easterner called 'Chihuahua-on-the Hill,' an' the fool name stuck. I suppose if they's all tallied up, takin' it one time an' another, ther's enough boots an' spurs kivered up in that old graveyard to make harness an' fixin's fer a four-mule team an' keep 'em up to business on the trail. They's sure about six o' them Paradisers found peace there the day after the hide-house fire, an' none o' the Paradise bunch has showed as much evil sperit sence.

"But about Bill: You see the place is some hilly, an' with the wide board runnin' around the base o' the picket fence it made fair sort o' hidin' to shoot from in a pinch, an' Bill most gen'ally made fer there when he was pushed.

"Well, it was comin' dusk, an' I got a little too anxious, account o' his doin' that mean shootin' in Mis' Denby's bonnet, an' I come out o' the arroyo exposed, when he was gittin' in behind the fence. He put a glance shot along the bar'l o' my rifle jest as I was about to unhook 'er. His ball split my left arm from wrist to elbow, light-like, but it spiled my first shot, an' sent it wild.

"He got too sure then, Bill did. Layin' onto his stomach, he give a shout o' vict'ry an' crossed his legs up behind his back, like fer a fancy shot, soon as I'd show out o' the arroyo ag'in'. While I was a-squeezin' up my arm some Bill fergot his legs was a-stickin' up behind the pickets, an' I thought it was better jedgment to take what I could see than to guess at what was down behind the board.

"That's when he lost the leg, an' that's how. Soon as my .45 soft-nose reached him he let out a yell that wa'n't no shout o' vict'ry, an' chucked his gun over the fence into the trail. I picked 'er up an' helped him into town, an' Doc Maxon shortened him up sufficient; but he ain't been friendly much, ner frisky sence. He's liable to bust out some day yit, mebbe. No tellin', when the bell rings."

Joe looked thoughtful as they arose and left the little building, and when they had reached the corner of the plaza in silence they halted and looked a moment into each other's eyes.

"Can we do it?" said Joe.

"We can," Mike answered. "I know the *alcalde's* views. He wants it done. Will you take chief, an' us old fellers back you?"

"If you say so," replied Joe.

"Ther'll be a public meetin' called fer this evenin'. The shop band plays in the plaza to-night, anyway. Ther'll be more er less o' Paradise up here, an' we might as well let 'em see that we're growin'. You be here an' you'll sure be elected. *Adios*," and Mike moved on leisurely homeward.

Seeing Jim Fairlie, town marshal, standing at the drug-store corner, Mike took that turn in his homeward course after parting with Hanley. When he left Fairlie, a few minutes later, the stocky little marshal drawled, "Sure. I'll go up to the house now an' git my other gun."

"You tell the *alcalde* that I'd special like this to be to-night," said Mike, "an' that you an' me will steer things. But ring the bell slow an' peaceable, an' don't git things stirred up too much at the start. We kin hold 'em, with the band."

So it came about that when the stars were looking steadily down upon the plaza, with its throng of varicolored faces pressing in about the flaring lights of the little band-stand, the pretty closing strains of "La Fandango del Agua Blanca" were followed by the musical call of the bell. Very guardedly the first stroke rang, and echoed away against the cliff. When the instant shuffle of the crowd and the sound of scurrying horses' feet upon the rim of the throng had quieted to a questioning murmur, the company call was regularly taken up by the old bell.

"One! One-two-three!" it rang, again and again, until the people, silent for the most part, filled the little plaza. Then, following the lead of Mike, Joe, and Fairlie, from the fire-shed, they swayed back toward the band-stand, and pressed close to it, as before. Mounting the short flight of steps, the three men advanced upon the platform, and at a motion from Fairlie the band instruments were lowered.

"Git action on it, Jim," advised Mike in a whisper, and Fairlie went to the railing where the crowd was densest. Slowly he hitched up his belt with the indescribable

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twist that only a seasoned frontiersman or a soldier can accomplish gracefully.

"Men of Alta Vista," spoke Fairlie; "an' I see a few friends from Paradise has rid in——"

"You bet. Rah fer Paradise!" yelled a rider on the fringe of the crowd and spurred his horse into a curveting buck-jump that brought forth a stifled cheer and drew half a dozen other galloping horsemen after him. They circled the edges of the crowd and came back with a swoop to the starting-point. Unmoved, Fairlie waited until the little cavalcade came to a spectacular halt in the outer rim of light from the band-stand.

"That'll be all right about Paradise," he then announced slowly; "an' we're glad to have the folks from down that way with us, showin' life an' action. But we don't have no more time fer them amusements this evenin'. We're here to begin reorg'nizin' the town fire company, an' I'm dep'tized by the *alcalde* to say his say, him not bein' present in person. I ther'fore offer in evidence as the sense o' this meetin' our friend an' ex-chief o' the Alta Vista Fire Department, Mike Denby. He knows my sentiments. Mr. Denby will talk to you," he concluded, with a jerk of his thumb in Mike's direction, after a searching glance at the Paradise outriders.

"Got a gun?" Mike asked hastily of Joe while Fairlie was talking. Before Joe could reply Mike cautioned in undertones: "Don't shown none. We've got plenty fer war, here an' scattered through the crowd; an' you're to be the emblem o' peace this evenin'."

"You people o' Alta Vista—an' Paradise—know me well enough, I reckon," said Mike, taking his stand beside Fairlie. "I've done my best by this town, one way an' another, goin' an' comin', times I'm not on the road, an' always will, accordin' to my lights.

"The marshal has said the business o' this meetin' all well, an' what we most need now, havin' the hose-kerrige an' the fire-house, is a new chief. Time was when ther' was disagreements an' some signs o' bad feelin' durin' the workin's o' the comp'ny, but them emotions we expect is passed with time gone."

"Oh, I don' know," spoke an unfriendly voice from the centre of the crowd, and Bill Amsler's face, flushed with feeling, stretched higher above the throng, and his right shoulder heaved slowly above the level. "Ther's folks in this town that needs be lots more keerful with the'r shootin' an' the'r talkin' in times o' public interest."

"Right fer you, neighbor," replied Mike without venom. "It's well an' timely said. This here left arm o' mine is a-stiffenin' more'n is comfortable as time gits furder from the hide-house burnin'. But I ain't carryin' no ill feelin's that can't be kivered under the stamp o' that leg o' yours. So let's let it go as it lays, an' continue the times o' peace."

A murmur of approval ran through the gathering, which was well leavened with railroad men. Amsler's shoulder went down and he edged into the lesser light of the group and subsided.

"There is here," said Mike, "a young man, Joe Hanley, that most o' you know an' some o' you don't. I guarantee him to stand er run with the comp'ny accordin' to the town's needs, an' I put him in nomination fer chief. Is there any other candidates?"

"There is not," said Jim Fairlie promptly. "All in favor o' makin' this election unanimous, say so now."

If there was objection offered it was lost in the affirmative shout of friends and in the single blare of the band that came with suspicious timeliness. Before Joe could fully grasp the fact that he was elected there were calls, both friendly and jeering, for a speech, and he was standing at the rail in front of Fairlie and Denby.

"Make yer play, Joe. You needn't say much," prompted Mike aside; "but be careful what you say."

Joe flushed as he surveyed the serious-faced gathering and felt the intensity of the fires of life that burned there. Then he stiffened, with a flash of his gray eyes, and spoke.

"I want to live here," be began abruptly; "I like it and want to help. I am obliged to you for the office of chief. Other officers, I am told, will be elected; but it will all amount to nothing unless everybody helps. To promote good feeling, I propose that we take out the hose-cart now and invite the boys from Paradise to hitch on and join us in a parade up Main Street and back to the plaza. Let us head up with Marshal

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The practice runs went on with increasing interest.—Page 724.

Jim Fairlie, Mike Denby, Bill Amsler, and the band. Are there any objections to the idea?"

Something between a growl and a groan broke from Mike and Fairlie, but the thing was done.

"Pardner, there is," said a mountaineer, who had been standing close in front of Joe. As he spoke the man laid the blue muzzle of a big revolver on the second rail of the bandstand. The upturned bore stared threateningly into Joe's astonished face and swayed only enough to cover Fairlie and Denby at his side.

"There is objections. An' I give notice that if I'm gun-covered, back er front, before the p'int's settled you're sure covered; an' ther's others covered. I advise fer peace."

There came the deadly rustling swish of guns stealthily leaving holsters, but not a hammer clicked. The thing was too complete and certain as it stood. Joe stood transfixed and gazing vacantly down into the big muzzle. His ruddy cheeks slowly turned white, and his nostrils tightened noticeably. Then suddenly the color surged back into his face, and he did something that has cost many a man his life in like position. He smiled.

But this was a pervasive, friendly smile, that took in the gun and the gunner, and those beyond him. Joe saw the softened reflection of his own face in the faces below him as they relaxed. He had arrived at the other man's point of view, and it conjured a picture that made him smile even into the muzzle of the gun.

"Are you from Paradise?" he quietly asked of the man.

"I am," said the man with the gun.

"I think you are right to object," said Joe steadily. "State your point, but lower the gun. I have none, anyway, and if we were on the engine it would look to me like heading into a tunnel just now."

A gritty sort of laugh rippled through the crowd, but mixed with it was the dull thud of steel in leather, as unseen guns went back into hidden holsters.

Mike breathed a sigh of relief and said low to Fairlie: "It's all right now. Hold steady."

"The pint is," said the man as he looked closely at Mike and Fairlie and allowed the muzzle to slip below the rail, "that as long as we got to come up here from Paradise to Alta Vista, visitin', an' the like, we don't keer to be insulted an' worked up no more by indecent messages onto public vehicles; not while they's a gun left to shoot. But we're wantin' peace, as I announced."

"The neighbor from Paradise refers, I believe, to some inscriptions on the rear of the hose-carriage, with which you are prob-

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ably all familiar," announced Joe in quiet seriousness. "I would move you that the offensive lettering be at once removed, and that we then proceed with the parade. Will somebody second that motion?"

"I second the motion. The man is wrong with his gun, which we fergive, an' he's right with his p'int, which we all applauds," said Fairlie promptly. "This is a meetin' fer peace."

"Question!" said Mike heartily.

"You have heard the motion, gentlemen. All in favor signify by saying 'Aye.'"

The shout of "Ayes" that went up was whipped to a crescendo of "Yip-yip-yee's" from a shadowy line of circling Paradise horsemen and a volley of high-aimed guns that gave Alta Vista almost the vim of a cow-town in jubilee. Then the throng broke and headed for the hose-house.

That night Alta Vista, along Main Street and the plaza, saw a new sight. Following the valiant shop band, Jim Fairlie, Bill Amsler, Mike Denby, and the citizen from Paradise, four abreast, and afoot, led a small platoon of Paradise horse that drew the "Phœnix of Alta Vista" with half a dozen lariats. Joe, hoisted by friendly hands, rode the hose-carriage with the dilapidated eagle, and two by two the crowd brought up the rear. What Mike had called the "insultin' text" had vanished under a bar of fresh shale-red paint, and all was peace and good-will.

It was a joyful mood of Alta Vista, and the enlivening strains of "The Dance of the White Water" again fared forth, but now mingled with the jubilant crash of guns that had not been heard since the night of the hide-house fire. The far sounds and echoes of it survived after the Paradise delegation had galloped away into the night and the Phœnix was safely housed and the plaza lights were out. The Phœnix, for once, had gone proudly unscathed.

When Denby, Fairlie, and Amsler had libated and talked out their peace powwow at the drug-store, and were about to separate for home, Mike ventured an opinion.

"I expect ther's something into a young feller that kin start up a thing as bristly as that was fer a few minutes, an' then throw an' tie it, without gittin' hurt."

"Ther' is," said Amsler.

"You bet," said Fairlie.

The reorganization of the fire company and the practice runs in convenient afternoons and evenings went on with increasing interest and enthusiasm during the summer. It was not until a pleasant evening in early September that the results of Mike's coaching and Joe's generalship were put to the test. On that day all trains had come through on time and the town was serene, but very much alive with the making up of trains and the home-coming of crews. Nearly a full fire company could have been mustered just before José Alvarez Conquistador Rodriguez precipitated a crisis. Oddly enough, it was this "Yellow Conk" whose spasmodic enthusiasm had won for him the distinction of being the only Mexican in the company, who brought about its undoing.

Much of the mild, sunny afternoon he had reclined dreamily against a packing-case on the freight-house platform. His sleepy eyes saw dimly, when at all, the chortling switch-engines that untiringly backed and filled cars into trains in the yard before him. There was nothing to be anxious about. The engines were for the working. Why not, then, the *siesta?*

Finally, when the yards were quieting down and the echoes fell fewer from the Rim Rock cliff, "Conk" arose and yawned luxuriously. His left hand searched out tobacco while his right found paper, and slowly he rolled a cigarette. Properly moistened, it hung at a careless angle from his lips as he indolently surveyed the crowded yards and with much deliberation twirled a match between thumb and finger.

Canting his high, conical hat, with its brave filigree band and bell-buttoned brim, to a more soothing angle above his eyes, he lifted one graceful corduroyed leg, gazed far away across the sunny reaches of the open, and struck the match with a languid sweep. A slow smile spread over his lazy, handsome face as he expelled the first deep inhalation of fragrant smoke and tossed the glowing match stem over his shoulder.

Buena! Ah, it was good!

It was good and, so being, Conquistador, the immortal, was in the next moment gathered unto his fathers, and poor "Conk," the mortal, was scattered wide upon the yards, leaving little but the unresistant sombrero, with its now pitiful little bells, and the splintered and spattered freight-house to mark his exit. The heavy box of

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Stretched Joe and his group of helpers like tumbled nine-pins.—Page 726.

explosive had been marked plainly enough, but not upon the side where "Conk" had dreamed the sunny hours away.

The freight-house was flaming when the old bell sent out its hurried alarm, and Joe, with many others of his patiently drilled company, came promptly to the work. Fleet and strong, they ran the distance bravely, amid cheers. Deftly the agile pipeman dropped off at the plug. The reel spun out the well-kept hose, and the hose-cart was thrust into an outer angle of the burning building—and forgotten.

So sure were they of their skill that Joe straightened and waved the signal for water before the nozzle was screwed into place. The long line of hose leaped and bellied and writhed under the hurtling rush of the heavy head of water, and they grouped anxiously over the big nozzle. The nozzle jammed, cross-threaded, and locked itself hopelessly askew, just when Mike broke through the

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circle and joined Joe and his lieutenants. With a heavy chug, the water struck the last kink in the hose and lifted, then stretched Joe and his group of helpers, like tumbled nine-pins, around the feet of Mike.

Then the freed nozzle raised and struck like a living thing at Mike. He went down, bruised and stunned, upon the shattered group. Once more, the nozzle raised and struck a sounding blow upon the muddy mass of them, and then it fell clear of the gushing hose. A moment more, and the rout was complete. The anxious pipeman, watching the nozzle signals, had wrenched the plug-screw down heedlessly until it burst the bottom from the only available plug. It was a sorry group that the towns-folk and the remainder of the company pulled from the little pool in which they lay, with the nozzleless hose pouring a weak and gulping stream of muddy water among the fallen ones.

"It's bad," said Mike, as they helped him to the drug-store; "but don't you mind too much, boys. Things is happenin' all the time, you know; an' always will be."

"But the freight-house is gone," gritted Joe between his teeth, and tears of anger and mortification ran freely down his muddy face.

"Yes," said Mike; "an' the Phœnix is gone. She burned with the rest of it. But you tried, didn't you?"

"Yes; but what a try!" groaned Joe, with a backward glance at the smouldering mass by the tracks.

Here the story of the Phœnix might end but for a letter or two which Mike proudly showed a short time ago, when the love of the old days, and of the boys who were there then, decided us to get off at Alta Vista. We found him contentedly watching the antics of a team of young fire-horses, as they galloped in practice, with a glistening apparatus. Above the door of the engine-house before which he sat a bird of wonderful design in gilt and bronze presided over the legend "Phœnix Company, No. 1."

"Remember Joe?" he asked presently, and a kindly light spread and settled upon his face.

"Read that," he commanded, as we assured him that the memory of Joe was clear and dear to us.

He handed us a letter that bore the name of a great railroad. On the letter-head Joe's name is among those of the men who rule, but the letter was boyish, pleading, in its familiar phrasing.

DEAR OLD PARTNER [it ran]: Are you there, I wonder, and is it still well with you all?

I hear of Alta Vista often, as a city growing, and once or twice of late I have heard of you through the boys who scattered from there. But you will not write—or you would not—and I am wanting the sight of you to-day somehow in surprising fashion.

You may see from this letter that it is as you once said to me. Some must go beyond the timber-line of the crowd, while some must work at tide-water. And some, good friend, like you, stay long upon the sunny slopes and make the rest of us possible.

I suspect that I have been above timber-line too long, as you would say, and that I am a trifle chilled. Write me, will you not, for the once, and send me the feel of Alta Vista? JOE.

"The boy's tired; jest plumb tired," nodded Mike with emphasis, as he returned the letter to his pocket and drew another which he did not at once unfold.

"I writ him t'other day, an' told him we're a city that has no equal of its size. I told him that our old hen has a brood o' chickens; and the birds are nestin' an' singin' an' the posies a-bloomin' in the Water Canyon, same as of old; an' that you kin see as fur as ever from our front porch over to the *mesa*.

"An' I says further to him that the Phœnix has riz, finer than ever, from her own ashes—er some'res else," he interjected, with a slow smile, "an' that he's to come out here next summer an' we'll meet him with the band an' turn out the new comp'ny, an' give him the town. Er we'll muzzle it up still an' quiet fer him; whichever he wants. An' this here's what he says," glowed Mike in conclusion.

We took the proffered letter and read:

DEAR OLD MIKE: I am coming in the summer; back to where I got my first real discipline and first tasted the wholesome bitterness of defeat.

I want to see the new Phœnix, and the other birds, and things generally. I will risk the band, but if the fire company is not better than the one I drilled, please set a close guard around the freight-house before you turn the boys loose. JOE.

"When we git that car o' his'n into Alta Vista yard we'll jest set the clock back five years fer him the first day, an' more to follow. That's what he's needin'. He sure never fergot Alta Vista. None o' the boys do," said Mike, as we left him.

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YOUNG LOVE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

EVERY afternoon as he strolled up the brilliant crowded Avenue in the fading light the young man used to say to himself, "I wonder if I shall see her to-day," and, neglecting others eminently worthy of casual observation, he would keep a careful watch, behind his amused glances at the passing show, for the wonderful one.

She, most considerately, had reappeared —not once, but even twice!—since the memorable day when first she gloriously dawned upon him, making him tingle and rejoice that such things could be in such a world. For he had begun to think it rather a dreary world, now that he had come from college supposedly to conquer it. The glamour of life alone in a strange place was wearing off, because it was no longer strange; it was merely lonely—some interest more personal, less detached, was needed to restrain the tribal instinct to return to his own distant city where pleasant paths were laid down for him, where he would not be a detached nonentity. Well, he had it now, a very vivid personal interest, and it was the more alluring because elusive and mysterious.

His handful of friends in the preoccupied city of his adoption, had any of them encountered him upon his daily quest, would never have suspected what was going on behind the bright boyish exterior of this good-looking new-comer; he did not seem to be the sentimental sort, this quietly observant young man with the half-hidden humorous twinkle in his eyes. Men pronounced him a good fellow and surprisingly sophisticated for his years; women, taking more seriously the aristocratic connections, as they called it, from which he had cut loose to go it alone, considered him a rather dashing young person. He had a reserved, impersonally gallant manner toward themselves. He piqued an interest of which he was unaware.

Sometimes he found himself in imagination performing brave deeds for the lady of his adoration—such vivid impossible scenes, in which her horse ran away, or some brute of the town annoyed her. Oh, the delight of dashing to the rescue at the risk of one's life, or "knocking the villain down" and quickly disappearing in the crowd without a word. (They always disappear "without a word.") In his case he made it "without even waiting for a glance of gratitude," for he thought it might be uncomfortable to feel beholden to a stranger —like himself. No hope of reward was behind these boyish fancies, no design for romantic meetings; it would be enough, so much more than one could deserve, to know and to remember always that he had been the one! that he had enabled her to go on her lovely way again in beautiful serenity, wonderful as ever, and carrying with her, wherever she went, his distant devotion—though she would never know it.

II

WHEN they met it was in most unromantic settings—at a tea! a tea of all places, midst a babble of stupid talk and silly laughter. But he did not think about the settings now, for here she was at last, the one of all the world, the wondrous personage, the fair lady of his dreams and far more fair than ever he had dreamed, looking into his eyes, listening to him, actually addressing words to him in a clear, crisp voice not unlike the one he had imagined for her, with delicate intonations and musical cadences which subtly suggested rich depths of fineness, wonderful heights of supremacy.

But that was not all; she even favored him with the delectable privilege of a rescue —after a fashion: "Would you mind taking me into the other room?" she suddenly asked leaning towards him as if to exclude the rest of the world, "I am dying for a cup of tea—have you had your tea?"

But his eyes, though dazzled, were ob-

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servant and he perceived that this move was to elude a tall serious-looking man bearing down upon them. Her real purpose in running away was to make the other man run after her—but this was not understood by the boy until long afterwards.

They found a secluded spot in a remote corner of the house, and the boy made her comfortable with sofa cushions in a window seat. The music and the babble were less insistent here. The air was cooler, and the fragrance of flowers came through the open window from a small but perfect garden beneath. The girl, observing his interestingly deferential attitude in looking out for her, wondered who he might be. He seemed an intelligent sort with good manners, even something of a manner, and so very nice to look at, with fine eyes and a clean ruddiness, like an athlete fresh from the bath. She turned and looked at him with clear-eyed calmness as he took his place beside her.

"Who are you?" she asked. "You interest me so much."

But if she thought to disconcert him she was mistaken. He was not a shy boy; he was not thinking about himself, but about her. Any unusual thing she might say or do would seem charming and wonderful, but not unexpected. "So glad I interest you," he said gravely but with a twinkle in the look he gave her. "You do me, too."

She had not expected him to say quite that. She thought him too young to be so self-contained. "How old are you?" she asked.

The boy was young enough not to relish being patronized, old enough not to say so. He knew she was trying to have fun with him. So, before answering this rather audacious question, he turned and looked at her with thoughtful interest, but with no audible comment—and he kept on looking until, strangely enough, her own gaze fluttered and fled. Then he said quietly, "About your own age, I think."

She laughed applaudingly. The young man had a way with him; he was not so callow as she had guessed. There was the nicest homage in his eyes, his attitude, in his unembarrassed silences—but no humility. He might adore one, but he would respect himself. She despised them when abject almost as much as she hated them when familiar.

"Suppose you tell me your name?" she said, again in a most matter-of-fact manner, "it would be more convenient."

Again he pleased her by neither blushing nor laughing; he nodded lightly as though it seemed a most reasonable request. "My name is Hunter," he said. "What do you think of it?"

"Nice," she replied, distinguishing the common adjective by her manner of using it. "What is your first name?"

"Not so nice—James."

"James?" she repeated reflectively; "Jimmy Hunter. I was trying to recall where I had met you."

There was a pause. He did not enlighten her.

"Where was it?"

"In the other room."

"I mean the first time—where were we introduced?"

"We've not been introduced as yet."

This answer rather took her aback, but she would not let him guess that. "Then why did you speak to me?" she asked, as if merely interested to find out.

"You spoke first, you know. I couldn't very well cut you. I don't believe you are used to being cut—are you?"

"But you looked——"

"I only looked as if I wished I knew you—but I couldn't very well help that."

He did it beautifully. She glanced at this young stranger with new interest. He seemed distinctly worth knowing. "Well, we know each other now at any rate," she said. "My name is Gertrude Post."

"I knew that," he said.

"How did you know it?" she asked.

"I have known it ever since—do you happen to remember crossing on a German steamer a few months ago?"

"Ah, so *that* must be where I had seen you," she broke in.

"You did not seem to," he remarked quietly.

Again she laughed musically. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter about that now," she said; "and as we've both been guests of the Prangs to-day, perhaps we can manage without an introduction—don't *you* think so?" She handed him her empty cup and arose to leave him; for the tall serious man had, quite as she intended, tracked her down at last. "You've had no tea," she said by way of dismissing the younger man.

"But you see I'm not a guest of the

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Who are you?" she asked. "You interest me so much."—Page 728.

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What's-their-names," he replied, not wishing to leave now that he had found her at last.

She wondered what might that mean? She lingered to inquire.

"Oh, nothing," he answered lightly, "only—well I don't mind beating my way in here, but I draw the line on stealing their food."

She sat down again, pretending not to see the tall man; he could hover at a distance a little longer. "Do you mean, you weren't invited? Then why did you come?"

The boy looked at her in silence and then looked far away. "I'd rather not tell you," he said, though his eyes had already done so.

She ignored that, but she liked it. "How did you 'beat your way in?'" she asked, smiling indulgently; "tell me all about it."

He was not inclined to boast of his exploit, but again she showed signs of leaving him, so he explained that he had simply come in behind "some others," and that the hostess, shaking hands mechanically with the line of arriving guests, had told him how good of him it was to come, and that he had told her how kind it was of her to say so. She had tried to look as if she had merely forgotten his name temporarily, and he had tried to show her that he had no intention of storing it up against her, because we all forget names, and this seemed to relieve her mind considerably. "As a matter of fact," he added with the grave manner the girl was beginning to understand and like, "I had never heard of her name either, so that about evens matters up, you see."

The girl laughed, this time with the most piquant merriment in the glances she gave him, as if they were already quite old friends; and the boy was glad he had told her because she was so lovely when she laughed that way and because her look made him feel that she had forgiven him. But she had only been amused, and welcomed the zest and daring of his following her into this exclusive home; and though his declining to accept a cup of tea there was a subtle, a humorous discrimination for a romantic intruder, she liked that too—perhaps because it was subtle and humorous. "You are altogether delightful. I must see more of you," she said, and with that turned to admit the other man to her presence, for she knew it was not safe to keep him longer at a distance. "Will you come to see me, Mr. Hunter? I am at home on Tuesdays."

Jimmy kindled with surprise and gratitude. "You know I will," he said deferentially.

"But not without an invitation—in my case," she whispered mischievously, and then dismissed him with a most conventional, "So you must be going on? Good afternoon."

And Jimmy, glancing back, saw her absorbedly listening to the serious person comfortably ensconced where he had been. Then he returned to the lonely quarters he was learning to call home—for that was the only place he could "go on" to.

III

THE boy called on the next Tuesday afternoon and on several others, even finally when it was not Tuesday, though these latter opportunities came but rarely; for naturally there were many demands on her time, many places to go to—where Jimmy was not invited. "But I thought you did not let little things like that stand in your way," she once said banteringly. He smiled at the jibe, but did not explain that it would be conscious and abhorrent to repeat the impulsive act. She saw this, understood, and liked him the more for not caring to do it again.

If she seemed a more frivolous divinity than the one he had worshipped from a distance, she was not less alluring for it. Beings like her, he supposed, found it necessary to wear a shield to hide the elusive personality beneath from the impious gaze of strangers, like himself. He was fascinated by watching the flashing shield, but under his own light banter lay a vague hope of being tested and tried and not found wanting, of being admitted some day to the real presence. He sought nothing, wanted nothing, except the exquisite pleasure of seeing her, of knowing she was there. It was young love.

But somehow in a stupid conventional drawing-room there weren't many opportunities for being tested and tried. Seldom could he even worship alone, and thus far the only services he had been permitted to render were repetitions of that first memorable one: it pleased her to intrust him at

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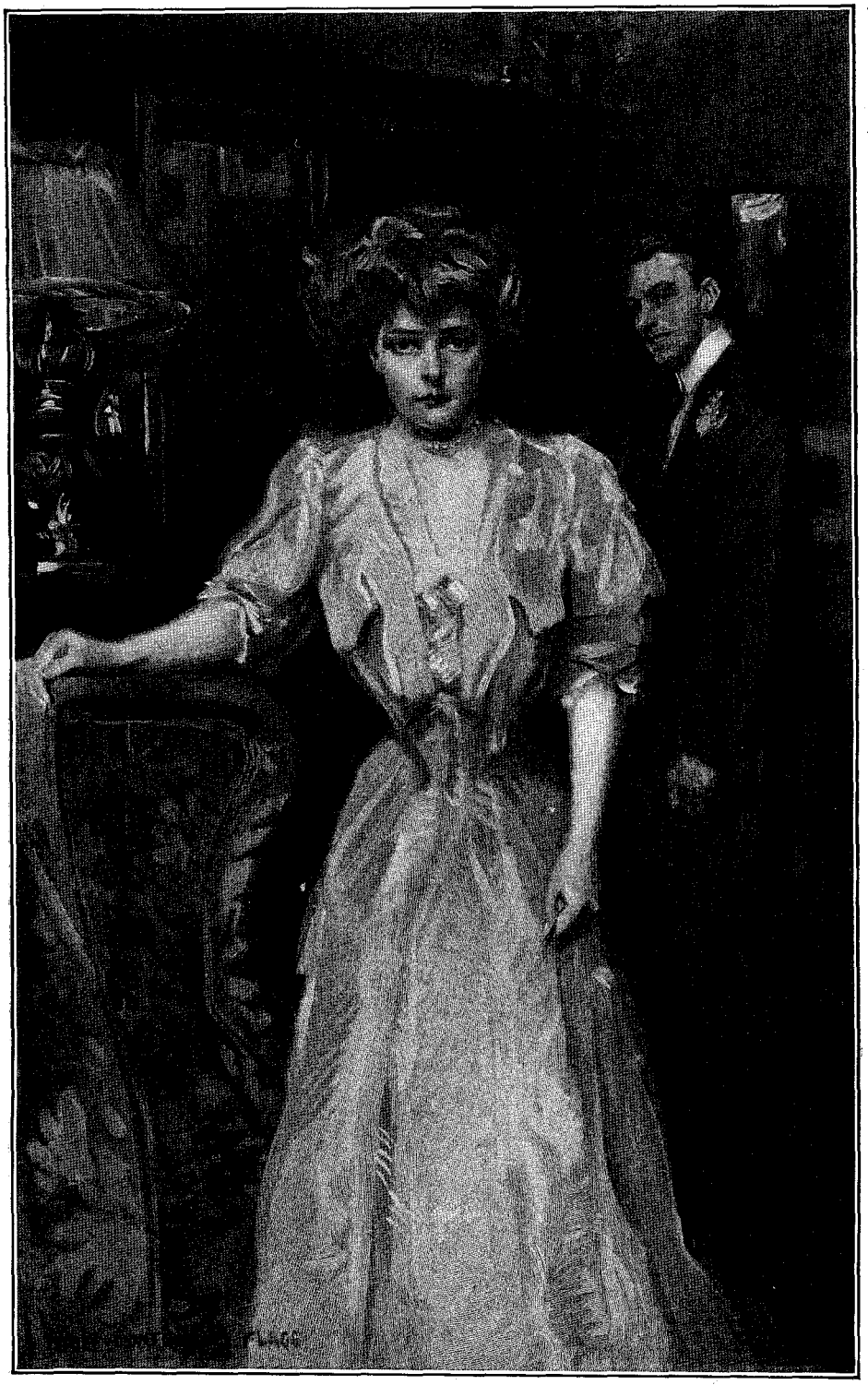

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He looked at her, laughed a little and left her.—Page 736.

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times with the task of rescuing her from the serious person, who pursued her persistently, it seemed. At this delicate art the boy proved clever, tactful too, surprisingly a man of the world; but he did not like this sort of thing in itself, though the rewards were ample. He continued to do what was expected of him only to save the lady, as he supposed, poor innocent, from annoyance or unmitigated boredom.

The other man was, very likely, something of a bore, but whether unmitigated or not depended upon the point of view. He was a scion of "the" Thorpes. From young Hunter's point of view that meant nothing, for his traditions were not Manhattan traditions; it will be remembered that he had never even heard of "the Prangs!" So it did not occur to him that there might be other reasons for her showing marked favor in the presence of Wilbur Thorpe to a good-looking newcomer on the field. Perhaps it did not occur to her either, quite so baldly as that; perhaps it was merely the unconscious practice of the art her sex has cultivated since ages before they considered the other arts worthy of their attention. But to Jimmy it sometimes seemed that she was rather cruel and inconsiderate to Thorpe, who after all, he discovered, was a pretty good sort considering his magnificent limitations of Manhattan insularity. And this did not seem in character, for, whatever other girls whom he had known might be, this golden girl must be all things lovely and kind. So he felt rather sorry for Thorpe—and never thought of feeling sorry for himself.

"You don't seem to like Wilbur very much?" he said quizzically one day as he took the place she made for him near her by the tea things, while Thorpe across the room made a brave show of being contented where he was.

"Oh, yes," she replied intimately, "I like him, but I like to make him jump," and changed the subject.

Jimmy she no longer tried to make jump; he made her jump, and that was another reason she liked to have him around. One afternoon as he approached the house with the pleasant perturbation which had not decreased since the first time he rang the wonderful door-bell, the also wonderful victoria was drawing up at the curb, and she appeared at the door-way dressed for driving. He stopped and watched her as she descended the steps, radiant, indolent, splendid and elusive. He had not seen her for what seemed a very long time, for though to him it was a matter of indifference what her friends might think of his frequent recurrence in the Post's popular drawing-room, to her he did not want to prove a nuisance. And now she was fleeing just when he had found her. He realized how much he had counted upon this chance half-hour. But he covered it up with a blithe salutation, and he helped her into her carriage like a gay courtier.

She lingered to tell him how heart-broken she was to miss his call and reproached him beautifully upon his late neglect of her. "I'm dying to have a good talk with you," she said, making ready to start off.

"Naturally you won't let me jump in beside you, will you?"

"Naturally," she said drawing up the robe. But seeing the interesting twinkle in his eye, and knowing his precocious contempt for the laws of her world she waited to hear what he had to say about it.

"Now, if I were only a groom," he sighed looking down the stiff, conventional street at a runabout approaching, "then you would take me, wouldn't you? like this obliging girl driving the negro. Isn't it nice of her to take him driving!"

"If you were only a groom!" said Miss Post, and away she swept leaving him alone upon the deserted street, gazing after her until she disappeared around the corner.

The next afternoon while Gertrude was dressing a knock came at the door, her maid entered and said, "The runabout is waiting, Ma'am."

Miss Post looked blank a moment and then stepped to the window. There sat Jimmy Hunter in a runabout, quite complete in whip-cords and a white cravat, chin and whip elevated at the proper angle. "The rascal," she said smiling, but decided to cut her engagement—which happened to be with Wilbur.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed, as he jumped down respectfully to help her in.

"There are advantages in being unknown," he muttered contentedly, looking solemnly ahead as they sped up the gayly crowded avenue, driving in very good form. And then he had two wonderful hours of her, all to himself away up through the

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west drive of the park and beyond, with no one to interrupt.

"How perfectly you dress the part," she said critically.

"And look it too?" he supplemented inquiringly.

She said he did not look quite like a groom, and was amused because he seemed disappointed. "But you drive well," she assured him.

"I'll let you drive me when we reach the park," he said. "Yes, I'm not a bad groom," he added complacently. But at that point she bowed to someone passing in a cab and before he realized it Jimmy had lifted his hat, which made them both burst out laughing.

"That was pretty bad," she said reddening.

Especially as it was Wilbur, thought Hunter, now recalling Thorpe's look of abject horror at recognizing Jimmy as they flashed by. "I'm afraid we made him jump a good deal that time," he said much amused.

She was discomfited by this inopportune meeting, and she thought it presumptuous in young Jimmy to say "we." What really disturbed her, however, was the consciousness of being disingenuous in her attitude towards the boy beside her, and she did not like to be consciously disingenuous—especially with such a nice boy. So that may be why, as they presently slowed down through an uncrowded part of the park, she felt called upon to remark quite languidly, "But you must promise me one thing, Jimmy"—she often called him Jimmy nowadays, only she pronounced it almost caressingly as if it ended in ie, and with a sort of pause between the two syllables, as if divided by a hyphen. And a hyphen would indicate quite as much of the charm it held for Jimmy as printed words would sound like the music of her tingling voice—"You must promise not to fall in love with me."

It was so sudden that he blushed (and she saw it—a most charming blush) but he only replied gamely, "Why not?"

"Because then, don't you see, I should hate you," adding softly, "and think how I'd hate to have to hate you, Jimmy."

He did not fancy this sort of thing very much himself, and it was rather jarring to his exalted conception of her. So he merely replied, with his eyes upon some passing old ladies taking their airing, "Yes, I suppose they *must* prove rather trying, when they——" but he couldn't bring himself to use the words.

"—when they become abject and absurd," she put in with delightful disdain.

"Poor girl," said Jimmy with a twinkling glance of pretended sympathy, "what a horrible life you must lead." He was looking at her face as he spoke and kept on looking for a moment with the mischievous mingling of deference and humorous understanding which always puzzled and piqued her, until finally she found her eyes fluttering and her cheeks flushing.

What was one to do with such a boy? He knew too much; he was so gallantly impertinent. He did not realize how young he was; it seemed necessary to make him realize it. And yet she always found him more amusing when he forgot. She felt instinctively how easily she could gain power over him if she cared to try—and how tempting it was to try. She thought she had been exceptionally kind and considerate to refrain, and it was perilous for him to provoke her so.

As if guessing what was in her mind he said with gay humility, as they drew up at the curb before her house, "Well, I've had my warning, haven't I? That was so kind of you." But as he helped her down there was nothing but mocking defiance in his handsome young eyes.

IV

"But we've been back in town for over a month—you must have known it, Jimmy," she was saying reproachfully. "Why have you neglected me so?"

Though he had no intention of telling the real reason he hoped to be able presently to say something, but all he could do at first was to tell himself that it was true that he was in her presence once more, while he tingled with the delight of it; best of all, that she was glad enough to see him to chide him for keeping away so long. They had met near the corner, quite by chance, and were now comfortably seated by the tea things near the window. Outwardly all was as it used to be.

"But then," she said banteringly, as she put two lumps in his cup without asking, "you never really appreciated me, Jimmy." This meant that she had never succeeded in making him say so, though, to be sure,

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she had never tried very conscientiously. Besides he had served her purpose in a more important way. "You know I am your devoted slave," his smiling manner always seemed to say, "so why say so and spoil everything?" It was quite disarming but quite exasperating. She could not help wanting to hear him say it—and without the smile.

To the young man there was something almost hysterically amusing in the thought of his not "appreciating" her, so the corners of his mouth twitched as he leaned forward to take the cup which she held out.

"Are you laughing at me, Jimmy?" she asked archly as he sat down again. She did not think he was, but his back was towards the window and she could not make out his expression. He had always been harder to understand than other men but she felt that he came nearer to understanding her than any of them.

"If I only could!" he thought, gazing helplessly across the space between them at her careless loveliness, with the fading light playing softly upon her shadowy eyes. "No," he replied, "I don't laugh at you any more." There was a volume of meaning in the quiet words—but she did not see it.

"Any more!" she repeated, lifting her eyebrows.

"Oh, I used to," he said. "You occasionally seemed rather ridiculous."

She bit her lip, not wishing the boy to know how much she cared. "Am I ridiculous to you now?" she asked with pretended timidity, her fair head tipped to one side.

Then it came out, quite casually. "No," said the boy, "you see, I love you now."

Even if he had intended to say it at all, this was not the time or the place for it. But his lips had said it while his hand kept on stirring his tea. "Now you know why I've tried to keep away," he said nodding convincingly. "Naturally," he went on, paraphrasing her warning, "I hate to have you hate me. But I think I did rather well to stand up so long." He looked at her over his tea-cup and smiled a little. "I believe you do too."

It had come at last, the thing she had done so much to bring about, but did not want to happen, the moment she had awaited with interest from the beginning but meant to postpone indefinitely, the thing she hated and loved, wanted and despised, and it had come about so quietly, so unexpectedly that for once she had nothing to say. Moreover, the moment was passing with a matter-of-factness which, it must be confessed, disappointed her. She had expected better things of him. He had the potentialities of such a wonderful lover; she felt cheated—more than that; she suddenly experienced, because she was guilty, the old disquieting sense of his seeing through her and laughing in his sleeve. With a flash of shame it occurred to her that all he was saying, so deferentially, with no hint of expectation, no cue for a reply, might be only a carefully prepared fib to explain his keeping away so long, a pretext for breaking with her entirely. He was gallantly capable of that, and the calm young effrontery of it amazed her.

He was gazing into his cup. "Well, I suppose you are hating me a good deal by this time," he said with a sort of grimace, and drank the rest of his tea. "But at any rate I'm not very abject, am I?"

She broke her silence by a low laugh of complete understanding, and leaned towards him. "Did you really expect me to believe a word of it?" she asked musically.

He looked up in surprise, then nodded comprehendingly. "Just like you," he said, "to want to let me down easily—you are always kind—but what's the use?" Then he went on, his eyes averted and a shake in his voice which she mistook for the self-consciousness of an inexperienced flirt: "Of course it's a great disappointment to me to have it all end this way. Perhaps you'll think it absurd, but I had ventured to hope that I might be of use to you somehow or other before being sent away. I owe you so much. In this big, bad city of yours a man all alone—well, I don't know where I might not have ended up, if I hadn't had you to think about, you to see once in a while, to remember always. I've got that still."

She was a woman, not a divinity, and women want to be wanted, not to be worshipped merely; and because she was insincere she did not appreciate the simple sincerity of this boyish confession. She had not consciously exercised any beneficent influence, was not particularly interested in doing so. She was not accustomed to this kind of wooing; what did it all mean? He had acknowledged laughing at her once and it rankled: Could he be mocking her now? She let him flounder

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along unaided, watching in silence to see where his lie would lead him. "And so I wanted," he was now saying—"oh, I don't know just what—to perform some service, to repay in some way what I owe you." Still she said nothing. "Oh, well," he concluded abruptly, arising with an embarrassed laugh, "it doesn't matter about that; it's too late now. Good-bye," he said, as if glad to have it over with, and turned to go. "I know how unwelcome after this my presence must be to you—I shan't thrust it upon you in the future."

This confirmed her suspicions. And seeing him about to retreat in good order, unscathed, perhaps to laugh at her, undisturbed in that precocious poise which had challenged her on the first day of their acquaintance and now was defeating her at the end, she felt a sudden rage. She controlled it, but when she spoke at last there was a glitter in her eyes he did not see, nor would have understood. "But you *have* been of use to me, you have performed a very *great* service," she said, and the boy turned abruptly at the door. Then assuming her gay manner of worldly indifference, which had never seemed to him quite in character, though always delectable, she threw out, "Perhaps, you've not heard about Wilbur and me. I have you to thank for that, you know."

At first he only looked at her, dazed incredulity crowding out all else. In the stress of important emotion we can grasp but one idea at a time; there flashed through his mind, now in a turmoil, the rumors he had heard, read and dismissed as idle gossip. He knew Thorpe; knew how little he could appeal to her. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, it isn't announced yet, but it soon will be," she made answer and watched for the effect.

The full significance of what had been tossed out to him so carelessly was slowly dawning upon his stunned faculties. Could that be why she had taken him up, could that be her motive for showing him favor before the older man? Many trivial incidents not understood at the time recurred to him, illuminating the past. He saw himself as a ridiculous young dupe, a convenient tool for an ambitious girl.

So this was the rare personage he had chosen to adore, the fair divinity he had singled out to worship, the woman to whom he offered the respectful homage of his virgin heart! But even now with her self-revealing words ringing in his ears his mind rebelled against receiving her cool confession. Women often made fools of men, but why throw it in his face at the very moment of laying his soul bare before her, seeking nothing but the privilege of acknowledging her sovereignty? The unconscionable cruelty, above all the outrageous taste of it! It seemed so unnecessary, it must be impossible.

"I don't believe you," he said simply, "I can't!"

"You don't believe me!" she returned coldly. "Why? If you for one moment believe that *you* could mean anything to *me* —you are much mistaken."

There was an interval of hideous silence, each staring at the other and learning much. "I was not thinking of that," he said quietly, scrutinizing her with comprehending eyes; "I have made a greater mistake." Indignant disgust with the pretty woman before him now swept over him, supplanting all other feelings except the innate consideration for her sex which muzzled his contempt. He turned towards the door in silence. Young love lay dead as a pretty shell.

For her too it had become the moment of clear vision. She had suddenly discovered all that she had done, and was appalled at her work. She understood the delicate reticence of his boyish declaration, appreciated its sweet eloquence, saw when too late to recall her blindly uttered retort what it must mean to him; and now as she beheld her grave young lover turn from her in silence, bruised, disillusionized, but too self-respecting to voice his indignation, she recognized at last what he was, and what she had lost. She valued it now infinitely more than what her worldly judgment had chosen. She saw him as the man with whom, whether wisely or not, one might be madly happy. It was no longer merely his fresh good looks, his piquing cleverness, his delicious innocence tempting her; vistas were opened in which she saw what a woman could be, ought to be, to a man, influencing as well as charming him. She suddenly despised the cheap desires of her semi-civilized class. She was determined to get back what she had lost and keep it. She was willing to pay the price.

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"Jimmy!" she cried, intercepting him at the door, "forgive me! I thought you were pretending. I thought you did not care—it made me furious."

He turned and regarded her, impersonally attentive, his faculties alert once more. It was a remarkable statement even if true. "I see," he answered faintly sarcastic. "And you expected to *make* me care by telling me you cared for some one else?"

That was too near the truth to be answered truthfully. "Perhaps," she said with lowered lids, "it was to keep you from seeing that *I* cared for *you*." This *was* the truth now, she thought.

"Very flattering," he returned with a smile of appreciation for her cleverness—and his own—"especially from a girl engaged to another man, you know."

She felt the subtlety of his thrust, recognized the justice of it, but there was no time for parrying now; she wished only to surrender, and be adored and amused by this man always. "But, Jimmy," she said recklessly, "I can break my engagement." And impulsively both of her hands went out to him.

To what lengths would she not go, he thought, to have her way with one whom it pleased her rapacious vanity to immesh. Whether she meant what she proposed or not, she seemed less worthy of his respect with every step she took. This was not the woman he had admired; this was a pretty coquette, a very pretty one.

He had taken the hands she held out; they were throbbing, soft and crushable, in his own. He looked down critically into the fair face before him, the wonderful eyelashes lowered, the corners of her lovely mouth trembling. If this were art it was very good art, and he appreciated it. If she were false as sin, she was as beautiful as the rosy dawn, this girl whom he now saw through and despised but still craved with his heart despite the comments of his head. But the longer he looked the less his head had to do with the matter. He became bewildered by her fragrant nearness, her sweet slenderness, her sheer femininity. He could not think, he only felt. He was suffused with a melting glow. His blood leaped.

Blushing scarlet with the growing pressure of his masterful grasp she instinctively made to snatch her hands away. It was the one thing needed to fire his overwrought nerves. Almost like a reflex action in its suddenness, his arms were around her flexible body and her head was bent back helplessly while in his eyes coming closer to hers there was a look she had never brought there before. They were man's eyes now, not boy's, and hers quivered before them as she strove in silence to be free of him. And Jimmy, looking down into the flushed face of the timorous thing struggling with such maddening impotence in his capable arms, made free with her cheeks, her lips, her eyes—until he saw the immemorial look of the hunted. Then other inherited instincts than the ancient one awakened in this youth asserted themselves, instincts less vital, less powerful than that primeval one, yet more dominant in men of his breed. He was disarmed by her pitiful helplessness. "Oh, I'll let you go," he laughed, and set her free.

Each, stung with shame, avoided the other's eyes, the width of the room between them. In his ardent embrace there had been everything except that which would have made her tolerate it, nay, welcome and yield to it. But no word of love escaped his eager lips; there was not even respect in his touch. She saw what it meant—and all it did not mean. She felt sullied in every quivering fibre of her being, hating him more than anything in the world except herself, who had caused it. She had deceived him from the first moment of their acquaintance, and now she had paid the penalty. She had destroyed the thing she loved.

As for the man, now realizing what had happened, he saw himself as a brute, and felt, in his innocence, a sickening chagrin out of proportion to his offence. Previously he had lost his respect for her only—now his self-respect was also gone. He wanted to say something—there was nothing to say. He looked at her, laughed a little, and left her.

V

Wilbur was taking Gertrude to view a house he had in mind. As they turned into the quiet side street they heard a feminine laugh, and looking up saw Jimmy Hunter—no longer "alone in the big, bad city." Gertrude, about to bow, was intercepted by Wilbur in the peremptory manner she sometimes found rather trying. "There's the house," he said, and abruptly led her across the street. But as they passed by on the other side she glanced back at Jimmy's companion and understood Wilbur's tactfulness.

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THE GOLDEN JAVELIN

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

The American Dragoman Smokes with His Old Friend the Archæologist.

I DON'T wonder you want to steal it. Did you ever see anything so exquisite as that little spiral relief of bay leaves? And you would be still more rapacious if you knew where it came from. But I shall hold on to it as long as I hold on to anything, and then it's going to the Seraglio Museum. I suppose our trotting over there this morning, and our gossip about old times, must have been too much for me, because I really have no business to tell you. At any rate, you may pick up some crumbs for your monograph. That isn't the real interest, though—for me, at least. I'm not scientific enough to be an archæologist, much as that sort of thing takes my imagination. What catches me is the human in it all. And in this case the two——

However, do you remember my cousin Persis? Yes, she always was a rather uncommon girl—from the time she began to fill a large and respectable circle of relatives with anguish by the quality of her promise to end in a circus. She rode like a jockey, you know, and she would as soon have executed the *tourbillon de la mort* as a figure in the german. So when she went out to Sidon as a missionary we had only had breath enough left to gasp 'I told you so.' Being the last thing in the world that anyone expected, it was the most natural for her to do. You are not to suppose, however, that the outcries we made were simply owing to the fact that we objected to having virtue break out in our midst. That was bad enough, of course. Few skeletons in a family closet are so trying to confess to as a missionary. But you may recollect that, among other things, she was the best company in the world. She even had a trick of making plain domestic life more amusing than most week-ends.

You must make your own allowances, though, because I am free to confess that when Persis announced to what use she intended to put her youth and looks and general rarity, no outcries were louder or more lamentable than mine. She was, to be sure, my cousin, but even a cousin may be worth cultivating. At least I found it so the first time I went home on leave. And I always admire the banality of the occasions of things in this world when I recall that of my discovery. It was at an entertainment given—I believe in my own honor—by Aunt Jo, who, in common with other hostesses I have known, persisted in regarding my preference of silence to conversation in company as evidence of bashfulness. She therefore tore Persis from a circle of cavaliers in the hope of drawing me into sociability, and the first remark of this reluctant young person somehow put her for me in a light. "Mother says I must come over and talk to you," she sighed; "but I can't think of anything to say. Can you?"

It happened that I could. Indeed, as time went on I thought of more than Persis was willing to listen to. She would then cheerfully assure me that one adult idiot was insufferable enough, without a whole tribe of little ones. Or, when I went about exploding the superstition that consanguinity was a bar to wedlock, she would complain that she needed a little room for the imagination, whereas I allowed her none: she always knew what I was going to say before I opened my mouth. This shot was the more telling because just what made my case so desperate was that when Persis opened her mouth no one knew what she would say. Of course there are swarms of breezy girls about, and once in a while they have a touch of *naïveté* that isn't mere pose. But you don't often come across one with anything at once so simple and so remote under her outer liveliness. I suppose that is partly why Persis's final reason for her hardness of heart sounds so silly. She always declared that she should fall in love

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with someone quite different from anybody she or I had ever seen. She couldn't describe him, but she would know him the instant he appeared. And the amusing part of it was that although I made immense fun of Prince Diadem, as I nicknamed him, and did my best to convince her that I was that mysterious being in disguise, I somehow knew my labor lost. We had, nevertheless, for a certain time, an extremely agreeable relation. For a good deal of what Persis took away with one hand she gave back with the other. It pleased her to say that while other members of her extensive *entourage* were far more companionable, none were so adept—to quote her own elegant phrase—at getting out what bothered her inside. Be that as it may, it was given me more than once to be edified to the limit of edification, as they say in the "Arabian Nights," by my vivacious cousin's histories.

None, however, was so moving—I might even give it a quicker adjective—as the last of all. It came to me after her death, in a small sealed parcel, by the hand of the elderly missionary whom Persis had married in Syria. I naturally regarded this gentleman with extreme curiosity. He was a grave and grizzled individual, by no means an Apollo to look upon, with a thick round beard and an odd accent. I presume the habit of another language had affected his pronunciation of his own. What struck me most about him was his fresh, his almost infantile, complexion. He had the color that monks so often have. I wondered if it denoted in him what had attracted Persis, because he didn't strike me otherwise as being in the least extraordinary. On the contrary, there was something I didn't like at all in his references to her. I won't pretend, though, that the fact didn't give me a certain evil satisfaction. While Persis never was much of a hand with her pen—isn't it curious how often the vividest personalities lack that power of expressing themselves?—I was quite unprepared for the silence that fell between us after her arrival in this part of the world. Out of it came to me only the news of her marriage and death, and the knowledge that she left no children. And I took it, bitterly enough, for the measure of the completeness with which she had fulfilled her high destiny. But the sharer of it curiously disappointed me. Persis had been, for me, so rare a type that it hurt me to prove her fine anticipations no more than those of any schoolgirl. I even asked myself—perhaps there, too, my vanity was touched—whether I had been mistaken in her.

I found an unexpected answer in the parcel which Mr. Hoyt delivered to me. He said that Persis had asked him, shortly before she died, to give it into my own hands. That, and the fact that I became conscious of his eying me as curiously as I did him, made me refuse him the satisfaction of opening the parcel in his presence. From it, after he had gone away, I unwrapped a small sandalwood box, not more than ten or twelve inches long. The box, which I was at some pains to get into, contained a tight roll of paper. As I began to loosen it there fell out from between the leaves—they were covered, to my surprise, with Persis's crooked writing—a smaller roll of purple silk. A human enough curiosity made me look at that first; and I found, folded in the silk, this miniature spear. The sight of its soft antique gold and the perfume of the sandalwood affected me with the strangest sense of remote things. They did not affect me so strangely, however, as Persis's letter. And it was not merely the special combination of circumstances. Otherwise I could hardly bring myself to communicate, even to you, what was so purely personal. As it is, I shall ask you not to say anything till I get through reading.

" . . . You must have wondered why I have never written to you all this time. You couldn't know, of course, how often I have written. Only I have always been too proud to send the letters, or I had no right to, or I couldn't make them say what I wanted. But there are reasons why I want you to get this—sometime. There would be the one that I owe it to you, if there were no others. You have been more to me than you know. I didn't know it myself till I began to find out how much depends for our own development on the people we happen to be thrown with. It was just because you were so much to me that you were not everything. I mean that what in you was different from the other people I knew called out what in me made it impossible for me to marry you. So, in a funny little ironical way, you are bound up with all that has happened to me. Will

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you understand it, I wonder? You used to understand so many things that the rest of them didn't. And somehow I never could get them out—the things, not the people!—unless you were there. That's another reason why I'm writing to you now. I've lived so long by myself, sometimes not knowing what was happening to me, and then not being able to tell it, that I must get this out if I can. But how I wish I had you solidly here, instead of the ghost of you. It would make me feel less as if I lived altogether in a world of ghosts. And you remember that I could never do anything with a pen but bite it.

"I hardly know where to begin with all I want to tell you; it's so long since I've told you anything and things have such a way of beginning before one knows it. Were you aware that you first put the idea of Sidon into my head? Of course there were other ideas there for it to work with. One of them was a revolt against the theory that a girl should sit at home and spin. I was bored, and I could see nothing but cotillons for myself to the end of the chapter. As a career it didn't seem to lead to anything, except favoring one of the dancers with my hand. And you know the reason, the real reason, I used to give you for not marrying you. Well, I wanted to give myself a better chance, and I thought sincerer people could be found outside ballrooms than in them. So I came here.

"I smile to this day when I think how beautifully simple it was. I knew no more about the religion I came to teach than I did about the one I came to supplant. I hadn't even a shadow of what people call religious conviction. I had always taken everything of that sort for granted. I imagined that all you had to do was to speak reasonably to the heathen for him quickly to renounce the error of his way. I was quite as ignorant in other directions. I didn't learn until I was six thousand miles from home that *il mondo è paese*, as the Italians say; that there are insincere and foolish missionaries as there are wise and good cotillon leaders, and that there are Mohammedans a good deal less in need of conversion than many who contribute to have them converted. But when I began to find these things out— I wouldn't want to go through that time again. I never needed you so much. I was too proud to tell you, though. That was why I stopped writing. And that was all that kept me from going back home. I was too proud to confess that I had made a mistake. But now it is all over I regret nothing. I probably could never have learned my lesson in any other way. If I haven't been a missionary with conviction I have at least found that so long as pain and misunderstanding are in the world there will be enough for me to do without raising questions of creed. And then if I hadn't come— But that is what I'm trying to tell you.

"I say I do not regret. The one thing I regret is the unhappiness I have caused to one who had a right to expect happiness of me. Will you understand if I tell you quite simply what I have often been on the edge of telling you, that Mr. Hoyt was the last man in the world I ever would have dreamed of marrying? You know the idea I used to have. I don't know whether all girls have it so distinctly. At any rate, the face I was always trying to picture to myself, that I more or less unblushingly came to look for—I found it among these good people as little as any of the other things I expected. So I put that illusion away with the rest of them. I concluded that it might be something of an art to take life as it came, to build what one could out of one's mistakes. I accordingly agreed to marry Mr. Hoyt. He was as good and as honest a man as I was likely to come across, and he knew perfectly well that I had no passion for him. That was to be my reparation for thinking that girls should not sit at home and spin. And I had a real curiosity, after all my high-flown ideas, to play out the game to the end and fulfil the common lot of womankind. I thought that must be the supreme relation, with life itself, in all its variety and indifference, instead of with one person. But—let me try to tell you.

"We were married very soon, without any fuss. That is one of the things I most like out here—the freedom from fuss. We did make a journey afterward, but that, too, was different from what it would have been at home. We took our ordinary touring paraphernalia—you can hardly have helped so many missionaries out of hot water without learning that we 'tour'—and started on horseback down the coast. We planned to avoid 'out-stations' as much as possible, and to do some of the sight-

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seeing that we had never had time for. This desolate old Phœnician country gave me a dreadful sinking of the heart when I first saw it. And it came to seem to me, with all its flatness and its ruins of other times, merely a dismal counterpart of my own life. But in the end it began to tell me a different story.

"Our first camp was at a place where some tombs had been found a few months before. This is such an out-of-the-way part of the world that no proper attention had been paid to them, and there were rumors of things that had been stolen or destroyed. Our tents were ready for us when we arrived, in a charming sheltered hollow near the sea. And our man had a piece of news for us. It seemed that the owner of the adjoining vineyard, while starting to dig a reservoir, had discovered a mysterious door in the rock. It might be the entrance to another tomb, but no one could open it. The proprietor had tried, and the soldiers had tried, and they were all on the point of cutting each other's throats about it. You know how little love is lost between Arabs and Turks.

"I don't know whether you are interested enough in that sort of thing to have heard about the affair. You and I never talked archæology in the old days! But the archæological world never had the truth of the matter, or more than a part of it. Of course Mr. Hoyt himself is not an archæologist, and the reports were so contradictory that the real archæologists never could straighten them out. Besides which they were too much occupied with questions of identity to trouble themselves about anything else. So I can only tell you everything as it happened, without minding how much you may or may not have heard before. The place was finally opened, you know, with blasting powder. We heard them at it while we were eating supper. And we didn't wonder when we saw the door. It was a kind of immense wheel of stone, fitting into grooves at the base of a rocky ledge and offering no kind of hold. We couldn't imagine how it was ever put there. There were other things to speculate about, however, for the door opened upon a sort of chamber or passage, cut out of the solid rock. We found it full of Bedouins and soldiers and smoky lights, crowded excitedly toward the inner end, where there was another door. This was a doorway rather, filled in with masonry and surrounded by a highly polished egg-and-arrow border. And above it, cut also in the rock, was an inscription which the owner told us was in some strange language no one could read. But when he had the men stand back and held up a torch for us to see it Mr. Hoyt recognized some Greek writing which he afterward translated like this:

"'Have reverence, O comer in the night, for the house of the dead. Turn, turn away, while it yet is time. It is not for such as thou to break the sleep of kings. For so shall the peace that remembers neither pain nor woe cease to scatter its shadow on thine own eyes. Thou shalt behold no more the sweet light of thy country. The voices of men thou shalt not hear, but only the beasts of the desert whose mouths are avid with vengeance, or the cruel lashing of the sea upon the rocks. And thou who mightest choose a happier lot, thou shalt prefer the enmity of the all-seeing gods. Turn, then, turn away, while it yet is time. It is not for such as thou to break the sleep of kings.'

"I didn't wonder that the men were visibly moved as Mr. Hoyt spelled it out to them. In that dark rock chamber, above the Tyrian sea, with its flaring lights and its ancient inscription and its mysterious walled door, one could believe anything ghostly or incredible. But the feeling between the two parties soon rose again in them more strongly than any other. So it was not long before they picked a hole in the masonry. When it was about wide enough for a cat to squeeze through they sent a boy, a most unwilling one, in to scout. He squeezed back almost immediately, reporting nothing very definite except that it was wet inside. But his bare feet were flaked with gold-leaf.

"You can imagine how much that did to quiet the excitement. The proprietor insisted more than ever upon his right to his own property, while the officer in command of the soldiers declared he was there to prevent the government from being robbed. I don't know what might not have happened if we hadn't been there. As it was, they took our advice to wait till the next day before doing anything else. It seemed they thought we had the more right to be heard because there must be some relationship between infidels who could read

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"I can't think of anything to say. Can you?"—Page 737.

the strange inscription and the infidels who had put it there! But seeing that each side was still distrustful of the other, we said we would keep watch with them. Which we accordingly did. We established ourselves with rugs and cushions at the entrance to the tomb, with Turkish and Arab sentinels picketed on each side of us.

"There was no moon, but there was that starlight which is only of the south—a light of great mild liquid summer stars, hanging so near us, so near, in a sky that velvet is too stuffy a word to describe. Not far away the sea was, at the foot of the grassy plateau of olives, facing the ledge. We could make it out dimly between the trees by the rippling reflections of the stars, and the darkness was full of its lapping. The only other sound we could hear was the far-away bark of a jackal, or once in a while the soft whirr of a bat. I remember, too, how strange the olive-trees looked, ancient and twisted beyond any I ever saw. The phantoms moving vaguely between them only made them more so. They were Bedouins and soldiers, I suppose, hoping that we would fall asleep or go to our tent. But I never felt less like it. I never had so realized before that night is the true time of this country, when everything that is forbidding about it disappears. I had never so realized the country itself. The purple of Tyre, the light of Greece, the gold of Rome, the strange work of the nomads—I had found them here as little as most people find the beauty of faded tapestry or a Byz-

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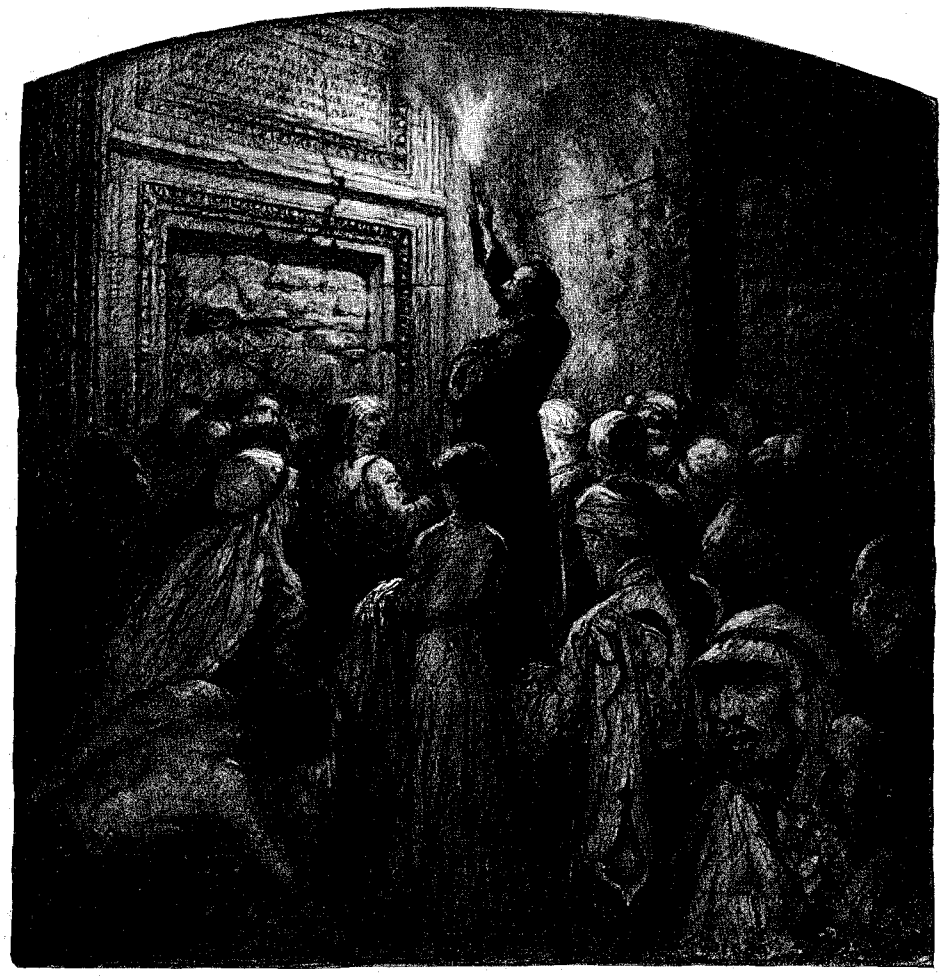

"Mr. Hoyt recognized some Greek writing."—Page 740.

antine mosaic. Its desolation spoke to me at last, however—a desolation as different from the wildness of America as that is from the order of Europe. All the passion and tragedy of centuries seem to have gone into it. There is something old and wise and sad about it, after which other countries look as pretty and empty as children. But to whom do I write!

"I suppose the time and the place had a good deal to do with making that night so memorable to me; but you remember, too, what night it was. Have you ever felt a kind of mortified surprise to find how humdrum life is in the making? It always makes me think of when I broke through the ice once, ages ago, and how I thought as I went down that something had really happened to me at last, and how astonished I was to find it so prosaic, and to be chiefly conscious of how I might have prevented it. Well, my wedding affected me in just the same way. After all I had gone through to make up my mind to it, I wondered how it could possibly leave me just the same as before. That night, however, something really did happen to me. Sitting there in the starlight under those old olive-trees, listening to the ancient voice of the sea, I saw the rôle I had chosen in cold blood with a sudden intensity of feeling that amounted to passion. I saw life dissolve and reform under my fingers in a way that made me believe that my husband was, after all, the veiled image of my dream.

"Before we knew it the sea began to

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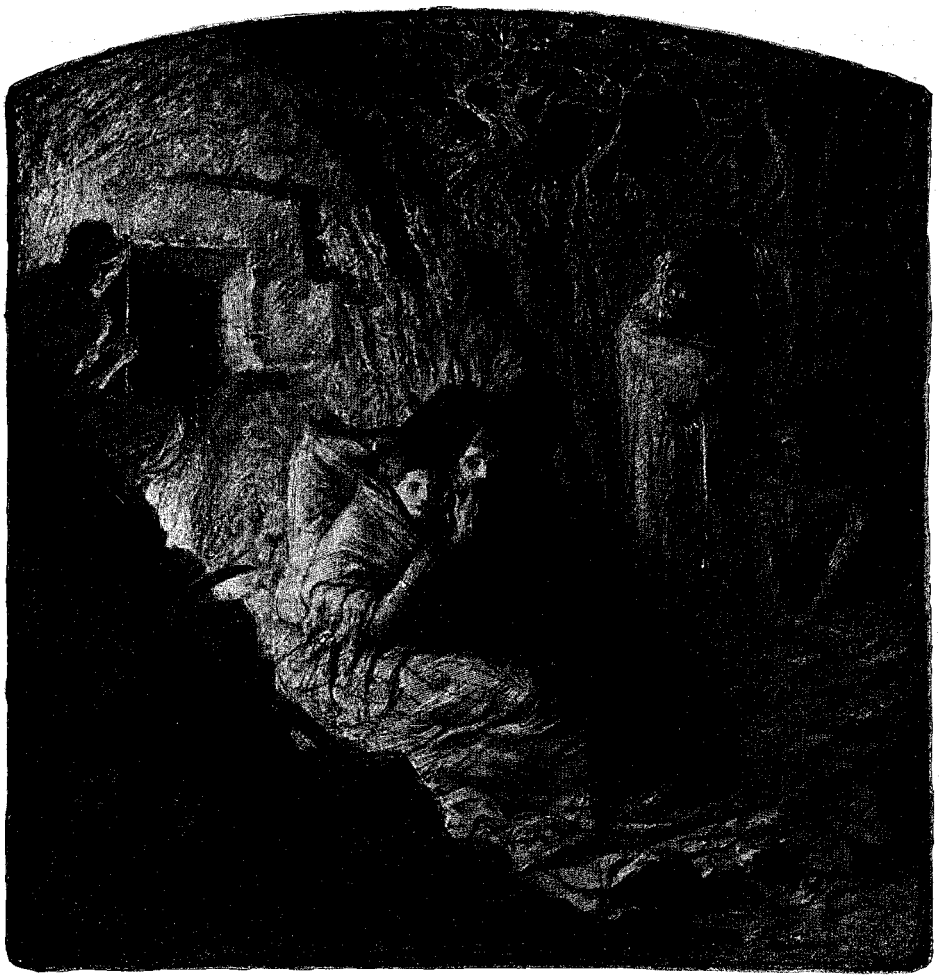

"We established ourselves with rugs and cushions at the entrance to the tomb."—Page 741.

whiten under our eyes. After that it wasn't long before the owner of the vineyard appeared with his workmen, followed by the Turkish officer and some more soldiers. They lost no time in setting to work with their picks at the inner door of the tomb. We sat watching them in a silence, or I did, which I suppose was a part of my mood of exaltation. But the sound of the picks was portentous. One could not help thinking of the inscription over the door. Yet the very fact that we should desecrate the place, parvenus from the newest of countries as we were, gave me such a strange, dream-like picture of the world as I saw the dawn brighten between the olive-trees, rare and exquisite as it had been hundreds and hundreds of years before, when this place was first hewn out and— And what? That question as to what we were to find grew into a suspense that overpowered everything else. Even the men stood still a moment when they had widened the hole enough to get through.

"The first thing I saw was a great carved sarcophagus, extraordinarily huge and white in the gloom. Then as our candles caught one point and another it came over me that the gloom was of gold. Did you ever really see gold—enough of it, I mean? The tomb was completely sheathed in plates of it—floor, walls, ceiling—that gave out the strangest warm lustre as the men moved about with their lights. And in the middle of it all, behind the sarcophagus nearest the door, stood seven others,

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all shadowy white and all set about with gleaming gold things, just as they had been left centuries before—except that water had worked its way into the vault and had loosened the leaf from some of the plates. You have probably seen them yourself, the sarcophagi, in the Stamboul Museum. But you will never see them as we did. Least of all the one we saw first—the Phrygian one, I believe they call it. They also say it is of a decadent period, and stolen into the

I found folded in the silk, this miniature spear.—Page 738.

bargain. However that may be, there was something awesome about its loveliness when we first broke in upon it, with its reliefs representing a combat between Greeks and barbarians, and all its exquisite decorative details. And then each uplifted hand held a little gold javelin, and each chlamys, faintly painted with red or purple or green, was fastened at the shoulder with a tiny jewelled buckle. You should have seen them glitter in the candle-light, against the polished marble.

"I can't begin to give you an idea of the magnificence of that mortuary chamber. It affected me to a degree that I can neither describe nor account for. Without knowing anything about them I have always loved beautiful things. And here were beautiful things come upon under circumstances that made their beauty something unearthly. The jagged hole through which we had come, where I could see a bent olive and the far-away morning shine of the sea, only emphasized it. When Mr. Hoyt pointed out to me the principal figure of the Phrygian sarcophagus, a young man on horseback, holding a spear longer than the others, decorated with a design of bay leaves, I couldn't bear it any longer. The only thing I wanted was to be alone. I burst out crying and ran away to my tent.

"What with sitting up all night and the various excitements I had gone through, I suppose I must have been tired out. At any rate, I slept for ten hours without stirring. When I woke up, late in the afternoon, I hardly knew where I was. I couldn't imagine, either, why Mr. Hoyt should be sitting familiarly by my bed, reading the *Missionary Herald*. Then I remembered. And I felt once more as I did that time I

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Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"I burst out crying."—Page 744.

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went through the ice. I wondered how, after having been so wrought up, I could be so indifferent, and find it so characteristic of Mr. Hoyt that although he had slept much less than I he should not have gone back to the tomb. He was perfectly willing to go when I proposed it, however—on condition we should first have tea.

"We hardly recognized the tomb when we got there. It had been stripped of its gold sheathing, all the vases and other portable things in it had been carried away, and the little spears and buckles had been picked off the Phrygian sarcophagus. They had even pried up its cover, in the hope of finding further booty, and in doing so had contrived to break off some of the rams' heads of its cornice. The Turkish officer politely explained that the governor had ordered the things to be removed to his house for safekeeping until someone should come down from Constantinople to take them in charge. But I never heard that any of them ever turned up at the Seraglio, and it struck me that there was something suspicious in the amicable terms at which the rival parties had apparently arrived. They made haste to cover their confusion, however, if they felt any, and our own manifest horror, by telling us of a further discovery they had just made.

"I had noticed an aromatic perfume that I didn't remember as being there before. And when the officer pointed to the open sarcophagus and placed a stool where I could look into it, I was conscious at first only of that aromatic odor, which was stranger than anything of the kind I had ever known. Then I began to make out in the darkness below me the figure of a young man. At the moment I didn't notice what the reflection of my candle showed me later, that his body was immersed in a clear pale-amber liquid. I merely saw him lying there in the shadow of the marble, so beautiful and so life-like that he might have been Endymion asleep.

"The thing was incredible enough in itself. I needn't tell you how incredible it was to look bodily into a face that had seen so different a world from ours. But I was scarcely conscious of that—still less of any wonder as to the identity of the young prince who had been buried there with such splendor. On the contrary, I had the most amazing shock of recognition. I thought at first it was because of his resemblance to the figure carved outside the sarcophagus—so slowly do our thoughts travel behind the darker parts of consciousness. But then I knew, with an intensity of conviction that left me faint, that— Oh, I don't know how to put it. Every-day words don't seem to do for things that were so far from every day. How can I tell you, as I would tell you about the weather, that—that the face of the sarcophagus was the face I had always been looking for, that until a few months before I had always been sure I should find? But it was so—it was so. Every drop of blood in me told me it was so. And when in the first tremor of my knowledge I looked up and saw on the other side of the sarcophagus the face of the man who was my husband, I knew only more hopelessly it was so.

"Perhaps I am mad, as poor Mr. Hoyt thinks. I don't know. I only know that I never could look at him again as other than a stranger. Of course I have ways of putting it to myself—that illusions are not illusions unless you believe them so—that I never really saw my husband or myself until I looked into that sarcophagus. But I often wonder if it isn't true that strange dark things move inside of us, that urge us, in spite of ourselves, to ends we don't know. I have sensations sometimes of belonging to another world, of communicating in inexplicable ways. I often look at the good simple normal people about me and wonder what they would think if they knew, if they really knew. Sometimes I envy them, too; but I'm afraid I've oftener had a contempt for their poor muffled lives. The whole affair has given me such a sense of the irony of things that if I hadn't also gained a growing sense of the pity and the passing of things I don't quite know what would have become of me here. But I have been happy, too—if there is such a thing. It so invariably seems to involve unhappiness and it is so little the end of life. I have had an almost fierce happiness in my secret and I have had the bitter happiness which is to know. Perhaps, after all, I have proved that the supreme relation *is* with life itself.

"Oh well, words—what have they ever told in the world? But you can see how all my currents have necessarily turned in, and how I need someone to know and un-

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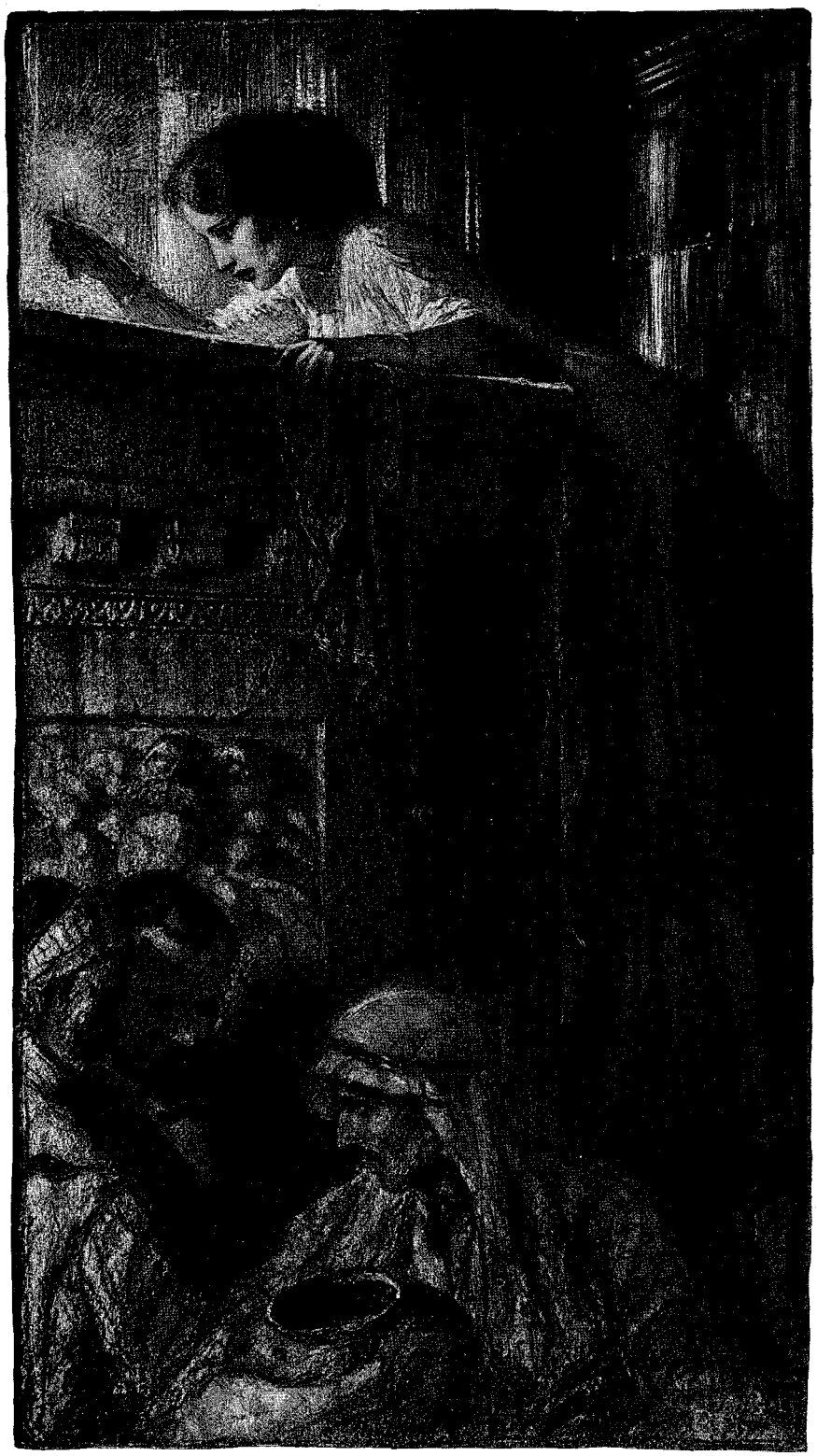

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"I began to make out in the darkness below me the figure of a young man."—Page 746.

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derstand. And then I want to send you this little javelin. It was brought to me long afterward by a jeweler in Beyrout, who said he had bought it from a soldier. Can you understand my dishonesty in not sending it to the Museum? I couldn't—I couldn't. It was my only link— My husband has never seen it, and I don't want him to after I am dead. He—you know. So I wish you would take it to the Museum and put it back into the hand of the figure you will find. I would like him to have it again. And it will be another link. You know he saved himself—the young prince. I don't know whether it was the contact of the air or the evaporation of the liquor or what, but he saved himself. He stayed only long enough for me to find him, after they had broken into his golden room. When they came to take him away he was gone. And I shall go, and you will go, and only the sarcophagus will remain, and the one little javelin that I have had so long, and no one will know. Dreams—dreams——"

THE RIME OF THE GIFT OF GOLD

By M'Cready Sykes

As I was walking in Arcady
(Now soon shall my song be told),
At the gates without I heard this rime,
This moaning, droning, curious rime,
Of the Fairy that brings men gold.

A Boy there was, and a fair young Boy.
("Oh, dear little Boy!" they said.)
He dwelt in the far-away Valley of Peace,
The gracious, spacious Valley of Peace,
And a joyful life he led.

He played with a Girl at her mother's door.
("My own little Boy!" she said.)
And soft and brown was her glorious hair,
Her glimmering, shimmering, radiant hair,
That floated about her head.

"I will bring thee the spoils of the great wide world!"
("Oh, brave little Boy!" they cried.)
"And I'll live in the light of thy wonderful eyes,
Thy beautiful, dutiful, trustful eyes;
And thou shalt be my bride."

So the Boy went out in the world beyond.
("Oh, wise little Boy!" they said.)
But a Fairy touched him upon the eyes,
His wondering, blundering, boyish eyes;
And he went where the Fairy led.

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"Oh, Boy, little Boy! Follow me; follow me!"
("Oh, luckiest Boy!" they cried.)
"And I will give thee my scales of gold,
The magical, tragical scales of gold,
And mountains of gold beside."

She covered him over with scales of gold.
("Oh, rich little Boy!" they cried.)
And he strutted about in the marts of men,
The rustling, bustling marts of men,
Till his heart was filled with pride.

He bought him houses and lands and goods.
("Oh, masterful Man!" they cried.)
But his heart was crushed by the scales of gold,
The tightening, frightening scales of gold;
So half of the heart of him died.

But half of his heart was the heart of the Boy.
("Oh, powerful Man!" they said.)
And he sought out the Girl with the glorious hair,
The glimmering, shimmering, wonderful hair,
Though half of his heart was dead.

"I have brought thee the spoils of the great wide world."
("Oh, excellent Man!" they cried.)
"And thou shalt have treasures of countless gold,
And gleaming, streaming showers of gold,
And half of my heart beside."

But the Girl would have no half of a heart.
("Oh, Boy that is dead!" she wept.)
"My heart goes not for the half of a heart,
The glittering, frittering half of a heart."
So back to his palace he crept.

And he sits in his empty, echoing halls.
("Oh, lonely Man!" they said.)
And he thinks of the Girl with the shining hair,
The glimmering, shimmering, radiant hair,
And half of the heart of him dead.

And 'twas at the gates of Arcady
I saw him forlorn and old;
And I heard him singing this old, sad rime,
The ruthful, truthful, terrible rime,
Of the Fairy that brings men gold.

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A TEST OF TRUTH

By Wilmot Price

THE furniture in Mrs. Marston's stately drawing-room was clad in neatly fitting garments of shiny cambric; the mantelpiece and tables, denuded of books and bric-à-brac, loomed up with unaccustomed prominence, and all inanimate objects suggested the approach of the season when moth and dust do corrupt.

At the window, shorn of its curtains, stood a young man looking idly out over the budding trees on Boston Common. He was waiting for Eleanor Marston to come down-stairs and refuse him once more before sailing for Europe the next day. She was to be absent perhaps two years, and the sense of her departure and of what life would be without the constant stimulus of her friendship weighed heavily on Everett Gray's heart. The intimacy between them had been of the kind that flourishes so frequently on Boston soil. It dated almost from infancy, and, not unnaturally, the young man had come to depend on the girl's companionship and sympathy to such an extent as to feel himself under the painful necessity of proposing to her annually during the years of their maturer friendship.

Always she had given him the same straightforward answer. She was very fond of him, he was her best friend, but she did not wish to marry him or anyone else. With the philosophy of the modern Athenian, Everett accepted her refusals in all humility, never allowing them to make the smallest change in the frank friendliness of their relations.

The inheritances and traditions of these two were strangely similar. Both were of good old New England stock, and their standards were those shared by the little Beacon Hill community to which they always had belonged. They worshipped the same Unitarian God, and did due homage to the lesser deities of Respectability, Conservatism, and Public Opinion. They worked in the same Boys' Club, they discussed the same ethical questions, and both held the most rigorous and exalted ideas on the Value of Truthfulness in Little Things. When she was twenty-one, Eleanor Marston's sense of humor was so little developed that she formed a Society of Small Sincerities for the purpose of banishing the useful and undeceptive fib, together with all picturesque exaggeration of language, from the talk of the day. A few strenuous single women, eager for any reform, joined zealously in this crusade for truth, and for a short time it seemed as though brutal impoliteness and perfect literalness of speech would rob society of all grace and charm. But a more than usually frivolous army of "buds" came out that same winter, and with their coming the social balance was restored. If Eleanor Marston had not possessed a generous share of beauty and a germ of something suggesting possibilities of future development, she could have stood for the traditional Bostonian of the comic-paper type. As for her male counterpart, Everett Gray, some saving lack of grace made him a good fellow as well as a good man, and prevented him from being regarded merely as that rather aggressive member of society who, we are told, is the noblest work of God.

On the momentous afternoon above mentioned, the young man had been standing at the window some ten minutes, trying to frame new words for old ideas, when he was roused from his reflections by Eleanor's voice saying, with a certain unmodulated cheerfulness, "How glad I am that I stayed at home to pack, instead of going to pay P. p. c. calls with Mamma! I should have missed saying good-by to you!"

They seated themselves in two of the slippery uneasy chairs before Everett cleared his throat in the professional manner which Eleanor had come to recognize as the first symptom of an approaching proposal. "It is not altogether easy for me to say good-by," he began, with the slightly formal intonation that he never wholly threw off. "But I have something more to say than just that one word. Of course

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you know what it is. It is the same old thing, but I've got to say it once more."

Eleanor looked frankly across the intervening table at the young man, and spoke in her clear, decided accents. "Now, Everett, don't say it. It's no use, you know. I shall never care for you in the way you wish me to, so why can't we just keep on like this?"

"I'd be thankful even for this, poor as it is," the young man said, rather pathetically, "but the change has got to come, now that you're going away." He cleared his throat again, and then went on haltingly, his tongue curbed by the self-consciousness which finds emotional expression impossible. "Of course I know you can't have anything different to say to me now. It's just as it always has been, I understand that, but I can't help hoping that perhaps when you are abroad you may find you care for me more than you realize. People do sometimes," he went on, vaguely; "and if you should, I want you to promise to write and tell me so."

"But what if you should feel differently too?" the girl asked, smiling. "This sort of thing gets to be habit, you know, and when the circumstances alter, the feeling sometimes goes. I think that my absence will be the best possible thing that could happen to you, and I'm not going to write to you once while I'm away, unless I get engaged to an Italian count or somebody, and then I'd want you to know that you were free of me forever."

"I'm not afraid of the count, Eleanor, but I agree with you that good for both of us may come from this separation, though not in the way you mean. You often tell me how much you like me, even care for me in a way, and how dependent you are on seeing me, and with all that, which you acknowledge, I can't help hoping that a stronger feeling will come when I drop out of your daily life."

"Is it possible that I have been *two* truthful?" the girl wondered, wrinkling her brows. "I have told you nothing that was not absolutely true, and yet the impression you carry away is *not* the one I mean to leave you with."

"I know! I know!" the young man interrupted, eagerly. "Any meaning beyond the plain statement that you have given me your sincere friendship is put into your words by me. But it is because I care so much, don't you see, that I have to give myself a little hope in order just to live from day to day."

Any display of feeling was repugnant to Eleanor. The exposure of one's heart seemed to her rather immodest, and, now that she saw this man's love taking form and turning from shadow to substance, she grew almost alarmed.

"I will promise to write to you if I ever feel differently," she hastily put in, "but don't expect to hear, for I am not likely to change. I am a mature woman, you know, not a young girl any more." Her smile begged for a change of subject, but her companion ignored its appeal.

"You see you can hardly understand how much all this means to me," he explained with sudden boldness, "because you don't know what it is to love anyone as I love you."

Up to this time that uncompromising little word had always been translated into "care for," and the utterance of the short reality sent a wave of color over Eleanor's face. "I know," she said, rather breathlessly, "but I am almost sure that I shall never marry anybody. I am sorry for you, but I am not going to marry you out of pity or even out of friendship. I have been perfectly frank with you always, and I am telling the truth when I say that I wish for no man's affection—that is, the kind of affection you mean. I wish to stand alone. I am quite happy as I am, and in a very few years I shall be over thirty, and then I shall be my own mistress."

Everett did not seem to be listening to her picture of spinster independence with much sympathy, for he broke in, irrelevantly, "I often wonder, Eleanor, which is the stronger, your pride or your truth. They are your two most decided characteristics, and they have never yet been pitted against each other."

Eleanor was slightly nettled at the possibility that the less noble quality might triumph. "You can ill afford to speak scornfully of truth," she maintained. "There is no one who is more of a stickler for perfect sincerity than you. In fact there is only one quality for which you have more veneration."

Everett fell into her trap and inquired what that virtue might be. "Chivalry

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toward women," the girl replied, with a slightly scornful curve in her lip. She had often teased him about what she considered a mistaken gallantry toward her sex, thinking that it lessened the equality that should exist between men and women. She went on, with a note of irritation in her voice. "If you think my pride is stronger than *my* truth, I am equally sure that your chivalry is stronger than *yours*," she insisted, "and I prophesy that in any conflict of characteristics your exaggerated sense of gallantry would come off victorious quite as soon as the pride you think so ill of in me."

Everett saw that he had wounded her *amour propre* in its most sensitive spot. "Don't misunderstand me," he explained, eagerly. "You are the most absolutely sincere and truthful person I have ever known. You must never regret your perfect honesty toward me. It is the quality in you that puts you above all other women." He rose and moved a step toward her. "You will let me write to you sometimes, even if I can't hope to hear from you in return, will you not?"

"Oh, yes!" Eleanor exclaimed, "only not too often for your own good. And if I am engaged I will let you know, and if—if——"

"If you *want* to be engaged you are to let me know also," interrupted Everett, trying to smile. "Good-by, dear."

For one wild moment he meditated seizing Eleanor in his arms and kissing her, and perhaps in a moment winning her, but the sober second thought on which he always acted told him that at such a display of feeling even the chairs and sofas would gather their linen skirts about them and thump reproachfully out of the room, leaving him alone with an insulted goddess. So he merely pressed her friendly hand warmly, tried to say something more, became suddenly self-conscious, and hurriedly left the room.

When she was alone Eleanor went to the window and looked out at the familiar stretch of green. A pang of homesickness for all that she was leaving behind stabbed her, and the thought of old friends from whom she was separating herself came to her as a real cause for sorrow. So unused was she to any absences from her home and early associations that the thought of change brought with it a sentiment of dread instead of hope. She thought how good it would have been to stay on in Beacon Street forever. Then suddenly it flashed upon her rather unimaginative mind that she would miss the sight of Everett Gray even more than the aspect of the familiar path under the trees that fronted the bow window where she stood. And what would he do without her to come to for sympathy and encouragement, and the affectionate friendship she had frankly held out to him through so many years? Her eyes filled with tears at the thought of his loneliness, tears that did not often dim her clear vision, for when her friends were in trouble Eleanor was less apt to weep with them than to act for them. A sudden flashlight of self-revelation suggested the possibility that her sorrow was not all for him. Could it mean that she had cared for him all these years without knowing quite how much, and now that a break in their relations was coming, the true nature of her regard was showing itself?

Eleanor drew herself up proudly. It seemed to her that anything appertaining to that objectionable and rather upsetting word *love* denoted weakness in a woman of her age and wide experience of life. She certainly was not going to summon back to her side a man whom she had dismissed only five minutes before; besides she didn't really care for him at all; her momentary weakness was only the result of her regret at leaving Boston.

Mr. and Mrs Marston and their daughter followed the steps of most of their countrymen, and went to Italy. They spent May in Naples, in order to be near the Howards, who lived in the same block with them in Boston. Then they went to Florence and admired everything to which Baedeker had affixed a star, but after a fortnight they began to miss the companionship of old friends. Accordingly they shortened their stay, and hurried to Venice to join the Warners. They "took" a gondola in much the same matter-of-fact way in which they used to step into the "little green car" that once gave color to Marlborough Street. Indeed many acquaintances from that familiar afternoon-calling ground had temporarily

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transferred their head-quarters to the Grand Canal, and it was a momentous question with Mrs. Marston whether a visit paid in Venice could cause the recipient's name to be cancelled from her Boston list of unreturned calls.

The hot weather found the Marston family settled in a little Back Bay colony among the mountains of Switzerland, and by October 1st they were established in Rome for the winter, in what the prospectus defined as an "English-speaking hotel."

These months of so-called "foreign travel" had not been without a certain educational value to Eleanor. She could not fail to realize in how provincial a way her father and mother enjoyed all treasures of art and nature, and she saw with disdainful surprise to how many Americans Europe is merely a picturesque background to their own petty lives and interests. Mr. and Mrs. Marston were commonplace people, unimaginative but excellent; ominous examples of what their daughter might grow to be if no outside influences came to touch her life and broaden her outlook. But Italy, as seen under their guidance, did not seem to offer many glimpses of a wider horizon than Eleanor could have gained from her window at home. It was only after long family discussions and frequent arguments with other Bostonians that she was allowed to walk out in Rome unattended. Finally, after enveloping herself in a thick brown veil through which the genial Italian sun loomed sombrely, she was permitted to sally forth, matronized only by Baedeker. It would have been a very bold Italian who had dared to approach the tall, austere figure with the independent step and proud bearing, or to offer to the veiled features the tribute of the admiring look or word which Italians consider it the part of courtesy to offer to beauty in whatever form it is revealed. An occasional explanatory murmur of "Inglese" was the only comment that the girl's lonely wanderings ever elicited from curious natives.

During all these months Eleanor had not written to Everett Gray, but silence was far from meaning forgetfulness. The lonely passing of every day and every week had made her feel more certain that he had grown to be a vital part of her life. She was determined to give herself a fair trial before mortifying her pride to the extent of writing to a seven-times-rejected suitor and telling him that, after years of stupid unconsciousness, her heart had been taught, by absence, the value of his love. Gradually the remembrance of him began to occupy all her spare thoughts. Each beautiful sight, each new experience, seemed incomplete because he was not by her side to enjoy and share it with her. One morning she wandered into St. Peter's, and stood leaning against a pillar, dreamily listening to the intoning of the priests and idly watching the tourists in their forced marches from chapel to altar. Suddenly her eyes fell on a man's figure, the sight of which smote her with a strange impression of familiarity. He was standing with his back turned toward her, but his outline and pose could belong to no one but Everett Gray. She felt a strange sense of suffocation, and for almost the first time in her life she acted on a sudden impulse. Without stopping to consider how improbable it was that her old friend should be in St. Peter's instead of in his Boston law office, she started forward, turning up her veil to see him the more distinctly and putting out her hand with a confiding and appealing gesture touchingly foreign to her. The young man in the tweed suit, with his hands in his pockets and a cane stuck under one arm, turned suddenly and confronted a beautiful young woman looking at him with all her heart in her eyes, and a happy, surprised tremulousness about her mouth, her eager hand held out in his direction. But the surprise in his face could not equal the shock of disappointed amazement in hers, as she murmured an embarrassed "I beg your pardon," and, turning away from him, walked quickly toward the great curtained entrance.

Eleanor's impulsive mistake had brought home to her, more surely than anything else could have done, the complete reality of her love for Everett Gray. The turbulence in her heart was a physical pain, and the supposed glimpse of her lover had filled her whole being with a rush of happiness. Then, the sight of the unknown face had sent all the blood coursing through her veins up into her cheeks, and a dull weight of sickening disappointment fell heavily on the joy that had possessed her. Now she knew that the time had come, when, to be

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true to her promise, she must write and tell the man who had loved her so faithfully and so well, that, even as he had felt for her all those years, so did she now feel for him. When she reached the hotel she took from a package of home letters a little note Everett had written to greet her on her arrival in Italy, six months before. She reread it, in order to feel in more immediate touch with the writer. He had merely reiterated, in writing, what he had already said in words, that he would wait patiently, hoping for a change in her feelings, and that his heart was wholly hers.

It was a difficult task that she had set herself. She was ignorant of the changes that time and absence might have wrought, but deep down in her heart she felt sure of his constancy. Eleanor Marston had forgotten that she was a woman of twenty-eight, and a Bostonian. For the first time in her life she was unconscious of her own importance and dignity. She remembered only, that after a long silence, she was speaking to the man she loved. Then she took up her pen and wrote the words which her heart prompted her to set down.

DEAR EVERETT: In spite of my silence of many months, I have not forgotten the promise I made you before leaving Boston. You were right in what you said about the advantages of absence. Certainly it has had a clarifying effect on my mind, and I am writing to you now to confess that you have always been right and I wrong. Perhaps if I had stayed on in Boston nothing would ever have happened to bring me to a true understanding of my feelings toward you. A crisis was necessary to open the eyes of my poor, blind, stupid heart, and the crisis—led up to by long weeks of self-analysis and loneliness—came this morning, when in the half light of St. Peter's I mistook a man—your double in general outline—for you. I rushed up to a perfect stranger, eager to tell him that he had been in my thoughts ever since I had said good-by to him in America, that he had grown to be part of my life and part of myself, without my knowing it, during all the dear old years of our youth, and that I had had to come abroad to find the real meaning of the sentiment I had thought was friendship.

But I couldn't say all this to a man I had never seen before, could I? Particularly when he looked in utter bewilderment at his forward fellow countrywoman who was most evidently expecting an enthusiastic welcome. But these things must be said to the person who was meant to hear them, not only because I promised to say them if I ever could honestly do so, but because it makes me happy to acknowledge their truth at last; and I believe, indeed, I *know*, it will make you happy to read them. If you were a different sort of man, I suppose I should hesitate to write down a declaration of love, when you might have forgotten all about me. But you have proved that you are not made of changeable stuff. Perhaps even I have not really changed, only come to a better knowledge of myself and of my own feelings, just like the heroine of a cheap novel. Well, here it is, in black and white, and in some ways it is hard to write the words. Everett, I love you with my whole heart, and if you still feel as you did six months ago, it will make me very happy to answer a grateful "yes" to the question you asked me when you said good-by. If you feel in any way differently toward me after the lapse of time, I only beg the same sincerity I have shown toward you. Pay me the compliment of perfect truth. I think there is nothing less honorable in a woman's unreturned love than in a man's, and at least, I shall have proved conclusively the relative strength of my truth and my pride—which you remember, you questioned.

I am yours sincerely,
ELEANOR MARSTON.

If this self-deceived young woman had for a moment seriously entertained the possibility of Everett Gray's having changed his mind or his heart, no power on earth could have induced her to write this letter, but she was still sufficiently inexperienced to believe herself perfectly sincere in maintaining the equal dignity of man's and woman's unrequited love. In fact, she was secretly pleased with the large nobility of mind revealed in her closing sentences. She reckoned up the earliest date at which she might look for an answer to her letter, trying to put out of her mind—in order to be the more delightfully surprised when it came—the chance that a cable-message might reach her in ten days.

All her resolutions of calmness and patience were upset, however, two days later, by seeing on her breakfast plate a fairly thick letter addressed to her name in Everett Gray's writing. For an unreasoning moment she felt that an answer had come already, then she turned suddenly pale with apprehension, but she sat down and forced herself to drink her coffee, occasionally putting in a necessary word to keep up appearances with her unconscious parents. As soon as the meal was over she quietly took Everett's letter and went up-stairs to her own room. Once alone, she tore open the envelope, reminding herself, for the thousandth time in the last half hour, that Everett had said he should very likely write to her now and again. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR ELEANOR: I am sure you have not forgotten the promise we exchanged before you

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sailed, to write and tell each other if either of us changed in feeling toward the other. I was a conceited and ignorant fool to imagine that absence, or anything else, could make you care for me in the way I wished. But I was right in one thing, absence was the test we both needed, and I know you will be truly glad to feel that in my case it has brought the result you desired.

For a number of weeks after you left, I was utterly miserable, and was slowly getting into a rut of self-absorbed loneliness. Then, all of a sudden, I decided that the time had come when I must pull myself together and conquer a feeling which would evidently bring me nothing but sorrow and bitterness. I tried to look at things impartially, and at last it began to dawn on me that your persistent holding out against me for ten years proved that there was some intrinsic reason why I never could make you happy. Theoretically I had always been a believer in the correctness of woman's instinct in these matters, but I had never before applied my belief to my own individual case. I have had such a horror of the kind of men whom women marry to get rid of, that I decided long ago that I would rather live and die single than coerce you, by over-persuasion or too aggressive constancy, into a marriage which instinct always had told you would not bring happiness. So I deliberately banished you from my thoughts as much as I could, and hurried from work to diversion in order to have no unoccupied time for brooding.

During July and August I haunted all the fashionable watering-places. And now comes the dénouement to this phase of frivolity. I can see you smiling with understanding at this point, and holding out your kind, generous hand in congratulation. Yes, my friend, the impossible happened. I fell in love with another girl, of course, the very antipodes of you! We stayed together as guests in the same house in Newport. She is Miss Agnes Harley, of St. Louis, and she remembers very well having met you at Beverly four years ago. We were thrown together quite intimately for some time, and the first thing I knew I was head over heels in love with her. She was different from anyone I had ever seen before, light-hearted and gay, yet thoughtful and clever and full of Western "go" and dash. Yet with all this she had such a foundation of inherited Eastern refinement and stability that I was first bewildered, then fascinated, then passionately in love, and now, thank fortune for it—engaged! I know you will sympathize with my happiness, dear Eleanor, and rejoice at my tardy wisdom in coming to think as you do, that you and I are too much alike to bring each other happiness. Do not think I am denying or lessening the love I have felt for you all these years. It was true and deep and sincere, and all that was best in me went into it and was made better by your ennobling influence. If there is anything decent in me now, you put it there. But, though I never used to believe it, I find that it is possible to love twice, though in different ways. You were always like some being infinitely above me. Agnes, by accepting my love, has come nearer to my human level, and I see that our contrasting temperaments and different surroundings and inheritances will be the surest foundation for permanent happiness.

We shall probably be married in the spring, and I wish that my best friend could be at my wedding. This is a very egotistical letter, but I trust your indulgence to make allowance for extenuating circumstances. Send me your good wishes, and thereby cause my cup of content to overflow.

Believe me now and always,
Your sincere and affectionate friend,
EVERETT GRAY.

When Eleanor had finished reading the letter her face took on a look like marble, and her hand trembled as she tried to fold the closely written sheets in their original creases and put them back in the envelope. Then she sat for a long time with unseeing eyes turned toward the window, and an observer would have found it difficult to guess her thoughts from the varying expressions of her face. From time to time emotional spasms contracted her features, but gradually there came a look of decision which seemed to congeal her face into the cold passivity of sculpture.

"There is just one thing to do, and I am going to do it," she told herself with tightening lips. "I must act now while I am frozen inside. Later I shall suffer horribly, and remorse will be added to everything else, but *now* I can act." She locked Everett's letter in her desk, put on her hat and went out. In about half an hour she returned, having sent a cable-message to Everett Gray, saying, "Burn my first letter unopened. Will write explanation." Then she seated herself at her desk, and with perfect calmness and decision wrote as follows:

DEAR EVERETT: I have just sent you a cable-message *apropos* of a letter I wrote you two days ago, and both will need some explanation. Naturally I do not send such strange messages without some better excuse than mere changeableness. Since writing, certain events have occurred which make me very unwilling that you should read the most unrestrained letter I ever have written. Do you remember my telling you, half in fun, that I would write and tell you if I became engaged to an Italian count? Well, the impossible actually happened, and you were the first person I wanted to inform of such an important event. I was tremendously in love with him—more than I ever thought I could be with anyone, and he certainly seemed equally so with me. I wrote you a long letter, full of schoolgirly gush, entirely inappropriate to my age and condition, but somehow you were the one person in the world who, I felt, would understand. I went into every detail connected with

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his family and traditions and past and future, in a way that seems to me now—only two days later—to have been simply insane. Yesterday we made discoveries about him which have changed everything, and the engagement is broken before anyone but Papa and Mamma knew that it existed. Don't ask me what the things are. I can only say that they will prevent my ever seeing him—or, if I can help it, thinking of him again. I believed him everything that was honorable and upright, and he has proved himself shamefully the reverse. I don't know how I can write about this so coldly and dispassionately, but I have suffered so intensely during the last twenty-four hours that my heart is callous now for a time. I suppose it will thaw again soon, but this coldness and apathy come as a relief from acute suffering. You will understand, I think, why I could not bear the thought of your reading all the details of my brief unfortunate engagement. Even the knowledge of the man's name is something I would do much to conceal, and at present I try to be thankful that his falseness was discovered in time to save me from a life of wretchedness.

Forgive the hard tone of this letter. It cannot be otherwise with me yet, for a time. You see I was right when I said I should never marry. I hope things are going well with you. I should like to think of you as happily engaged—or happily married—that is safer.

Sincerely yours,
ELEANOR MARSTON.

The letter finished, the girl flung her pen away as if it suddenly had become too hot to hold; then she dropped her head on her arms, and her body shook with deep, dry sobs, wrung out of her by wounded pride. She felt a deep scorn for herself and her shattered ideals of truth, while underneath all else was the simple human pain for a lost love. She could not feel quite confident that the letter she had just written would carry conviction, yet Everett believed in her truth above all else, and he was too modest for the real explanation to suggest itself—also, he was so absorbed in his own love for Agnes Harley that his hopes in regard to Eleanor had receded into the dim perspective of his past. She remembered, with a flash of cynical amusement, the closing rhetorical outburst of her first letter about the dignity of woman's unrequited love. How little she had known that when Truth and Pride really met face to face in deadly conflict, Truth would surrender unconditionally, stripping himself of sword and buckler that Pride might make the nobler figure before the eyes of Everett Gray.

And then, suddenly, to the girl sitting there amid the wreck of her shattered ideals, there came a revulsion of feeling. Her fall from grace, her deliberate setting aside of truth and honor seemed to give her a new sympathy and sense of kinship with the rest of the world. To Eleanor's over-developed conscience this lie that she had told was a black blot of sin, that, relatively, put her on a plane with the most erring of the human race, whose ideals had been lower, and whose fall, therefore, had been less. For the first time in her life she had been tempted, and she had succumbed to temptation without even a struggle. But why should she feel a strange sense of elation, now that her first involuntary pang of shame was over? Her heart, softened by love, quickened by suffering, and humanized by an exaggerated sense of sin, went out toward all mankind with a new understanding, and a charity of which she had known nothing when she was an "Associated Charity Worker" in Boston. She would prove that the loss of a lover and the telling of a deliberate lie could be as broadening and as humanizing in their result as the average "happy" marriage. Her sense of exaltation was merely a phase—too unreal to last, although the mood contained an element of permanent truth. As she sat there, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and the uplifted look on her face, another sudden reaction came, once more her head went down on her desk, and tears of hot, natural jealousy at the thought of Agnes Harley completed the evolution of Eleanor Marston into a human being.

After a few days she began to take a certain dramatic satisfaction in acting to the best of her ability the rôle which she had set herself to play. She was even conscious of a sense of artistic completeness, when, two days following the arrival of Everett's letter, she acknowledged its receipt as if it had that moment been brought to her. She felt this to be a refinement of unveracity calculated to give the deathblow to any possible suspicions of Everett's in connecting their two letters as cause and effect. This time she sent him a brief note supposed to be consistent with her own perturbed feelings over her broken engagement, and as the perturbation did not have to be assumed, her words had the ring of sincerity.

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"Your letter has come, my dear Everett," she wrote, "and seems to be an answer to the closing wish of my last letter. Indeed I do congratulate you, and wish you happiness with all my heart. I am sorry that I had to lay even a temporary weight of sympathetic sorrow on you at a time like this. Please dismiss my troubles from your thoughts and believe that my understanding of your present happiness is the more complete for my own knowledge of what it means to care for a person with one's whole heart. Yet with all the sympathetic gladness I feel for you, I must confess to a twinge of selfish regret at having to resign my right to take an interest in everything that concerns you. Our companionship and friendship were so good to have, that I know how much you are to be congratulated on having found something infinitely better. I remember Miss Harley very vividly. Her charming personality is not one to forget. I shall write to her directly and tell her a great many things that she knows already about you—among others, that neither of you will have a more truly sympathetic friend than yours faithfully,

ELEANOR MARSTON."

"I am sure I need not ask you to burn up all these queer letters I have been writing you. Please forget, or, at all events, please *seem* to have forgotten, when we meet, everything connected with myself to which I have alluded."

About three weeks from this time Everett Gray returned to Boston from a fortnight's visit in St. Louis, whither he had gone partly to make the acquaintance of his fiancée's family, partly to recuperate from a summer of over-gayety and an autumn of overwork. He had given strict injunctions that nothing in the way of mail should be forwarded to him, as he wished a complete rest. His partner would attend to the business part of his correspondence during his absence, and his mother's letters would keep him informed of home news, so for two weeks he banished all professional and domestic anxiety. When he returned, he looked better in health, but there was somehow, a less exuberant happiness in his general bearing. He gave a good account of himself and of Agnes to his mother, but in the reserved and almost restrained manner of his unengaged days. His mother knew that she would never hear anything of change or disappointment from him, but some subtle instinct told her that Agnes Harley, in her own home, surrounded by her family and her familiar, everyday associations, had not been quite the same Agnes Harley whom he had known only as his gay and fascinating fellow-guest at Mrs. Berkeley's Newport cottage. Mrs. Gray knew that at heart her son was conservative and tradition-loving, that he was New England to the backbone, and her own sympathy with such a nature made her fear that the reverse qualities, though fascinating and interesting from their very novelty, would never hold him in permanent subjection. But he had seemed so childishly happy over his engagement to the pretty St. Louis girl, that Mrs. Gray had reluctantly resigned the long-cherished hope of one day having Eleanor Marston as a daughter-in-law. Now he had come back from the West surrounded by an impenetrable veil of reserve and mystery, and at what it concealed the anxious mother could only guess.

The first morning that he visited his office after his return, Everett was greeted by a pile of letters on his desk, three of them in Eleanor's handwriting. He was too intent upon comparing the dates on the outside to be conscious of a telegram surmounting his business correspondence close at hand. He opened the letter of the earliest date, and before he had read a page an exclamation of surprise and wonder broke from him, ending in a groan expressive of completest tragedy. For a moment it seemed as if he would throw aside a letter so evidently not intended to be read by a man placed in his circumstances, but his eye and heart were eager for the words that told him what he had longed to hear through so many years. When he had finished the letter his head sank down, as Eleanor's had done on a similar occasion, and he clenched his hands and groaned aloud, whether in pity for himself or for her it would be hard to know. He sat silent for some time, unable to collect his thoughts to plan for some action which would relieve Eleanor of the mortification and shame she must be undergoing. Then, in reaching out for her second letter, his hand touched the telegram and he saw the words *cable message*, which flashed some inkling of an explanation to his confused brain. He tore the envelope open and read the brief message it contained, cursing himself as an idiot for not having sooner seen it and saved himself the burning knowledge of Eleanor's love. Then he read her other letters, and his heart beat proudly for her pride. She had lied magnificently to save

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herself from humiliation and him from knowledge of her shame—if shame her brave acknowledgment of love could be called. This revelation of her weakness seemed to bring her nearer to his own level. He threw his head back exultantly, allowing himself to luxuriate in the consciousness of her love and of what it might have been to him. He did not let himself think long on that subject, but he clenched his teeth tight together. Then he took out of his book-case drawer a photograph of Eleanor. He looked at it long and intently. Her coldly classical features regarded him with the pure, calm sincerity of expression which he always had thought the key-note of her character. Was this the woman who loved him, this woman who for the best years of his life had been his other self, the love of his youth? He put down the picture abruptly and took out of his pocket-book a small photograph of Agnes Harley. Her piquant prettiness, her smiling mouth, her laughing eyes and her prettily rounded neck and arms formed a complete contrast to the somewhat austere beauty of her rival in the book-case drawer. He remembered how Agnes had once mockingly said that Bostonians all wanted to marry their first cousins, and that if they hadn't any of suitable sex and age they tried to find someone as much like themselves as possible, in order to preserve a dead level of similarity in character and temperament for generations to come. With a sudden shock of surprise Everett realized that the eternal Bostonian in him still craved Eleanor Marston as his fitting mate. Yet he felt a sense of anger at the number of years it had taken her to find out that she loved him. If she could have discovered her feelings some six or eight years ago, they would probably by this time have been respected residents of the Back Bay, bringing up a family of rather uninteresting little reproductions of themselves and each other. Somehow it was a picture more peaceful than inspiring. The eternal man in him was veering to the side of his fascinating —though sometimes disturbing—fiancée. Her little crudities and unconventionalities, even her rather ordinary mother, seemed unimportant when he looked at the dimple in her chin and remembered the waviness of her gold-brown hair; and his heart beat warmly at the thought of her.

Before he left St. Louis they had had a quarrel about various other men whose attentions she still took considerable pleasure in accepting, and she had lightly offered Everett his liberty, signifying that she could get on without him a good deal better than he could survive her loss. The chance of honorable escape was before him if he desired it. Strangely enough it was because the road to freedom was open that he was able to close its gates voluntarily. Had they been already shut, he might have spent his strength and lost his honor in wrenching them apart. The primal instinctive man in him overwhelmed the rational Bostonian without even attempting to answer the latter's perfectly reasonable arguments. The man simply tossed Eleanor's three letters into the fire, and as he watched the burning words turn into dull ashes, a sad little smile of retrospect broke the sombreness of his face. He remembered the prophecy concerning the overthrow of his truth by his chivalry with which Eleanor had capped his own surmises about the relative strength of her truth and her pride. He could still hear her rather sententious and irritated tones, and he hoped she would have forgotten her prophecy. At all events he trusted she would not realize that he was fulfilling it, when she should read the note he was mentally writing and tearing up again as he sat half-hypnotized by the bright flame. Finally he committed his thoughts to paper in this form:

DEAR ELEANOR: I thank you for all your letters. The cablegram of course sent your first unopened into the fire, though I confess I was mystified by its message. But since reading your explanation I understand perfectly how you felt about my reading any particulars of an affair so painful and tragic. You are not the kind of woman to whom one gives pity, but I feel that if your love couldn't save a man he must have been not worth saving. There certainly is real cause for congratulating you on being free of a man who proved himself faithless and unworthy. I shall always value and respect the confidence you have placed in me. I should have rejoiced in your happiness as truly as I sympathize with your sorrow. As I told you before, I shall always be the better for your friendship, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the sympathy and understanding in which you have never failed.

I am going to be married in April, and show

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all my friends how happy a marriage of different temperaments and different traditions may be. Do not think it impertinent in me to advise you to go and do likewise. Put this sad love-affair behind you forever, or rather let it prepare you for the good and happy marriage you are so well fitted to make—not with your counterpart, as I used to urge you to do, but with your contrast. Good luck to us all, whatever our ventures, say I. May we all be doing the best for each other as well as for ourselves. "And with God be the rest."

Yours ever sincerely,
EVERETT GRAY.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

By William Hervey Woods

It rolls up out of dreams—
Sometimes it wakes me in Himal'yan snow,
Sometimes in Kandahar I hear it blow,
As round the mountain gleams
The Cyclops headlight, and I catch the roar
Cushioned with distance till it sounds no more
Than snow-fed April streams.

But quickly moves anear
And now, still hissing, at the station stands
This nightmare monster out of dragon lands;
Then on my waiting ear
Bells ring; and dim-lit squares, uncoiling slow
Like dragon scales, across the orchard go
And past the hillside clear.

So nigh the coaches glide
That sometimes at the window where I wait
I catch swift glimpses of their silken state—
The gay world in its pride
I see go by; anon, a hectic face
Fleeing the plague; and oft in youthful grace
The bridegroom and the bride.

They're faring south, they say,
To those bright regions where the only snows
Are pink and golden, and surnamed The Rose;
Joys, half a year away

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From these bleak hills and skies of wintry gloom,
For yon blest pilgrims shall wear summer bloom
When once more night is day.

The townsfolk round me spread
Stir in their sleep, and say, "She's late, to-night."
Aye, sleep ye well; and yet was never sight
Nor sound like this that sped,
This roaring earthquake through the darkness hurled!
Not Phaethon's coursers so might shake the world
When first the dawn they led.

Nay, nor so dread to view
The fiery car that swept the Tishbite home;
Triumphs acclaimed in Babylon and Rome
Did punier pomp endue,
And vanished gods, around the Trojan gate
Ramping of old, in far less godlike state
Their mimic axles drew.

But oh, to go like this
When we too change our planets! Not with moan,
Nor yet to start in silence and alone,
But parting pangs to miss,
And crowned and charioted, th' abyss to win,
And thus on all worlds waiting thunder in,
And taste the conqueror's bliss!

It's gone. Like August streams
Dwindling, in distance dies the less'ning roar;
The sparks are dead; the red rear lights no more
Give back their warning gleams.
Far down in Kandahar the whistles blow,
And now I lose them in Himal'yan snow–
The train rolls on in dreams.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AS a reader of current literary comment I have often wondered why professional writers about books love so dearly to snub one another and me. I do not refer to mere phraseological heirlooms from a pompous and didactic past, as when it is said that "every schoolboy knows" something that the writer has but recently ascertained or when the results of much grubbing on his part are introduced as "doubtless familiar to the reader." I refer to the practice of sniffing at a class of people whom he rates very far beneath him—people on whom the "subtle something" in B's writings is quite thrown away, or who miss the "undercurrent of philosophy" in C's humor, or who for some vile canine reason prefer D to F. "No better touchstone of literary taste could be conceived," says Porphyrogenitus, "than ability to appreciate the following passage," and finding the passage spiritless and altogether mediocre I learn that I am of the *canaille*, and so would scores of his fellow-writers if all of them had not "touchstones" of their own whereby they in turn become Vere de Veres, banishing him to the butler's pantry. And the more respectable and British the periodical, the more hopeless the lot of the outsider and the blacker the unparochial outer darkness. Nowhere has the Proper Thing more awful beadles than in the unsigned pages devoted to "light literature" in the British Isles. For each is proud not only of what he does know but of not knowing any more—*scienter nesciens, sapienter indoctus*, like the monk of old, or like Carlyle's gigman, if you prefer. I am always abashed before the British paragrapher, even when he speaks kindly of Poe or Walt Whitman or tells me Mark Twain is a genuine humorist. America lies so largely outside his experience and it is so clearly her fault and he is so grandly merciful to people who did not know they needed any mercy and he is so very like one of his country's institutions and so very unlike a fellow-man. Even when by accident my tastes are momentarily in accord with some writer for the London *Bombardinian*, I cannot help feeling for the others, those vulgar others, "half-educated," "bourgeois," "suburban," who, say what you will, must somehow be aware of their condition, and suffer keenly. But it is given to no man to remain long among "Discriminating Readers." Successive writers hew them down, till, if you follow literary journalism far enough, not one soul is left to blush at the tale of his own exclusiveness. It comes to the same anarchy in the end, not only among frank literary egotists like Mr. George Moore or Mr. Shaw but among the severest academic persons full of grave discourse about the "best literary traditions," recognized standards and the like, speaking apparently for a class, yet each using his scale of values as a personal step-ladder to overtop the next. "In his treatment of Nature," says the *Literary Palladium*, "a *prosaic* thoroughness *mars* artistic effect." "As a matter of fact," retorts the *Weekly Rhadamanthus*, "precisely the opposite is true: A *poetic* thoroughness *heightens* artistic effect." And so it goes. Nor is it a merely rhetorical certainty. These strange creatures really feel all the absoluteness of pure mathematics or of childhood—and in regard to matters which in the long run will be ranged with millinery and waistcoat buttons.

Literary Class Distinctions

The outskirts of literature, like the fringe of "our best society," are full of these queer meticulous beings, concerned with Heaven knows what pass-words and *cachets* and easily horrified little gentilities—anxious debaters of what's what and who's who and the minutiæ of precedence and the things one ought to seem to know and the ins and outs of literary table manners. And the man who sips Walter Pater in old china must on no account be seen with the man who eats raw Kipling with a knife. And in the absence of any personal distinction there is this awful sense of class distinctions, conveyed in many shrugs and shudders and little screams; and books are neither loved nor hated; and "culture" must declare itself or it would never be suspected; and you guess that a man is fully educated because he calls some other man "half-educated" and seems to think it a very dreadful thing; and vulgarity is not a quality of the mind but a de-

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gree of literary information; and were it not for the exclamatory derision for the "half-baked" on the part of gentlemen who, presumably, are completely baked, I defy you to tell the difference. Such are the higher planes today of literary journalism, whence come the warnings to us sordid folk below, and the vulgar rich look up and turn away again (small blame to them) and build still larger soap-boxes on the green, and the "tired business-man" with averted eyes flees faster to the roof-garden, and Western colleges add new schools of dentistry with funds diverted from the "liberal arts"—and I am going to buy a paper collar and learn to chew tobacco if I can. Such "true refinement" would certainly be an appalling thing to have happen to one.

Why has no Anglo-Saxon writer taken the hint from M. Lemaitre's little paper on *le snobbisme littéraire* and carried the idea further? M. Lemaitre, of course, faltered miserably, for what could a Frenchman know of anything so intimately ours as *le snobbisme littéraire?*

ARE we less "sentimental" and "poetical" than we were fifty or sixty years ago? This question has been brought afresh to my mind by the recent inheriting of a small box of books from an aunt who was, evidently, terribly sentimental in the 'forties and 'fifties. The books are an amusing lot—a lot seldom seen nowadays except in the 10-cent trays outside the second-hand shops. Books that, alas for the fall! sold in their day for several dollars and were the dear adornments and treasures of the household. The bindings are elaborate. Most of them are "full gilt," and gold scroll work in astounding profusion adorns both covers (we are more economical in these days) as well as the sumptuously lettered backs. Many are in black cloth, some in a purplish red, now faded in the exposed parts to a delightful old rose; and one, evidently the pride of the collection, is in soft green silk; this, "The Poetical Works of N. P. Willis." And hereby hangs a tale—a warning rather, which I constantly hold before my family duster (here let me hold it before others) against the dusting of books—a shocking habit which some people persist in. The sides of this book are as beautifully fresh as ever but the entire fabric of silk and gold is completely worn off the back, laying bare the thick white paper foundation—ruin caused by the dusting of years, as the book stood in the case its sides protected by its neighbors, but its poor back exposed to the left, like Cromwell, naked to its enemies.

Books of Sentiment.

But to get back to the books—how many of the present generation knew them at all? Let me recount the titles of a few—to enlighten the young, and to recall their youthful admiration to those, who, like my aunt, once cherished them. (What have you done with yours, dear ladies?) There is the aforesaid Willis, and a very elaborate Fitz-Greene Halleck. Probably many of us now of "the usual age" learned in our youth, if we had sentimental aunts (and it is to be hoped we all had, for they are a sweet and delicate memory. What will our children do for such? Shall we ever, to a coming generation, be redolent of a lavendered past? I fear not—rather, of gasolene!) learned in our youth to recite (fragments still come to us in the watches of the night) Marcos Bozzaris; where

> At midnight, in his guarded tent,
> The turk was dreaming of the hour
> When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
> Should tremble at his power.

though we have probably forgotten who wrote it—I had, till I found it in this book.

And the illustrations! Beautifully fine steel engravings, wonders of an art that has never been quite replaced! They are as sentimental as the verses—even more strangely so, perhaps, to modern eyes. As a rule they depict ideally (to that time) perfect young women with loose hair and flowing robes. Before me is one, over two lines of Marcos Bozzaris that I remember reciting in especially thrilling tones (Death is invoked):

> Come to the mother when she feels
> For the first time, her first born's breath.

A flourishing young woman, of the above type, is sitting amid huge cushions by an open window through which are seen a landscape (with an eminently New England church prominent in the foreground!); on the sill is a vase of roses, and all is elaborately draped with an evidently red velvet curtain. The infant is a lusty one, of apparently two years. Compare the picture with the text! But out upon modern realism!—is not this more charming than would be a hospital bed, disinfected surroundings, a prone mother and a really new-born infant?

Religion went, in those days, hand in hand with sentiment and poetry—not with philanthropy. Among the books are "Scenes in the Lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets," "Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles," "Scenes in the

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Life of the Saviour," by the Poets and Painters; all illustrated with the same sort of pictures, the same sentimental long-lashed young women in the same clothes, with weeping willows and battlemented towers for backgrounds. And the curious part of it is that nearly all the poets selected for such expensive elaboration are now but names—hardly that. Mrs. Hemans, Thomas Dale, N. P. Willis, Miss Landon, George Croly, John Pierpont, Mrs. Sigourney, Thomas Raffles (!), William Croswell; these and even less known, utterly unknown, names appear over and over again—and *poets* had written before 1850?

There are three copies of Thomson's "Seasons," each more elaborate than the other; two in really beautiful stamped leather, a true joy in their quaint and faded beauty. This book was evidently one of the most popular—it vies with Mrs. Hemans and Martin Tupper in the 10-cent tray. Of course these two are in my collection, and Bailey's "Festus," and "Tokens and Keepsakes" and "Gifts of Affection." There are also volumes of Milton, and Burns, and Cowper, in the same sort of dress, but of them I'm not speaking.

Fiction is sparsely represented, but what there is is very typical. Grace Aguilar appears with "The Vale of Cedars," "Home Influence" and the "Mother's Recompense"; Miss Yonge with "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease." There are "The Lamp-lighter," Rutledge," and, of course "The Wide, Wide World," and a few others of lesser note, but all once productive of the copious tear, and, happy treasure! a first edition of the "Twice Told Tales."

Sometimes I cannot help feeling "why did not my elderly relatives (of course they were not then elderly, but it's hard to think of them otherwise) buy more Hawthornes? Why might I not be the possessor of a Fanshawe? Why did they not take to Poe, and leave me the inheritor of rareties instead of——?" But let me not be ungrateful! I enjoy having these books, and I have enjoyed reading many of them; I daresay I should never have had the curiosity to go out of my way for it if they had not come to me—and I can read Poe and Hawthorne in my own editions. Yes, I have read most of the fiction, though I have not wept over it (in the good old way) not even over the flood-gates of "Ellen Montgomery" (she weeps specifically, I counted, nineteen times in ten pages), though I did sympathize about the dyed stockings. The poetry I confess I cannot read—it is a little "too," even for my catholic taste and capacity.

Of course I know that a few people (fewer in proportion, also) read better literature, to use the word in its broadest sense, than is found in these books (probably my aunt also occasionally read it, only her volumes of it have not come down to me) but this was the popular reading. The same people read these books that now delight in Mrs. Ward and our other popular writers. (Of course I am not speaking of the masters of either then or now.) I wonder, despite our modern feeling of satisfaction when we look over these old books—satisfaction that our taste has improved, that we can no longer thrill and weep over these dull tales, sentimentalize over their crude poetry; I wonder are our popular books so much better. Will the sixty or eighty books (including text, binding and illustrations) selected by the present young teacher, as my aunt was in 1840, be any more presentable in 1940 than hers are now. (Some cynics claim that there won't be any of our books left by that time, because the paper and bindings will be dust; and they rejoice.) Is Mrs. —— (but I must not mention names, this is not a critical article), is she so superior after all to Miss Yonge? Are the present popular weeping children in plaid gowns really any more real than little Ellen in her dyed stockings? Is Mr. Blank's (the popular poet, if there is one) work so much better than Bailey's "Festus"? Who shall say? No one can judge his contemporaries' lasting powers. Other times; other manners: but the "heart quality" is always the same (don't sneer at the expression, it is but another term for the essence of the eternal human—which outlasts style), and I doubt if this quality is so fundamental in our popular writers as it is in some of these old-fashioned ones at whom we are inclined to sniff in our "cultured" self-satisfaction.

Poetry and Homesickness

SOMETIMES, when I have been in a sentimental mood, I have felt it to be ominous that so much of the passion and pathos of human poetry should be bound up with the romance of place. Ominous, because the romance of place in the particular sense I have in mind, is becoming so obsolete. We certainly find places here, there, and everywhere, the world over, as picturesque and suggestive as ever;—probably our faculty for finding them so has increased. But, obversely, do we love a few special places as much as we used to do? By no means. With the workingman camping in

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a flat which he may leave at the end of the month if labor conditions in another State invite strongly enough; with the middling-rich dividing themselves and their belongings between the apartment-hotel and the storage warehouse; with the very rich revolving through a circle of habitations strung at intervals, like beads, on a string of ocean voyages—how should it be otherwise? The instinct about living and dying in one spot is not what it once was.

There are those who will say that this is extremely lucky. The English novelist, Mr. Hichens, in that lively book "The Londoners," derives much entertainment out of two hapless middle-class English people supposed to pass through agonies of lacerated feeling on renting, for a fortnight, their country-house to a gay party of society persons, who disport themselves within it, reckless of its sanctities. The detached frame of mind of these last much-travelled, migratory beings is used to bring into relief the gratuitous sufferings of the home-loving pair. And, in point of fact, such detachment is a great gain in the sum total of human contentment. With all the other causes of discomfort in life why make for oneself, superfluously, the pain of homesickness? And yet it is not to be disguised that Mr. Hichens's grotesque couple are imbued with the same sentiment, in kind, as breathes through much of the most exquisite, and the most enduring poetry of the world. It is the same sentiment that gives the inimitable poignancy to that Irish poetry of Lionel Johnson's, and of Yeats's, that to-day seems one of the truest contemporaneous poetic utterances that we have.

If we wish to be quite fair, though, we shall of course have to acknowledge that the fault of such poetry, beautiful as it is, lies in its having no issue, in its leading to no new vistas, no new hopes. There was just this trouble about the homely, old-fashioned sentiment of homesickness, in its unpoetic form. It gave birth to wonderful loyalties; it touched the heart-strings at the very roots, but it lacked courage. It did not give the bright outlook on the morrow, which is so wholesome for people to have. It wanted to stay where it was forever. It would not move on. Now that most modern (in the best way) of modern spirits, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, would tell us that the right attitude is to have so much faith in the order of things as to feel perfectly ready to move on at any moment, and perfectly at home everywhere;—as much at ease in the universe, as Low, a French writer, admirably puts it, as "a swallow in a church."

Undoubtedly this view is the one that the new conditions of life are bringing us to. The philosophers are beginning to formulate it for us. We may meet it set forth in the latest writings of Mr. William James, and others. It is a blithe, brave, and inspiring doctrine. And of course the first condition for living up to it is to keep your liver working properly. One can foresee, however, that in the effort to look forward and not backward, not to set too much importance by burned bridges and closed books and the rest of it, the poets—or most of them—will be one's worst enemies. Their "haunting lines" really have, if you have ever been susceptible to their witchery, a ghost-like faculty of re-emergence. And I'm afraid that it will be a long day before their voicings of the homesickness of the whole race of man will cease to disturb our serenity, even though we are beginning to feel as *gemüthlich* as at our own afternoon tea-table in every crack and corner of the globe.

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THE FIELD OF ART

AS TO A MUSEUM OF STUDIES

IT is only by purchasing their finished works that artists are to be encouraged. For the public, however, it may be good to buy and study unfinished work by artists of power —work never intended for sale.

The demand for the finished product has been less eager, of late years, and this is a ruinous change—it marks a decline in civilization which we may fear is not to stop with the rejection of the purchasable work of art. What the physicians of the spirit may have to propose as a cure for this malady may be considered hereafter. Meantime let us think of what might be a palliative. The preservation of artists' studies, of those admirable things made for the art-workers' own guidance, permanent records of their steps toward the goal, embodiments of those thoughts which they had, and found worthy, before the final conceptions took form—this might help to keep before the people the real character of an artist's work. Moreover, as there is one form of "patronage" for the artist which tends to increase rather than diminish, so the results of that special form of fine-art labor may be popularized by keeping and showing the preparatory studies made for it.

Decorative work on a large scale, mural painting and monumental sculpture, seem to be constantly more in demand. The increasing number of very costly buildings carries with it an increasing desire to make them splendid with pictures permanently set up as part of the design of the large rooms. But such pictures can be seen only by those persons who can reach the city in which they are set up; and who have then the time to visit the building at the proper hours, and the energy to overcome this or that hindrance to free examination. Are there any paintings other than those in the Library of Congress at Washington, that have been seen by "the public"? Those in the Boston Public Library have been seen by a small class. Those of the great State Houses are visited, often enough, but how much are they really seen? The placing of the pictures to help the general scheme of pilasters and basement, panels and dado; the commonly inadequate lighting, made worse by the quasi necessity of arranging the painted panels in long-continued sequence, while the windows reach only one end or both ends of the corridor with their illumination; the almost inevitable *skying* of the pictures by raising them high above door and dado, and out of reach of brandished umbrellas and protruded walking sticks; all may be harmless to the architecture, but the pictures naturally suffer. And then we have the visibly bad placing of this and that important work. Will any one assert that he has really seen, so as to enjoy it to the full, the great Puvis picture on the wall of the staircase in the Boston Public Library? It is on the wall of a corridor about ten feet wide, but the opposite supporting and enclosing member is not *a wall*, but an open arcade, so that light from windows beyond falls upon the painting too directly, but in sufficient quantity. But the picture is about thirty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, or high, and to see it you have your choice—to walk along within eight feet of it, or to stand afar off, half-way down the stairs, on the main thoroughfare between outer doorways and working rooms, with the parapet of the corridor hiding the lower edge of the composition, and the columns of the arcade cutting it into three pieces, not at all provided for by the painter.

This may be an exceptionally bad case—but the conditions of mural painting in an epoch of grandiose architecture do not allow the pictures themselves to be seen aright and studied calmly. And, for ninety-five in every hundred of even the more prosperous of our people, any given picture is out of reach. The citizen, unless by special occupation an art student, does not even try to visit Saint Paul and Harrisburg, Newark and Bowdoin College, although there are great things to be seen there in the way of mural painting. Even Baltimore and Boston he visits only when he has things to think of other than contemporary fine art, and it is odds that he will not enter the Court House or the Library. As for New York, the prevailing note of hustle is not the best preparation for tuning one's self to the sweeter music of life.

So it is that I find myself asking for a museum in which may be preserved the studies for those huge pictures. Crowninshield is the man who has given to landscape its due place in mural painting; let us ask him for some of those studies of the Campagna and the Alban Mountains from which have been built up those admirable sketches of far-seen landscape in a Madison Avenue hotel and a Sixth Avenue

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restaurant. A foreground of ornamental garden, a middle distance of hills covered with olive groves above which rise Italian low-roofed towers, a distance of softly modulated mountain, that as a programme is not, except in mural painting, of startling novelty; but for the charm, the grace of it all we have to thank those large color-studies which were once made in winter and in spring around the Eternal City. And it is those studies which I ask the community to buy, or beg, or come by in some fashion, and to house nobly and keep for the inspiration of the future.

Charles Turner is the man who has best handled the dress and aspect of our brief American Past; and of his work perhaps the most notable is the Baltimore epic—the burning of the tea-ship, the *Peggy Stewart*. But the color-studies of that series of large pictures were, as I saw them on exhibition three years ago, most admirable things. They were independent works of art of great merit, and would be of permanent value to any museum —only that the "Museum" has no room to spare for such simple things;—only that we must have our museum *ad hoc* before we can even aspire to the public ownership of relatively unpretending and inexpensive works.

Then to think of Blashfield's admirable crayon heads is to wish for a special "black and white" gallery to put them into—scores of them. They are studies of models, but made with a definite purpose—made with some given composition in mind. And of late years Blashfield has given more thought to gentle and tranquil color than of old. What color studies he may have made in taking up, definitely, that new method of design, it is well to think about —to imagine. Suppose that the public could become possessed of the studies made for the Minnesota lunettes, exhibited in New York three years ago, before they were carried off to Saint Paul! Except in the case of the "Manitou" lunette, perhaps one would prefer the studies to the great picture—so hard is it to complete a composition thirty-five feet long, to place it and light it and display it aright!

What a study may be was seen in the case of that Japanese garden—the water-color by John La Farge—which, shown first in connection with other Japanese themes, appeared again as the origin of that astonishing landscape background of the Confucius lunette, "The Recording of Precedents," prepared for the Supreme Court Room in the Saint Paul capitol. That there might be no mistake, the small drawing glowing with color, made from the observations and the notes of 1886, was shown with the great black and white composition prepared for the painting of 1905. There could not have been a more instructive comparison than that of the minute and realistic color-study of strange conditions of landscape art, and the elaborate composition which was thus suggested to an artist of the highest decorative power.

And the large monochrome of the Confucius must be insisted on, in this connection. It cannot be secured for our Museum of Studies because it was not a cartoon, in the usual sense, but the foundation of the wall-painting itself—all as set forth in these pages at the time of its exposition in New York.* It exists no longer; but such a drawing may be perfectly reproduced by photography; and as a picture seven inches long was feasible, so a much more adequate reproduction might be made—whether with one negative three feet long, or with three or four separate negatives and as many separate prints, collated.

The studies in the spirit of Pinturicchio made for the adornment of the University Club Library, by H. Siddons Mowbray, would be very instructive: and the more so that they are inaccessible except to the two thousand members of the club, and their few score of guests. W. B. Van Ingen's lunettes in the Harrisburg State House, discussed somewhat fully in these pages,† would be admirable things to study in their origin—in their preparatory stage. An incident well set forth in line and mass of shade is a fine thing to see, growing up. Edward Simmons's magnificent mural work, full, sometimes, of the ancient dignity and force, is not known to me at all by its preliminary steps: but it is certain that we should delight in the artistic growth of the Fates and the three Virtues of Freedom in the New York Criminal Courts Building. Still more, perhaps, would the Battle of Concord Bridge be found worthy of consecutive—of historical study, as to its preparation. It is in the circular hall of the Boston State House,‡ and is descriptive and narrative even to what is perhaps excess for a mural painting, but its historical and artistic interest is of the highest character. The separate figures of the foreground grouping must be contained in fully drawn-out studies, which would be worth any

* See the Field of Art for April, 1905.

† See the Field of Art for April, 1907.

‡ It is reproduced and considered in the author's handbook, "The Interdependence of the Arts of Design."

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money, for our Museum. Robert Reid's large court-room scene, in another hall of the same famous building, abounds in figures of separate interest, and in minor groups easily detachable: there must be studies for all of them! And as for Sargent, if the Frieze of the Prophets may be thought very easily reproducible by photography, the wonderful painting at the south end of Sargent Hall, the formal and ecclesiastical composition already described and criticised in these pages*—if we could surprise the secret of its preparation by separate and combined studies for the personages, we should be richer and wiser in things artistic.

Sculpture is our most important theme, no doubt, and we shall come to that—but consider also the matter of purely decorative art. A very able artist closed, recently, his studio devoted to decorative painting and glass; and there must have been taken down from his walls, and stored, badly enough, perhaps, his admirable sample pieces and unplaced pieces of leaded glass. They were mostly of that less expensive and less elaborate character which is constantly in demand for church and chapel and town hall—with their pale color, high light, simple linear composition. A pavilion in our future Museum which would accommodate these panels of glass, would be a public benefit, indeed.

And it must be noted that such "studies" as those cannot be rolled up, and set high on shelves or long pins, above the busy studio. They cannot be boxed and transported from house to house, without costly precautions. And they cannot be seen at all, if they are hung up, three deep, or stood upon shelves. They need a not very costly display; but they need it absolutely: a relatively dark interior, with only those window openings which the glass panels fill. What, then, more fit for stocking the simple and workmanlike public museum which is now in question?

Now, all these things are of extraordinary importance in the education of younger artists, or at least they would be if they were brought to the notice of those younger artists. I can conceive of nothing more instructive to a pupil who had been two years at work and who had learned to draw the figure, than to be brought up against the preparatory study of a figure composer like one or two of the men named above, or a skilled and accomplished draughtsman of the clothed nineteenth century or eighteenth century man, like this and that historian in form and color. So with the sculptor, of course, though in his case the model is more like the finished product—very much more like it—and the plasters on the wall of Ward's studio would preserve for New York (say) statuary whose form in marble or bronze is in Vermont or Ohio.

In Ward's own case, consider those children who climb upon the pedestal of the Beecher monument. A photograph might hang on the wall of an alcove, in which those separate figures (if their study models are preserved) might be placed. Nor would the cause of art suffer from their separate display—the studies of those secondary figures by themselves.

Or, to consider more recent work, those admirable single figures which make up French's groups: "Asia"—"America"—all the quarters of the globe—on the piers of the New York Custom House; they are well worthy of separate examination. The ardent lover of sculpture may even think the details finer than the groups. What is more precious in nature, or of more absorbing interest in art, than the setting on of the head, with the detailed modulation of neck muscles and throat under jaw and ear, the start of the neck from shoulder and clavicle, the turn of the head horizontally on its wonderfully pivoted support? And this delight is to be got from French's semi-nude statues, so that one longs for the full-sized models of these for separate examination—asking only a small-scale copy of the whole or even a photograph to show, on occasion, each figure's place in the group and therefore its reason for being.

In French's work one is led to notice that such a small model taken by itself, would often be valuable. There is one view of works of art in which the so-called "literary" significance looms large. Thus, in the Boston monument to John Boyle O'Reilly, the theme is poetical and this may be preserved in a reduced copy. The heroic figure of Hibernia sits between personified Military Courage, and Poetry; she is engaged in plaiting a chaplet, and Poetry hands her a flower, passing her hand beneath the gigantic arm of the embodied nation. For such a composition a knowledge of the non-artistic significance is, indeed, necessary, that we may read it aright. But that may be done with slight means: the human figures, nude and draped parts alike, are that of which we need to possess the models—the preparatory studies, that we may see how the artist did his work.

* See the Field of Art for December, 1903.

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But to return to J. Q. A. Ward, the most important of our essays in architectural sculpture is the work of that *doyen* of our American sculptors, aided by Paul Wayland Bartlett. The pediment of the New York Stock Exchange was exhibited complete, in plaster casts of the clay models, on three different occasions, corresponding with three stages of the work. There was the small study, twelve feet long, or so, with figures a few inches high—there was the thirty-foot study at the Sculpture Society's exhibition in Madison Square Garden, and there were the figures and groups of half-life-size and larger. All these preceded the large models prepared for the carvers of marble. And if these artists would surrender all those models to our imagined Museum, what a gallery of modern sculpture that would be! And yet that great work is less absolutely architectural sculpture than is the West Porch of Trinity Church, in Boston. That work of John Evans is the most masterly of designs in the spirit of late mediæval work, but strengthened by modern knowledge of form. The statues of the three doorways, and the separate parts of the large frieze, would be even more instructive if they could be studied one by one—a small copy of the whole narthex being always at hand for reference.

Or, to go a step further in the development of ecclesiastical art in the way of monumental sculpture, consider Saint Bartholomew's Church, in New York, and its three porches. The sculptures there are the work of Daniel C. French, with whom Andrew O'Connor was associated, Herbert Adams and Philip Martiny. There is wonderfully spirited work in that sculptured front, perhaps too restless, assuredly less architectural in a strict sense than it should be, but not the less worthy of our constant attention. And the bronze doors remind one of those other doors, at Washington and Boston, the admirable work of our lost Olin Warner, and of French. The working models of those doors would form a noble chapter in the history of decorative art of the highest class.

Works closely connected with this question of architectural sculpture, are the ideal portrait statues in the octagon of the Library of Congress. I possess a cast of the head of one of those statues, Bartlett's Michelangelo. It is a very decorative object, however stern in its lines, however fragmentary, however to be disregarded as a "mere plaster head." And yet it is not casts or copies of completed work that I am speaking for here; our subject is the preliminary work which went to build up that portrait statue, and give it mediævalism, true modernism, individuality, the personified memory of the greatest spirit among the artists whose personality we can estimate. So, let us think of Michelangelo, and remember the price put upon his earlier works—his boyish, imitative, abortive, satyr-head, his half finished statue, still engaged in the marble from head to foot, emerging sideways. And let us remember, in that connection, how much pleasure is to be got from the early work of able men; how in the long career of this very Buonarroti, the Virgin of St. Peter's, with the artist's name at length—so young he was, and so unknown when that group was wrought—excels in interest much of the sculpture of his maturity. We need, then, to look after the new men who come into notice, as having the gift of all gifts, the power of original design; and to beg for their early studies, many of which will never see the light as permanent works in marble or bronze. And are we not to remember the statuary of the great exhibitions, of which a part has been of excellent quality? The original plaster groups we will leave for the existing museums, whose business it is to house them; but the studies that were made for them! Yes, and those which were made for the Naval Arch,* which was erected in the fall of 1899, and stood in New York for a while—they were in themselves "studies" of effect, as there was no time allowed for the development of elaborate grouping.

The non-accepted designs have sometimes been fine. One remembers with especial pleasure that for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, the work of Karl Bitter, in collaboration with the architect, R. H. Hunt. And, as I recall that admirable work, I remember the successive studies which many an artist has made, in trying to meet (not his committee's, but) his own requirements. The difference between these little plans for great work, and small work designed as such—between studies for colossi and statuettes—is alone worth more, as a subject of study, than all that our Museum may cost us.

The sculptor is always handicapped by his accumulated models. When his studio is abandoned, these admirable works of his brain and hand go to ruin. No private means suffice for their preservation—and we are not so rich in fine-art work that we can afford that waste.

Russell Sturgis.

* See the Field of Art for December, 1899.

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